

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1912

SHOULD SMITH GO TO CHURCH?

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

I THINK he should. Moreover, I think I should set Smith an example by placing myself on Sunday morning in a pew from which he may observe me at my devotions. Smith and I attended the same Sunday school when we were boys, and remained for church afterwards as a matter of course. Smith now spends his Sunday mornings golfing, or pottering about his garden, or in his club or office, and after the mid-day meal he takes a nap and loads his family into a motor for a flight countryward. It must be understood that I do not offer myself as a pattern for Smith. While I resent being classified with the lost sheep, I am, nevertheless, a restless member of the flock, prone to leap the wall and wander. Smith is the best of fellows, — an average twentieth-century American, diligent in business, a kind husband and father, and in politics anxious to vote for what he believes to be the best interests of the country.

In the community where we were reared it was not respectable not to go to church. I remember distinctly that in my boyhood people who were not affiliated with some church were looked upon as pariahs and outcasts. An infidel was a marked man: one used to be visible in the streets I frequented, and I

never passed him without a thrill of horror. Our city was long known as 'a poor theatre town,' where only Booth in *Hamlet* and Jefferson in *Rip* might be patronized by church-going people who valued their reputations. Yet in the same community no reproach attaches to-day to the non-church-going citizen. A majority of the men I know best, in cities large and small, do not go to church. Most of them are in no-wise antagonistic to religion; they are merely indifferent. Clearly, there must be some reason for this change. It is inconceivable that men would lightly put from them the faith of their fathers through which they are promised redemption from sin and everlasting life.

Now and then I hear it asserted that the church is not losing its hold upon the people. Many clergymen and laymen resent the oft-repeated statement that we Americans are not as deeply swayed by religion as in other times; but this seems to me a case of whistling through a graveyard on a dark night.

Mr. Fosdick, in his good-humored paper 'Heckling the Church,'¹ cries, in effect, that the church is moving toward the light; don't shoot! He declares that no one who has not contributed something toward the solution of the

¹ The *Atlantic* for December, 1911.

church's problem has a right to criticize. I am unable to sympathize with this reasoning. The church is either the repository of the Christian religion on earth, the divinely-inspired and blessed tabernacle of the faith of Christ, or it is a stupendous fraud. There is no sound reason why the church should not be required to give an account of its stewardship. If it no longer attracts men and women in our strenuous and impatient America, then it is manifestly unjust to deny to outsiders the right of criticism. Smith is far from being a fool, and if by his test of 'What's in it for me?' he finds the church wanting, it is, as he would say, 'up to the church' to expend some of its energy in proving that there is a good deal in it for him. It is unfair to say to Smith, who has utterly lost touch with the church, that before he is qualified to criticize the ways and the manners of churches he must renew an allegiance which he was far too intelligent and conscientious to sever without cause.

Nor can I justly be denied the right of criticism because my own ardor is diminished, and I am frequently conscious of a distinct lukewarmness. I confess to a persistent need in my own life for the support, the stimulus, the hope, that is inherent in the teachings of Christianity; nevertheless the church — that is to say, the Protestantism with which I am familiar — has seemed to me increasingly a wholly inadequate medium for communicating to men such as Smith and myself the help and inspiration of the vision of Christ. There are far too many Smiths, who do not care particularly whether the churches prosper or die. And I urge that Smith is worthy of the church's best consideration. Even if the ninety-and-nine were snugly housed in the fold, Smith's soul is still worth the saving.

I don't want to go no furer
Than my Testymnt fer that.

Yet Smith does n't care a farthing about the state of his soul. Nothing, in fact, interests him less. Smith's wife had been 'brought up in the church,' but after her marriage she displayed Smith to the eyes of the congregation for a few Easter Sundays and then gave him up. However, their children attend Sunday school of a denomination other than that in which the Smiths were reared, and Smith gives money to several churches; he declares that he believes churches are a good thing, and he will do almost anything for a church but attend its services. What he really means to say is that he thinks the church is a good thing for Jones and me, but that, as for himself, he gets on comfortably without it.

And the great danger both to the church and to Smith lies in the fact that he does apparently get on so comfortably without it!

I

My personal experiences of religion and of churches have been rather varied, and while they present nothing unusual, I shall refer to them as my justification for venturing to speak to my text at all. I was baptized in the Episcopal church in infancy, but in about my tenth year I began to gain some knowledge of other Protestant churches. One of my grandfathers had been in turn Methodist and Presbyterian, and I 'joined' the latter church in my youth. Becoming later a communicant of the Episcopal church, I was at intervals a vestryman and a delegate to councils, and for twenty years attended services with a regularity that strikes me as rather admirable in the retrospect.

As a boy I was taken to many 'revivals' under a variety of denomina-

tional auspices, and later, as a newspaper reporter, I was frequently assigned to conferences and evangelistic meetings. I made my first 'hit' as a reporter by my vivacious accounts of the performances of a 'trance' revivalist, who operated in a skating-rink in my town. There was something indescribably 'woozy' in those cataleptic manifestations in the bare ill-lighted hall. I even recall vividly the bump of the mourners' heads as they struck the floor, while the evangelist moved among the benches haranguing the crowd. Somewhat earlier I used to delight in the calisthenic performances of a 'boy preacher' who ranged my part of the world. His physical activities were as astonishing as his volubility. At the high moment of his discourse he would take a flying leap from the platform to a covered marble baptismal font several yards distant. He wore pumps for greater ease in these flights, and used to run the length of the church with astonishing nimbleness, across the backs of the seats over the heads of the kneeling congregation. I used to listen with delicious horripilations to the most startling of this evangelist's perorations, in which he described the coming of the Pale Rider. It was a shuddersome thing. The horror of it, and the wailing and crying it evoked, come back to me after thirty years.

The visit of an evangelist used to be an important event in my town; converts were objects of awed attention, particularly in the case of notorious hardened sinners whose repentance awakened the greatest public interest and sympathy. Now that we have passed the quarter-million mark, revivals cause less stir, for evangelists of the more militant, spectacular type seem to avoid the larger cities. Those who have never observed the effect of a religious revival upon a community

not too large or too callous to be shaken by it, have no idea of the power exerted by the popular evangelist. It is commonly said that these visits only temporarily arrest the march of sin; that after a brief experience of godly life the converts quickly relapse; but I believe that these strident trumpeting of the ram's horn are not without their salutary effect. The saloons, for a time at least, find fewer customers; the forces of decency are strengthened, and the churches usually gain in membership. Most of us prefer our religion without taint of melodrama, but it is far from my purpose to asperse any method or agency that may win men to better ways of life.

At one time and another I seem to have read a good deal on various aspects of religion. Newman and the Tractarians interested me immensely. I purchased all of Newman's writings, and made a collection of his photographs, several of which gaze at me, a little mournfully and rebukingly, as I write; for presently I took a cold plunge into Matthew Arnold, and Rome ceased to call me. Arnold's writings on religious subjects have been obscured by the growing reputation of his poetry; but it was only yesterday that *Literature and Dogma* and *God and the Bible* enjoyed great vogue. He translated continental criticism into terms that made it accessible to laymen, and encouraged liberal thought. He undoubtedly helped many to a new orientation in matters of faith.

My reading in church history, dogma, and criticism has been about that of the average layman. I have enjoyed following the experiments of the psychological researchers, and have been a diligent student of the proceedings of heresy trials. The Andover case and the Briggs controversy once seemed important, and they doubtless were, but they established nothing of value.

The churches are wari-er of heresy trials than they were; and in this connection I hold that a clergyman who entertains an honest doubt as to the virgin birth or the resurrection may still be a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. To unfrock him merely arouses controversy, and draws attention to questions that can never be absolutely determined by any additional evidence likely to be adduced. The continuance in the ministry of a doubter on such points becomes a question of taste which I admit to be debatable; but where, as has happened once in late years, the culprit was an earnest and sincere doer of Christianity's appointed tasks, his conviction served no purpose beyond arousing a species of cynical enjoyment in the bosom of Smith, and of smug satisfaction in those who righteously flung a well-meaning man to the lions.

Far more serious are the difficulties of those ministers of every shade of faith who find themselves curbed and more or less openly threatened for courageously attacking evils they find at their own doors by those responsible for the conditions they assail. Only recently two or three cases have come to my attention of clergymen who had awakened the hostility of their supporters by their zeal in social service. The loyal support of such men by their fellows seems to me far nobler than the pursuit of heretics. The Smiths of our country have learned to admire courage in their politics, and there is no reason for believing that they will not rally to a religion that practices it undauntedly. Christ, of all things, was no coward.

There is, I believe, nowhere manifest at this time, within the larger Protestant bodies at least, any disposition to defend the inerrancy of the Bible, and this is fortunate in that it leaves the churches free to deal with more vital matters. It seems fair to assume that

criticism has spent its force, and done its worst. The spirit of the Bible has not been harmed by it. The reliance of the Hebrews on the beneficence of Jehovah, the testimony of Jesus to the enduring worth of charity, mercy, and love, have in no wise been injured by textual criticism. The Old Testament fancifully imagined as the Word of God given by dictation to specially chosen amanuenses, appeals to me no more strongly than a Bible recognized as the vision of brooding spirits who, in a time when the world was young, and earth was nearer heaven than now, were conscious of longings and dreams that were wonderfully realized in their own hearts and lives. And the essentials of Christ's teachings have lost nothing by criticism.

The Smiths who have drifted away from the churches will hardly be brought back to the pews by even the most scholarly discussion of doubtful texts. Smith is not interested in the authenticity of lines or chapters, nor do nice points of dogma touch the affairs of his life or the needs of his soul. The fact that certain gentlemen in session at Nicæa in A.D. 325 issued a statement of faith for his guidance strikes him as negligible; it does not square with any need of which he is conscious in his own breast.

A church that would regain the lost Smiths will do well to satisfy that large company of the estranged and the indifferent that one need not believe all that is contained between the lids of the Bible to be a Christian. Much of the Bible is vulnerable, but Jesus explained himself in terms whose clarity has in no wise been clouded by criticism. Smith has no time, even if he had the scholarship, to pass upon the merits of the Book of Daniel; but give him Christ's own words without elucidation and he is at once on secure ground. There only lately came into my hands

a New Testament in which every utterance of Jesus is given the emphasis of black-face type, with the effect of throwing his sayings into high relief; and no one reading his precepts thus presented can fail to be impressed by the exactness with which He formulated his 'secret' into a working platform for the guidance of men. Verily there could be no greater testimony to the divine authority of the Carpenter of Nazareth than the persistence with which his ideal flowers upon the ever-mounting mass of literature produced to explain Him.

II

Smith will not be won back to the church through appeals to theology, or stubborn reaffirmations of creeds and dogmas. I believe it may safely be said that the great body of ministers individually recognize this. A few cling to a superstition that there is inherent in religion itself a power which by some sort of magic, independently of man, will make the faith of Christ triumphant in the world. I do not believe so; Smith could not be made to think so. And Smith's trouble is, if I understand him, not with faith after all, but with works. The church does not impress him as being an efficient machine that yields adequate returns upon the investment. If Smith can be brought to works through faith, well enough; but he is far more critical of works than of faith. Works are within the range of his experience; he admires achievement; show him a foundation of works and interest him in strengthening that foundation and in building upon it, and his faith will take care of itself.

The word we encounter oftenest in the business world nowadays is efficiency; the thing of which Smith must first be convinced is that the church may be made efficient. And on that ground he

must be met honestly, for Smith is a practical being, who surveys religion as everything else with an eye of calculation. At a time when the ethical spirit in America is more healthy and vigorous than ever before, Smith does not connect the movements of which he is aware in business and politics with religion. Religion seems to him to be a poor starved side-issue, not a source and guiding spirit in the phenomena he observes and respects.

The economic waste represented in church investment and administration does not impress Smith favorably, nor does it awaken admiration in Jones or in me. Smith knows that two groceries on opposite sides of a street are usually one too many. We used to be told that denominational rivalry aroused zeal, but this cannot longer be more than an absurd pretense. This idea that competition is essential to the successful extension of Christianity continues to bring into being many crippled and dying churches, as Smith well knows. And he has witnessed, too, a deterioration of the church's power through its abandonment of philanthropic work to secular agencies, while churches of the familiar type, locked up tight all the week save for a prayer-meeting and choir-practice, have nothing to do. What strikes Smith is their utter wastefulness and futility.

The lack of harmony in individual churches — and there is a good deal of it — is not reassuring to the outsider. The cynical attitude of a good many non-church-going Smiths is due to the strifes, often contemptibly petty, prevailing within church walls. It seems difficult for Christians to dwell together in peace and concord. In almost every congregation there appears to be a party favorable to the minister and one antagonistic to him. A minister who seemed to me to fill more fully the Christian ideal than any man I have

known was harassed in the most brutal fashion by a congregation incapable of appreciating the fidelity and self-sacrifice that marked his ministry. I recall with delight the fighting qualities of another clergyman who was an exceptionally brilliant pulpit orator. He was a Methodist who had fallen to the lot of a church that had not lately been distinguished for able preaching. This man filled his church twice every Sunday, and it was the one sought oftenest by strangers within the city's gates; yet about half his own membership hated him cordially. Though I was never of his flock, I enjoyed his sermons; and knowing something of his relations with the opposition party of his congregation, I recall with keenest pleasure how he fought back. Now and then an arrow grazed his ear; but he was unheeding of warnings that he would be pilloried for heresy. He landed finally in his old age in an obscure church, where he died, still fighting with his back to the wall. Though the shepherd's crook as a weapon is going out of style, I have an idea that clergymen who stand sturdily for their own ideals receive far kindlier consideration than those who meekly bow to vestries, trustees, deacons, elders, and bishops.

Music has long been notoriously a provoker of discord. Once in my news-hunting days I suffered the ignominy of a 'scoop' on a choir-rumpus, and I thereupon formed the habit of lending an anxious ear to rumors of trouble in choir-lofts. The average ladder-like *Te Deum*, built up for the display of the soprano's vocal prowess, has always struck me as an unholy thing. I even believe that the horrors of highly embellished offertories have done much to tighten purse-strings and deaden generous impulses. The presence behind the pulpit of a languid quartette praising God on behalf of the bored sinners in the pews has always seemed to me

the profanest of anomalies. Nor has long contemplation of vested choirs in Episcopal churches shaken my belief that church music should be an affair of the congregation.

There seems to exist inevitably even in the smallest congregation 'a certain rich man' whose opinions must be respected by the pulpit. The minister of a large congregation confessed to me despairingly, not long ago, that the courage had been taken out of him by the protests evoked whenever he touched even remotely upon social topics like child labor, or shorter hours for workingmen. There were manufacturers in that church who would not 'stand for it.' Ministers are warned that they must attend to their own business, which is preaching the Word of God not so concretely or practically as to offend the 'pillars.'

Just what is it, I wonder, that a minister may preach without hazarding his job? It is said persistently that the trouble with the church at the present day is that the ministers no longer preach the Word of God; that if Christian Truth were again taught with the old vigor, people would hear it gladly. This is, I believe, an enormous fallacy. I know churches where strict orthodoxy has been preached uninterruptedly for years, and which have steadily declined in spite of it—or because of it. Not long ago, in a great assembly of one of the strongest denominations, when that cry for a return to the Old Bible Truth was raised, one minister rose and attacked the plea, declaring that he had never faltered in his devotion to the ancient truths, and that yet his church was dying. And even so, many churches whose walls echo uninterruptedly an absolutely impeccable orthodoxy are failing. We shall not easily persuade Smith to forego the golf-links on Sunday morning to hear the Old Gospel

Truth preached in out-worn, meaningless phrases. Those old coins have the gold in them, but they must be recast in new moulds if they are again to pass current.

III

The difficulties of the clergy are greatly multiplied in these days. The pulpit has lost its old authority. It no longer necessarily follows that the ministers are the men of greatest cultivation in their community. The Monday morning newspapers formerly printed, in my town, pretty full excerpts of sermons. I recall the case of one popular minister whose sermons continued to be printed long after he had removed to another city. Nowadays nothing from the pulpit that is not sensational is thought worthy of printing. And the parson has lost his social importance, moving back slowly toward his old place below the salt. He used to be 'asked,' even if he was not sincerely 'expected' at the functions given by his parishioners; but this has changed now that fewer families have any parson to invite.

A minister's is indubitably the hardest imaginable lot. Every one criticizes him. He is abused for illiberality or, seeking to be all things to all men, he is abused for consorting with sinners. His door-bell tinkles hourly, and he must answer the behest of people he does not know, to marry or bury people he never heard of. He is expected to preach eloquently, to augment his flock, to keep a hand on the Sunday school, to sit on platforms in the interest of all good causes, and to bear himself with discretion amid the tortuous mazes of church and secular politics. There seem to be, in churches of all kinds, ambitious pontiffs — lay popes — possessed of an ambition to hold both their fellow laymen and their meek, long-suffering

minister in subjection. Why any one should wish to be a church boss I do not know; and yet the supremacy is sometimes won after a struggle that has afforded the keenest delight to the cynical Smiths on the outside. One must view these internecine wars more in sorrow than in anger. They certainly contribute not a little to popular distrust of the church as a conservator of love and peace.

There are men in the ministry who can have had no clear vocation to the clerical life, but there are misfits and failures in all professions. Some of these, through bigotry or stupidity, do much to justify Smith's favorite dictum that there is as much Christianity outside the church as within it. Now and then I find a Smith whose distrust of religion is based upon some disagreeable adventure with a clergyman, and I can't deny that my own experiences with the cloth have been, on one or two occasions, disturbing. As to the more serious of these I may not speak, but I shall mention two incidents, for the reason that they are such trifles as affect Smith with joy. Once in a parish-meeting I saw a bishop grossly humiliated for having undertaken to rebuke a young minister for wearing a chasuble, or not wearing it, or for removing it to preach in, or the other way round, — at any rate it was some such momentous point in ecclesiastical millinery that had loosened a frightful fury of recrimination. The very sight or suggestion of chasubles has ever since awakened in me the most un-Christian resentment. While we fought over the chasuble I suppose people actually died within bow-shot of the church without knowing that 'if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous.'

And speaking of bishops, I venture the interpolation that that office, believed by many to be the softest berth

in Zion, as it exists in the Episcopal church, is in fact the most vexatious and thankless to which any man can aspire; nor have I in mind the laborious lives of adventurous spirits like Whipple, Hare, and Rowe, but others who carry the burdens of established dioceses, where the troubles of one minister are multiplied upon the apostolic head by the number of parishes in his jurisdiction.

Again, at a summer-resort on our north Atlantic coast once familiar to me there stood, within reach of fierce seas, one of the most charming of churches. It was sought daily by visitors, and many women, walking the shore, used to pause there to rest, for prayer, or out of sheer curiosity. And yet it appeared that no woman might venture into this edifice hatless. The *locum tenens*, recalling St. Paul's question whether it is 'comely that a woman pray unto God uncovered,' was so outraged by the visits of hatless women to the church that he tacked a notice on the door setting forth in severe terms that, whereas men should enter the church bareheaded, women should not desecrate the temple by entering uncovered. I remember that when I had read that warning, duly signed with the clergyman's name, I sat down on the rocks and looked at the ocean for a long time, marveling that a sworn servant of God, consecrated in his service by the apostles' successors, able to spend a couple of months at one of the pleasantest summer-resorts in America, should have been horror-struck at the unholy intrusion of a hatless girl in his church, when people in the hot city he had fled suffered and died, ignorant of the very name of Christ.

IV

'My church home' is an old phrase one still hears in communities where

the social life is not yet wholly divorced from the church. There is something pleasant and reassuring in the sound of it; and I do not believe we shall ever have in America an adequate substitute for that tranquillity and peace which are still observable in towns where the church retains its hold upon the larger part of the community, and where it exercises a degree of compulsion upon men and women who find in its life a faith and hope that have proved not the least strong of the bulwarks of democracy. In wholly strange towns I have experienced the sense of this in a way I am reluctant to think wholly sentimental. Where, on crisp winter evenings, the young people come trooping happily in from the meetings of their own auxiliary societies, where vim and energy are apparent in the gathering congregation, and where one sees with half an eye that the pastor is a true leader and shepherd of his flock — in such a picture there must be, for many of us, something that lays deep hold upon the heart. They are not concerned in such gatherings with higher criticism, but with cleanliness and wholesomeness of life, and with that faith, never to be too closely scrutinized or analyzed, that 'singeth low in every heart.'

One might weep to think how rare those pictures must become — one might weep if there were not the great problems now forced upon us, of chance and change, that drive home to all thinking men and women the great need of infusing the life of the spirit into our industrial and political life. If, in the end, our great experiment in self-government fail, it will be through the loss of those spiritual forces which from the beginning have guided and ruled us. It is only lately that we have begun to hear of Christian socialism, and a plausible phrase it is; but true democracy seems

to me essentially Christian. When we shall have thoroughly christianized our democracy, and democratized our Christianity, we shall not longer yield to moods of despair, or hearken to prophets of woe.

The Smith for whom I presume to speak is not indifferent to the call of revitalized democracy. He has confessed to me his belief that the world is a kindlier place, and that more agencies of helpfulness are at work, than ever before; and to restore the recalcitrant Smith to the church it is necessary first of all to convince him that the church honestly seeks to be the chief of such agencies. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Charity Organization Society, and the settlement house all afford outlets for Smith's generous benevolences. And it was a dark day for the church when she allowed these multiplying philanthropies to slip away from her. Smith points to them with a flourish, and says that he prefers to give his money where it is put to practical use. To him the church is an economic parasite, doing business on one day of the week, immune from taxation, and the last of his neighbors to scrape the snow from her side-walks! The fact that there are within fifteen minutes' walk of his house half a dozen churches, all struggling to maintain themselves, and making no appreciable impression upon the community, is not lost upon Smith, — the practical, unemotional, busy Smith. Smith speaks to me with sincere admiration of his friend the Salvation Army major, to whom he opens his purse ungrudgingly; but the church over the way — that expensive pile of stone closed tightly for all but five or six hours of the week! — Smith shakes his head ruefully when you suggest it. It is to him a bad investment that ought to be turned over to a receiver for liquidation.

Smith's wife has derived bodily and

spiritual help from Christian Science, and Smith speaks with respect of that cult. He is half persuaded that there must be something in it. A great many of the Smiths who had never had a church tie, or who gave up church-going, have allied themselves with Christian Science, — what many of Mrs. Eddy's followers in familiar talk abbreviate as 'Science' as though Science were the more important half of it. This proves at least that the Smiths are not averse to some sort of spiritual food, or quite clearly demonstrates a dissatisfaction with the food they had formerly received. It proves also that the old child-like faith in miracles is still possible even in our generation. Christian Science struts in robes of prosperity in my bailiwick, and its followers pain and annoy me only by their cheerful assumption that they have just discovered God.

Smith's plight becomes, then, more serious the more we ponder his case; but the plight of the church is not less grave to those who, feeling that Christianity has still its greatest work to do, are anxious for its rejuvenation. As to whether the church should go to Smith, or Smith should seek the church, there can be no debate. Smith will not seek the church; it must be on the church's initiative that he is restored to it. The Layman's Forward Movement testifies to the awakened interest of the churches in Smith. As I pen these pages I pick up a New York newspaper and find on the page devoted to sports an advertisement signed by the Men and Religion Forward Movement, calling attention to the eight hundred and eighty churches, Protestant and Catholic, and the one hundred and seven synagogues in the metropolis, — the beginning, I believe, of a campaign of advertising on sporting pages. I repeat, that I wish to belittle no honest effort in any quarter or under any

auspices to interest men in the spiritual life; but I cannot forbear mentioning that Smith has already smiled disagreeably at this effort to catch his attention. Still, if Smith, looking for the base-ball score, is reminded that the church is interested in his welfare, I am not one to sit in the scorner's seat.

V

A panacea for the ills of the church is something no one expects to find; and those who are satisfied with the church as it stands, and believe it to be unmenaced by danger, who think the Will of God is manifested even in Smith's disaffection, will not be interested in my opinion that, of all the suggestions that have been made for the renewal of the church's life, church union, upon the broadest lines, directed to the increase of the church's efficiency in spiritual and social service, is the one most likely to bring Smith back to the fold. Moreover, I believe that Smith's aid should be invoked in the business of unification, for the reason that on patriotic grounds, if no other, he is vitally concerned in welding Christianity and Democracy more firmly together. Church union has long been the despair and the hope of many sincere, able, and devoted men, who have at heart the best interests of Christendom, and it is impossible that any great number of Protestants except the most bigoted reactionaries can distrust the results of union.

The present crisis—for it is not less than that—calls for more immediate action by all concerned than seems imminent. We have heard for many years that 'in God's own time' union would be effected; and yet union is far from being realized. The difficulty of operating through councils and conventions is manifest. These bodies move necessarily and properly with

great deliberation. Before the great branches of Protestantism have reconciled their differences, and agreed upon a *modus vivendi*, it is quite possible that another ten or twenty years may pass; and in the present state of the churches, time is of the essence of preservation and security.

While we await action by the proposed World Conference for the consideration of questions touching 'faith and order,' much can be done toward crystallizing sentiment favorable to union. A letter has been issued to its clergy by the Episcopal church, urging such profitable use of the interval of waiting; and I dare say the same spirit prevails in other communions. A purely sentimental union will not suffice, nor is the question primarily one for theologians or denominational partisans, but for those who believe that there is inherent in the method and secret of Jesus something very precious that is now seriously jeopardized, and that the time is at hand for saving it, and broadening and deepening the channel through which it reaches mankind.

VI

In the end, unity, if ever it takes practical form, must become a local question. This is certainly true in so far as the urban field is concerned, and I may say in parenthesis that, in my own state, the country churches are already practicing a kind of unification, in regions where the automobile and the interurban railway make it possible for farm and village folk to run into town to church. Many rural churches have been abandoned and boarded up, their congregations in this way forming new religious and social units. I suggest that in towns and cities where the weaknesses resulting from denominational rivalry are most apparent, the problems of unification be taken up

in a purely local way. I propose the appointment of local commissions, representative of all Protestant bodies, to study the question and devise plans for increasing the efficiency of existing churches, and to consider ways and means of bringing the church into vital touch with the particular community under scrutiny. This should be done in a spirit of absolute honesty, without envy, hatred, or malice. The test of service should be applied relentlessly, and every religious society should make an honest showing of its condition and needs.

Upon the trial balance thus struck there should be, wherever needed, an entirely new redistribution of church property, based wholly upon local and neighborhood needs. For example, the familiar badly-housed struggling mission in an industrial centre would be able at once to anticipate the fruits of years of labor, through the elimination of unnecessary churches in quarters already over-supplied. Not only should body and soul be cared for in the vigorous institutional church, the church of the future, but there is no reason why theatrical entertainments, concerts, and dances should not be provided. Many signs encourage the belief that the drama has a great future in America, and the reorganized, redistributed churches might well seize upon it as a powerful auxiliary and ally. Scores of motion-picture shows in every city testify to the growing demand for amusement, and they conceal much mischief; and the public dance-house is a notorious breeder of vice.

Let us consider that millions of dollars are invested in American churches which are, in the main, open only once or twice a week, and that fear of defiling the temple is hardly justification for the small amount of actual service performed by the greater number of churches of the old type. By intro-

ducing amusements, the institutional church — the 'department church,' if you like — would not only meet a need, but it would thus eliminate many elements of competition. The people living about a strong institutional church would find it in a new sense, 'a church home.' The doors should stand open seven days in the week to 'all such as have erred and are deceived'; and men and women should be waiting at the portals 'to comfort and help the weak-hearted; and to raise up those who fall.'

If in a dozen American cities having from fifty thousand to two or three hundred thousand inhabitants, this practical local approach toward union should be begun in the way indicated, the data adduced would at least be of importance to the convocations that must ultimately pass upon the question. Just such facts and figures as could be collected by local commissions would naturally be required, finally, in any event; and much time would be saved by anticipating the call for it.

I am familiar with the argument that many sorts of social service are better performed by non-sectarian societies, and we have all witnessed the splendid increase of secular effort in lines feebly attacked and relinquished, as though with a grateful sigh, by the churches. When the Salvation Army's trumpet and drum first sounded in the marketplace we were told that that valiant organization could do a work impossible for the churches; when the settlement house began to appear in American cities that, too, was undertaking something better left to the sociologist. Those prosperous organizations of Christian young men and women whose investment in property in our American cities is now very great are, also, we are assured, performing a service which the church could not properly have under-

taken. Charity long ago moved out of the churches, and established headquarters in an office with typewriter and telephone.

If it is true that the service here indicated is better performed by secular organizations, why is it that the power of the church has steadily waned ever since these losses began? Certainly there is little in the present state of American Protestantism to afford comfort to those who believe that a one-day-a-week church, whose apparatus is limited to a pulpit in the auditorium, and a map of the Holy Land in the Sunday-school room, is presenting a veritable, living Christ to the hearts and imaginations of men.

And on the bright side of the picture it should be said that nothing in the whole field of Christian endeavor is more encouraging or inspiring than an examination of the immense social service performed under the auspices of various religious organizations in New York City. This has been particularly marked in the Episcopal church. The late Bishop Potter, and his successor in the metropolitan diocese, early gave great impetus to social work, and those who contend that the church's sole business is to preach the Word of God will find a new revelation of the significance of that Word by a study of the labors of half a dozen parishes that exemplify every hour of every day the possibilities of efficient Christian democracy.

The church has lost ground that perhaps never can be recovered. Those who have established secular settlements for the poor, or those who have created homes for homeless young men and women, can hardly be asked to 'pool' and divide their property with the churches. But, verily, even with all the many agencies now at work to ameliorate distress and uplift the fallen, the fields continue white already to the

harvest, and the laborers are few. With the church revitalized, and imbued with the spirit of utility and efficiency so potent in our time, it may plant its wavering banner securely on new heights. It may show that all these organizations that have sapped its strength, and diminished the force of its testimony before men, have derived their inspiration from Him who came out of Nazareth to lighten all the world.

VII

The reorganization of the churches along the line I have indicated would work hardship on many ministers. It would not only mean that many clergymen would find themselves seriously disturbed in positions long held under the old order, but that preparation for the ministry would necessarily be conducted along new lines. The training that now fits a student to be the pastor of a one-day-a-week church would be worthless in a unified and socialized church.

'There are diversities of gifts'; but 'it is the same God which worketh all in all.' In the departmental church, with its chapel or temple fitly adorned, the preaching of Christ's message would not be done by a weary minister worn by the thousand vexatious demands upon a minister's time, but by one specially endowed with the preaching gift. In this way the prosperous congregation would not enjoy a monopoly of good preaching. Men specially gifted in pastoral work would specialize in that, and the relationship between the church and the home, which has lost its old fineness and sweetness, would be restored. Men of special talent in that field would direct the undertakings frankly devised to provide recreation and amusement. Already the school-house in our cities is being put to social use; in the branch

libraries given by Mr. Carnegie to my city, assembly-rooms and kitchens are provided to encourage social gatherings; and here is another opportunity still open to the church if it hearken to the call of the hour.

In this unified and rehabilitated church of which I speak, — the every-day-in-the-week church, open to all sorts and conditions of men, — what would become of the creeds and the old theology? I answer this first of all by saying that coalition in itself would be a supreme demonstration of the enduring power and glory of Christianity. Those who are jealous for the integrity of the ancient faith would manifestly have less to defend, for the church would be speaking for herself in terms understood of all men. The seven-day church, being built upon efficiency and aiming at definite results, could afford to suffer men to think as they liked on the virgin birth, the miracles, and the resurrection of the body, so long as they practiced the precepts of Jesus.

This busy, helpful, institutional church, welcoming under one roof men of all degrees, to broaden, sweeten, and enlighten their lives, need ask no more of those who accept the service than that they believe in a God who ever lives and loves, and in Christ, who appeared on earth in his name to preach justice, mercy, charity, and kindness. I should not debate metaphysics through a barred wicket with men who needed the spiritual or physical help of the church, any more than my neighbor, Smith, that prince of good fellows, would ask a hungry tramp to saw a cord of wood before he gave him his breakfast.

Questions of liturgy can hardly be a bar, nor can the validity of Christian orders in one body or another weigh heavily with any who are sincerely

concerned for the life of the church, and the widening of its influence. 'And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd.' I have watched ministers in practically every Christian church take bread and break it, and bless the cup, and offer it in the name of Jesus, and I have never been able to feel that the sacrament was not as efficacious when received reverently from one as from another.

If wisdom and goodness are God, then foolish, indeed, is he who would 'misdefine these till God knows them no more.' The unified seven-day church would neglect none of 'the weightier matters of the law, justice and mercy and faith,' in the collecting of tithe of mint and anise and cummin. It would not deny its benefits to those of us who are unblest with deep spiritual perception, for it is by the grace of God that we are what we are. 'I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding also. Else if thou bless with the spirit how shall he that filleth the place of the unlearned say the Amen at thy giving of thanks, seeing he knoweth not what thou sayest.'

Hath man no second life? — *Pitch this one high!*
Sits there no judge in Heaven our sin to see? —
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? *Ah, let us try*
If we, then, too, can be such men as he!

Somewhere there is a poem that relates the experience of a certain humble priest, who climbed the steeple of his church to commune more nearly with God. And, as he prayed, he heard the Voice answering, and asked, 'Where art thou, Lord?' and the Lord replied, 'Down here, among the people!'

PATENTS AND THE PUBLIC

BY SETH K. HUMPHREY

RECENTLY the Supreme Court of the United States rendered a decision in what is known as the Mimeograph Case, which not only reasserts a patentee's undisputed right to impose extraordinary conditions upon the use of his machine, but affirms his equal right to control the supply of materials to be used in its operations. This radical extension of the patent right was the startling feature of the decision, but its plain restatement of a patentee's dictatorial powers over his invention seems to have been even more effective in arousing the public mind to a sense of the alarming possibilities contained in every patent issued. The added prerogative falls rather as the proverbial 'last straw' upon an already intolerable situation, and the public rises to inquire, 'What is back of these grants, so freely handed over to inventors?'

The object of our patent system, as stated in the Constitution, is 'to promote the progress of Science and Useful Arts.' That is, in order to get inventions for public use, the patent laws were made for the encouragement of inventors. The community's interest in new discoveries is, theoretically, the prime consideration; the reward to the inventor is no more than a just and agreeable means to attain the desired end.

But our patent law, as it has come finally to be construed, is singularly oblivious of the public. It devotes itself exclusively to the patentee. It does not reward the inventor and take over the invention; it awards him the inven-

tion itself for a period of seventeen years, and makes no demand upon him to administer it for the public good, or, indeed, to administer it at all. Instance any patented improvement: suppose manufacturers engaged in the particular line adopt the device in their machinery or process, in their desire to market a more perfect article, — the one attainment which really interests the public. The law interferes. But it does not say to the manufacturers, 'You must pay a reasonable tribute to the inventor before you may make this improved device'; it says, 'You must *stop making* the device.' And there it rests. In proclaiming a new and useful invention by publishing the patent, the government merely informs us of one more thing which we may not use. It leaves the public at the inventor's doorstep, expectant, but unassured of admittance.

Then, in what manner, and to what advantage, we may participate in the discovery, depends on the inventor's ability and disposition to provide adequate facilities for its production; to interest the necessary capital; so to perfect the device in details and workmanship that it may attain its highest usefulness; to secure for it adequate publicity and distribution throughout the country. The price is of his making; he may elect to sell it under any sort of restrictive condition his fancy dictates, or not to sell it at all, but rent it, on terms laid down by himself. If, as often happens, selfish interests are to gain thereby, he or his assignees

may suppress the invention altogether, and it must remain legally buried for seventeen years, although published to the world in letters-patent.

No wonder we are a nation of patentees. The imagination of young America is fired by the prospect of easy fortunes under the seventeen-year monopoly. Untrained minds are led to imagine riches in fantastic contrivances, much as children see diamonds in glittering stones which their elders do not find worth picking up. So the flood of applications pours in upon the patent-office at the rate of two hundred per day. Nearly half are denied patents, and out of the hundred successful applications come possibly ten successful patents.

The average citizen is easily misled by this formidable record of inventive genius. He points with pride to a result made up of ninety per cent waste. It is as plain as daylight that the patent system encourages invention, but inventions are without value to the community except as they are set to work 'to promote the progress of Science and Useful Arts.' We need to be reminded that *for this end* the patent laws were devised. We are so accustomed to regard the encouragement of invention as the complete function of the patent laws, and are so impressed by the bulky output, that only on special occasion, when one of our supposedly beneficent creations 'shows its teeth,' does it occur to us to ask, 'Where do we come in?'

Take as the first case that of the independent inventor who devises a valuable improvement. He may realize his inability single-handed to serve a great country with his invention; if he attempts the feat, the country is dependent upon the one source, more or less feeble. He is confronted by the probability of infringement, with its attendant difficulties; the law attempts

to give him a control of his invention so absolute and so arbitrary that he, individually, cannot hope to maintain it. Almost invariably he does the best thing an inventor can do for his own interest, — he sells his patent to some company or corporation far better equipped than he to get the utmost out of his remarkable grant. The public rarely has an opportunity to reward an inventor; he gets a few hundred dollars, or a few thousand, from his assignees, and then the community pays tribute for seventeen years, *not* for the encouragement of inventors, but for the encouragement of men of extraordinary business ability who could not tell, off-hand, the difference between a cotter-pin and a crank-shaft.

But the large majority of successful inventions do not even originate outside corporation influence. The real business of inventing is done, and will continue to be done, in increasing measure, within the industries. Here, also, the inventor rarely gets more than a small share of the tribute paid under the patent system. Workable ideas usually originate with workmen. While some of these inventing workmen are at liberty to take out patents independently, their inclination is to sell to their employers. But many of them are not independent.

It has become the custom among large employers to require of their employees a contract that any inventions they may make during their term of employment shall be assigned to the employer, under a stipulated reward in money or increased wages. In addition to this arrangement with their workmen, manufacturers engaged in work involving a knowledge of the sciences, such as the great telephone, electric, and chemical companies, almost without exception maintain extensive laboratories, presided over by salaried men selected for their originality and

technical skill, who devote their entire time to the development of new devices and processes. Every idea evolved in these laboratories, and by the subsidized workmen in the shops, the employer makes the subject of a patent, in the endeavor not only to perfect his own product, but to prevent his rivals from perfecting their product.

In this contest the community suffers. Each manufacturer in a given line may use only such patented improvements as he himself controls; for the other portions of his machine or process he must confine himself to unpatented principles, or to combinations on which the patents have expired. The machine of each manufacturer has its good features, but no single machine may have all the good features. The product cannot rise to the standard of which the industry is really capable. Our patent system thus obstructs the approach to perfection. It is easy to imagine the owner of a meritorious idea so handicapped in his choice of necessary mechanism as to make his machine unmarketable, and thus a valuable improvement upon a given machine may be forever lost in the mediocrity of its remaining parts. In this instance the law defeats its own purpose.

The anomalous situations imposed by conflicting patents have led logically to great combinations of manufacturers, — combinations originally entered into, perhaps, for the purpose of perfecting machines and processes by a union of patents, but which, having incidentally added to their monopoly of patents the advantage of lessened competition, have borne heavily upon the public.

Unlike the monopolies which maintain their advantage by the abuse of well-intentioned laws, the patent owner's is a strictly legal monopoly that

cannot be investigated and need not be reasonable.

A single circumstance of doubtful virtue intervenes to prevent untold excesses on the part of patent owners, — the possibility of infringement by other manufacturers. So clumsily designed and administered are the laws against infringement that no sooner is the value of a patent recognized than it is infringed upon, if its owner's manipulation of it gives opportunity to make the adventure profitable; but a wise patent owner knows that the nearer he confines his demands to a competitive basis, the less he will have to contend with infringement. Thus the public profits by his selfish discretion. A strict enforcement of the patent laws would be a national calamity; but we may hardly pride ourselves on this escape from extortion through the violation of laws.

Some may wonder why we continue a system so imperfectly serving its intended beneficiaries, the inventor and the community. We suffer in this, as in other respects, from laws which have outlived the conditions that made them necessary. Some of our land laws were kept alive by land speculators long after their constructive usefulness had ceased. The great 'protected' manufacturers now threaten to strangle us with the very line that we threw out to them in their struggling infancy. Among these survivals, the patent laws are the most ancient. In the essentials they remain as originally drafted from the patent systems of Europe.

Doubtless there was once a time when the simplest way to encourage an inventor was to give him the exclusive right to make the device for his neighbors. Until comparatively recent times every important discovery necessitated the founding of a new industry. Exclusive privileges were properly granted to encourage the in-

vestment of capital in untried enterprises. But in the present highly-developed state of the industries, these conditions have ceased to exist. Scarcely an invention is now made that would not fall naturally within the lines of some established industry, equipped and eager to serve it to the public. Is it reasonable to suppose that the industry and eighty millions of people are going to await the uncertain movements of one man for their participation in the discovery? Experience has shown that they do not. It is very true that we have profited immensely from inventions, even if at a great disadvantage, and we owe much to the patent law for the inspiration it has been to inventors; but beyond this single virtue, our patent system works directly against the natural, effective, and economical delivery of new inventions to the community, and holds for the inventor no certainty of reward in proportion to the value of his discovery. Both are at the mercy of the middle-man.

Now suppose we were to get away from ancient traditions, and construct a patent system adapted to the present day. The inventor wants compensation for his discovery; give him compensation,—not the discovery. The community wants the discovery; although the plain teaching of our patent law makes it heresy to say so, the community is entitled to it. Both ends can be attained at once by making the discovery public, in fact, as well as in letters-patent, to all who may wish to make use of it, with the single obligation that they shall pay to the inventor legally determined royalties during the life of his patent.

Under our present system, the most fortunate inventors are those who succeed in establishing their patents on a royalty basis. The law might as well bring this opportunity to every

inventor, with the added advantage to him and the community that, instead of being restricted to one licensee, both would do business with an entire industry. The royalties, carefully graded to provide just compensation, would be paid to the inventors, and a penalty for not so paying them would enforce this reasonable exaction. New inventions, at once engaging the attention of experienced manufacturers throughout the country, would automatically come before the public in their most perfected form, through well-established channels, and under conditions assuring competitive terms, plus the royalties. The inventor would not of necessity be forced to go into business, or to sell his rights for an arbitrary price. His inclination would be to retain his patent, supplement its publication by advertising it to the industry likely to be interested, and gather direct from it such reward as his invention might merit.

Various objections may be made to the proposed plan. It may be contended that with the right to manufacture conferred promiscuously, many would be able to evade the payment of the royalty. Lawlessness under no system could exceed the present riot of infringement. Infringement is encouraged not only by the inadequacy of the laws against it, but even more by the impossibility of securing on any terms the right to use improvements patented to rival concerns. With that right granted by law to all manufacturers alike, and the royalty fixed by law, the royalty would generally be paid, and it is safe to assert that the penalty for non-payment need not even be severe.

The difficulty of devising just royalties may be interposed. No more rigid and arbitrary compensation can be conceived than the present unqualified grant of the discovery itself for the set

term of seventeen years. Far more equitable would be a scale of royalties based upon classification, cost of article, and other obvious factors. A study of the numerous instances in which inventions are now being worked on a royalty basis, would greatly assist in devising a satisfactory scale. To provide for special cases in which the royalties might work a hardship, either to the inventor or to the community, there could be a commission to which either might appeal for a proper readjustment.

Perhaps the most plausible argument that may be urged against the proposed system is that in some instances a new device needs to be practically demonstrated before the public will awake to its merits, — an expensive undertaking, inadequately met by the prospect of future royalties. Under the new encouragement given by the legal right to make use of any patent, very rarely would a valuable idea escape interested manufacturers; and if a certain amount of demonstration were necessary, that expense could be undertaken with a view to the later general adoption of the discovery, and regarded as one means of advertising it. Then would follow the inventor's reward, in proportion to the real value of his invention.

If the objection be raised that manufacturers would cease to subsidize their workmen, discharge their salaried investigators, and close their laboratories, if the discoveries made were to be placed at the disposal of their rivals, a sufficient answer is that the business of inventing among them is little dependent upon the patent laws. Patent laws bring forth patents galore; necessity is still the mother of invention. It is safe to say that, such are the exigencies of modern manufacturing, not one laboratory would be closed, nor a single

inventive workman disregarded. Each manufacturer would secure to himself the advantage over his rivals of the fixed royalties upon his patents, — a just compensation for his encouragement of invention, but not an exclusive monopoly.

Under this system of compensation by royalty, the rights granted in a patent would be less preposterous, less attractive to dangerous exploiters, yet far more certain to bring returns to the inventor. Now, if we can thus easily provide a more just reward for the inventor, and a more advantageous participation for ourselves, why — except that the custom of ages holds us — should we sit by while men who never invent make invention their tool for getting a non-competitive grip on the community?

The road to this reform is a rocky one, for it leads directly through the sacred preserves of the patent-protected monopolies. They will put up a tearful plea for the inventor, and point out cases in which inventors themselves have succeeded in reaping enormous profits for the full period of seventeen years. But extortion at the hands of an inventor is not a bit less unpleasant and unjust than at the hands of a combination of men. The killing monopoly latent in every patent issued is the thing aimed at, no matter who develops it. It merely happens that, for reasons already set forth, nineteen twentieths of this evil are due to assigned patents.

So changed are the conditions now surrounding invention and industry that it has become a public duty to reconstruct our patent system so that it shall primarily 'promote the progress of Science and Useful Arts,' and also provide a reward for invention which the inventor himself may reasonably hope to secure.

CLARISSA'S OWN CHILD

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I

It was half-past three o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon in April when Associate Professor Charleroy (of the Midwest University at Powelton) learned that he was to lose his wife and home.

For April, the day was excessively hot. The mercury stood at eighty-nine degrees on the stuffy little east porch of the Charleroy home. There was no ice in the refrigerator, the house-cleaning was not finished, and the screens were not in. The discomfort of the untimely heat was very great.

Clarissa Charleroy, tired, busy, and flushed of face, knew that she was nervous to the point of hysteria. This condition always gave her a certain added clearness of vision and fluency of speech which her husband, with justice, had learned to dread. Indeed, she dreaded it herself. In such moods she often created for herself situations which she afterwards found irksome. She quite sincerely wished herself one of the women whom fatigue makes quiet and sodden, instead of unduly eloquent.

Paul Charleroy, coming from a class-room, found his wife in the dining-room, ironing a shirt-waist. The door was open into the little kitchen beyond, where the range fire was burning industriously, and the heat poured steadily in.

'I thought it would be cooler in here,' Clarissa explained wearily, 'but it is n't. I have to get these waists ready to wear, and a gingham dress

ironed for Marvel. The child is simply roasted in that woolen thing. But the starch *will* stick to the irons!'

Professor Charleroy shut the door into the kitchen. He frowned at the ironing-board, balanced on two chairs in front of the window. Small changes in the household arrangements were likely to discompose him. In his own house he was vaguely conscious always of seeking a calm which did not exist there.

'Can't the washerwoman do that ironing?' he inquired.

Clarissa dropped her iron and confronted him dramatically.

'Doubtless — if I could afford to pay her,' she responded. 'As you are already aware, the salary of associate professors in the Midwest University is fourteen hundred dollars a year. When steak was a shilling a pound and eggs fifteen cents a dozen and the washerwoman asked a dollar a day, one could afford to have her help longer. Now it is different.'

Professor Charleroy moved quietly over to the ironing-board and put the flat-iron, which was still hot enough to scorch, upon its stand. Then he arranged, in a glass, the handful of daffodils he was carrying, and set them where the April sunshine fell across them.

'Yes, I know it is different,' he said gloomily. 'But it may be different again if I can place my text-book. When we married, Clarissa, I thought your own little income would be sufficient to protect you from such economies as I

knew would be most distasteful to you — but, somehow, it — it does n't seem to do it.'

'It goes,' returned Clarissa. 'I don't know how it goes, but it does. I dare say I'm not a good manager. It is n't as if I dressed well, for I don't. But I would n't mind, if we could go to Chicago for a week of music and theatres in the spring. But we can't do anything but live — and *that* is n't living! Something is wrong with the whole system of woman's work in the world. I don't know what it is, but I mean to find out. Somebody has got to do something about it.'

She threw back her small blond head as she spoke, and it was as if she gave the universe and all its powers warning that she did not purpose to live indefinitely under such an ill-arranged order of things as they were maintaining. Let the universe look to itself!

'I met Baumgarten of the Midwest Ice Company on the campus. He says if this weather holds, he will start his ice-wagons to-morrow,' suggested her husband anxiously. He had very definite reasons for wishing to divert Clarissa from consideration of all the things that are out of joint in the world.

'Ice is a detail. Sometimes details do help,' admitted Clarissa, fanning her blazing cheeks.

'We will have Jacob come and wash the windows and put on the screens in the morning,' he continued very gently. 'And I will uncover the roses and rake the beds this afternoon. I should have done it last week, but no one could foresee this weather.'

'I'm not ready for Jacob until I have been through the closets. They must be cleaned first. — I hate to clean closets! I hate to cook, to sew, to iron, to dust, to scrub! There are women who like these occupations. Let such people assume them!'

'I can hear you, Clarissa, if you speak less oratorically. We are not in an audience-room,' suggested her husband.

Clarissa was slender, fair, and dramatic. If she was in the room you looked at her. Her Norman nose was delicately cut, her manner fastidious, but her collars were carelessly put on, and her neck-ties had a vaguely one-sided effect. She just escaped being pretty and precise and reliable-looking by a narrow margin, but escape she did. She was, instead, disturbing, distracting, decidedly lovable, not a little pathetic. Her face was dreamy, yet acute — the face of an enthusiast. The line of her jaw was firmly and beautifully drawn; her intellectual activity was undeniable, but philistines mistrusted her conclusions at sight — and justly.

'This is not a good day on which to hold an argument,' she went on with dignity, ignoring her husband's subacid comment. 'It is too easy to be uncivil when one is so uncomfortable. But I have been thinking about these matters for a long time, Paul, as you know. I have been forming my resolutions. They are not lightly taken. I was almost ready, in any event, to tell you that I had decided to renounce the domestic life.'

'To ——?'

'To renounce the domestic life,' repeated Clarissa with emphasis. 'Homes are an anachronism at the end of the nineteenth century, anyhow. It is time women had the courage of their convictions and sloughed off an anti-social form of habitat that dates from the Stone Age.'

'Do you mean you would rather board?'

Clarissa stared. 'What has boarding to do with it?' she inquired rather haughtily. 'I am talking about the universal problem of woman's work.'

One's own individual makeshifts do not affect that. But if it is ever to be solved, some woman must solve it. Men never will. Sacrifices will have to be made for it, as for other causes. There are women who are ready to make them — and I have discovered that I am one of the women.'

Professor Charleroy received this statement in absolute silence.

'As a temporary alleviation,' Clarissa went on meditatively, 'families might be associated upon some group-system. The operating expenses of the individual establishments would be greatly reduced, and the surplus could be applied to developing the higher life of the members of the group. It would be quite practicable, even in our present crude civilization, to arrange such groups. But of course that would be a temporary expedient. In the redeemed form of social life, it will not be necessary.'

'What ails you, Clarissa? Did that lecture you delivered before the Saturday Afternoon Club go to your head?'

Clarissa flushed. Her club paper on 'After the Home — What?' was a sensitive subject. She already had been chaffed a good deal about it.

'Of course I know,' she said with dignity, 'that I am not a genius. I can't organize. I can't write. I'm not pretending to be in the class with Ibsen or Olive Schreiner or Sonia Kovalevsky! No, nor with the American women who are going to work out their ideas. I don't believe I'd make a good social worker, either. I have n't enough patience and tenderness. But I can talk. You know I can talk, Paul.'

Yes, he knew it. To his cost, he knew it. She had the gift of fluent, winning speech, speech with an atmosphere, a charm. Uncouth theories acquired grace on her lips, and plausible theories seemed stronger than they were. She ironed shirt-waists badly,

and the starch stuck to the irons, but she could make the worse appear the better reason with deftness and dispatch. Somewhere, somehow, a coal from the sacred fire had touched her lips. You might be indignant, outraged, at her theories, but you never refused to listen while she set them forth.

'I figure it this way,' she continued. 'In all great causes, the people who can think and write need the help of the people who can talk, to disseminate their ideas, to popularize them, to get them brought home to the people who don't think and don't read, and yet have influence. That shall be my *métier*. I can do it. I can do it well. I will do it for a living wage and put my heart and soul into doing it. Without going outside a very narrow field, — say, that of parlor talks, — I can yet be a promoter of great causes. I will be a walking delegate from the Union of the Elect! I will fight the good fight for Utopia! Why, Paul, I can make it glorious!'

Her face shone with a wonderful light. Her slender, delicately-rounded figure vibrated with enthusiasm. She did not see the expression on her husband's face. When great thoughts were astir in Clarissa's brain, her high imperturbability, her bright serenity, were maddening. To assail them, logic was as useless as passion. She was simply in another world from this.

Her husband sat down heavily. He felt an unacademic desire to box her ears. Perhaps, had he done so, there would have been no story, for like most women with erratic nerves Clarissa Charleroy had the elemental liking for a masterful man.

However, her husband's Huguenot blood and scholastic training did not help him to carry out such primitive impulses toward domestic discipline. He was a man of sturdy build, with a

fine head and brown eyes of the gentle, faithful kind. Conscientious, persistent, upright, he perfectly fitted that old-fashioned description our fathers loved, 'a scholar and a gentleman.' It cannot be denied that this type is out of place in our modern life; it is especially at a disadvantage when confronted with such a modern wife as his.

'Do you mean to — to *leave* Marvel and me?' he inquired in a voice that was not as even as he could have wished. His back was toward the window. His wife could not see that he had turned white, but she did notice that he looked steadily down into the palms of his hands.

She faced him with a fine composure.

'I don't see that I'm much good here — and I, myself, am certainly very miserable,' she said. 'There is so much antagonism between you and me, Paul. We think alike about so few things!'

'Do you think the antagonism lies between you and me — or between you and our circumstances?' inquired the professor. His voice was controlled now, but cutting. 'Also, do you feel any special antagonism to Marvel? She is rather like yourself, you know.'

Clarissa nodded brightly. He was stunned to see that she approved this.

'That's better! Do fight me, Paul! It clarifies my ideas, and I see more definitely what I want. I wish you were a good fighter. I like hard knocks!'

'Good Lord! little girl, you don't mean all this nonsense — you can't. Why, it's impossible. You're my wife. I've done my best. Some day I shall do better. We shall win to peace and comfort yet — if you stand by. My text-book —'

Clarissa waved a disdainful hand. Her blue eyes were liquid, wonderful.

'You don't seem to think of the cause, Paul! Don't you realize that I

can do good work for humanity? Everybody can't do that. Everybody is n't called to it. I am.'

Paul Charleroy let this statement pass. It hung in the air between them, unchallenged, undenounced. Possibly it was true. But, the man was wondering dumbly, what became of other men to whom this thing really happened? Did it crush them all like *this*? How did they keep up hope, decency, honor? How did they preserve their interest in the game and make life worth living afterward? Already he felt heavy upon his heart a presentiment of airless days, of tortured nights. The loneliness of it! No tenderness anywhere in life for him? No love? Then, what use to live? Humanity? Was n't he humanity?

Nevertheless, when he spoke, he only said, 'And Marvel? Is Marvel called to be motherless?'

Clarissa's serene face clouded faintly. The question of Marvel did, indeed, puzzle even her facility. And yet she had light on that problem also.

'If I really prove to be any good — and I think I shall be a helper in a movement that is going to revolutionize the earth,' — Clarissa said gravely, 'there are others to consider besides Marvel. It — why, it *may* be, Paul, that my duty is to the race! I'm not an especially good mother for Marvel at her present age — the young-animal stage of her development. All a child under twelve years needs is to be properly fed, and clothed, and taught the elementary things. It has all been standardized, and is a matter for experts, anyhow. Your sister Josephine would be a better mother for her for the next few years than I. Why should I do what others can do better? When Marvel begins to *think*, it will be different. Then she will need my influence. I should like to let you have her for the next few years, and have her come to

me when she is fifteen or sixteen. How would that suit you, Paul?’

Her husband moved his shoulders imperceptibly, but said nothing. The thing had passed the point where rational speech, as he conceived it, was in place. If Clarissa did not see the shallowness, the sheer indecency, of discarding one's human relations as if they were old clothes, he could not make her see it. Was it only half an hour ago that he had come down the street in the spring sunshine, under the budding elms, bringing Clarissa a bunch of daffodils and thinking of making a garden, and of all the dear, homely April tasks?

Clarissa assumed that his silence was one of acquiescence. Sooner or later people always acquiesced.

‘It is really sweet of you to take it like this, Paul,’ she said warmly. ‘I never have understood why people should n't be thoroughly rational about these matters. There's no occasion for bitterness. I should like to have people say we had remained ideal friends. I shall always be as much interested in your welfare as in my own. — Yes, more. I should never dream of marrying again, myself, but in time I think it might be well for you to divorce me and do so.’ Her mobile face became introspective, absorbed. ‘Ruth Lawrence is rather too sentimental, not energetic enough for a professor's wife. And Nora Mills is heartless. I think she would marry you for a home, but you must n't let her do it. There is Evelyn Ames. I think Evelyn would do. She is so gentle and reliable!’

She was actually absorbed in this problem, her husband perceived to his utter amazement. He shivered with distaste. This was too grotesque. It could not be true.

His wife looked at him for approval. She noted that the look of fear was gone from his dark eyes. Something unwonted, ironic, flashed there in its

stead. It was neither mirth nor malice, yet approached both. He set his boyish-looking mouth firmly, and shook off his silence as one throws off a nightmare. He would meet her on her own ground, and be as indifferent as she.

‘Really, Clarissa, *that* is the first sensible thing you have said this afternoon,’ he forced himself to say. — ‘Why, what's this?’

It was the small daughter of the house who chose this moment to emerge from under the table, clutching fast a jaded-looking doll and a handful of its belongings. Her round eyes were fear-struck and her quick glance curiously hostile, but she slipped silently from the room. Her presence there was soon forgotten by her parents — but children do not forget. Of all the incomprehensible words tossed to and fro above her head, Marvel remembered every one.

II

Marvel Charleroy found the letter in the box at the gate where the postman had left it. There was other mail; she glanced at the covers light-heartedly as she went toward the house. She was not very familiar with her mother's handwriting and, for the moment, did not recognize it.

The house was low, gray-shingled, and inviting. It had a kindly, human aspect, and though it was a modern structure built at the time of Professor Charleroy's second marriage, eleven years before, there was about it something of that quiet dignity we associate with age. The branches of a wide-spreading old elm swept one of its chimneys; the lawn was broad, the lilacs and syringas tall; ranks of high hollyhocks in shades of rose and wine, rising against gray lattice, shut off the kitchen gardens at the rear. The beds that bordered the paths were planted to a tangle of old-fashioned flowers.

gorgeous in the July sunshine. There was a subdued gayety about the whole aspect of the sheltered, sunny place, a look of warmth and home and joy, that was especially dear to Marvel Charleroy. It satisfied in her some elemental need.

She preserved a vivid memory, of which she never spoke, of the box-like little house on Spring Street, her early home. She recalled that house as disorderly and uncomfortable during her mother's régime; as frigid and uncomfortable during the reign of her Aunt Josephine. She figured herself as always holding her breath, as always waiting for something, while she lived there. It was not until she was twelve (four years after Clarissa Charleroy left her husband), that Marvel, to her own childish apprehension, began to fill her lungs, began, indeed, to live.

It will be inferred that the catastrophe so clearly outlined on that April afternoon fifteen years earlier, did, in fact, occur. For various reasons, it did not take place immediately. For one thing, it required time for Clarissa to put herself into touch with causes that desired to be 'promoted' by her silver tongue and wistful, winning ways. Then, too, there were moments when she wavered. So long as Paul could maintain that pose, achieved with great effort, of good-natured, sarcastic scoffing at their tragedy, Clarissa herself did not believe in it wholly. Sometimes they drew very near together. A debonair, indifferent Paul who jested about her 'calling' attracted her. A Paul who could demand cheerfully as he took his second cup of coffee, 'Well, Clarissa, am I the Tyrant Man this morning?' was not unlikely to elicit the answer, 'No, not to-day, Paul. You're just own folks to-day.' But a Paul who had heard the wolf howling at the door of his heart, who looked at her with eyes in which she saw fear and the shadow

of a broken life, repelled her utterly. Women are reputed to be soft-hearted. Paul Charleroy, musing upon his own predicament in those days, remembered this age-long superstition with wonder.

In spite of various respites, a catastrophe which is latent in a temperament will, some day, come to pass — unless, of course, the owner of the temperament decides to be absolute master of himself. Nothing was further from Clarissa's thought than to recapture her married happiness by an assault on her own disposition.

It is not good to linger over this portion of their story. Clarissa did, finally, take over the task of reforming as much of humanity as she could persuade to see the need of it, and she laid aside the business of looking after her husband and her child. Miss Josephine Charleroy, ten years her brother's senior, and competent rather than sympathetic, assumed these discarded responsibilities.

By slow degrees, Paul Charleroy's circumstances became less straitened. He did place his text-book well, and derived a considerable income therefrom; on the death of old Dr. Lettarby he succeeded to the full professorship, with the munificent salary of twenty-five hundred a year. Last of all, some time after Clarissa and he were made free of each other by legal means, he did actually marry Evelyn Ames.

Thus, it will be seen, Clarissa's forecasts were fulfilled. Her notions were absolutely practicable; they really, all of them, worked, and worked well. In the long run they even worked beneficently, but one prefers to attribute this to the mercy of Providence rather than to the foresight of Clarissa.

Marvel Charleroy was twelve years old when her father married again, and life began for her. The little girl noted, dimly at first, then with growing won-

der and appreciation, how interesting the commonplace things became under the new rule. Though her frocks were simple as ever, their adaptation to herself made it a pleasure to wear them; she seemed suddenly to have acquired a definite place in the family life, a position with duties and with compensating pleasures. Her friendships were considered, her friends noticed and welcomed. For the first time she felt herself an individual. Somebody was interested in what she did and said and thought. Her own shy young consciousness of personality was reflected back to her, strengthened, and adorned. She perceived with something like awe that the girl named 'Marvel' did not live only in her breast. Her father and his wife knew a Marvel whom they believed to be industrious and clever, loving and helpful. These qualities were multiplied tenfold by her perception that they were looked for from that Marvel whom the heads of the house seemed so happy to own and to cherish.

The child thrived. She who had wondered vaguely at the stress laid by her books upon the satisfactions of home, now tasted thirstily of that delight. And she repaid the miracle of Evelyn's tenderness with the whole of an ardent heart.

To her elders, the years went fast. Suddenly, as it seemed, Marvel was a young woman with more than her fair share of gifts and graces. She was exquisitely pretty, with an effective little style of her own; she made a brilliant record as a student; she had the rich endowment of easy popularity. Further, she seemed to possess, so far as slight experiments could demonstrate, that rare thing, the genuine teacher's gift. Something of her father's passion for scholarship, something of her mother's silver-lipped persuasiveness, met in the girl and mingled with certain deep convictions of her own.

The practical outcome of all this was the suggestion that her Alma Mater, Midwest, would be glad to attach her to its teaching force without insisting upon an additional degree. She had spent one year abroad since her graduation, part of which was occupied in study. But, like many young Americans, she found her own reflections on the Old World more stimulating than any instruction offered her there.

Now she was at home, ready to begin work in September, enthusiastic, almost effervescent, with her satisfaction in the arrangement of her own little world.

Coming into the shaded house, out of the blaze of the July sunshine, she dropped her father's letters on the desk in his study, and ran upstairs to read her own. It was quite an hour before she heard him calling at the foot of the stair, —

'Marvel! Come down, daughter, I want you.'

Something in his voice — she did not know what — gave her a thrill of apprehension. She had never heard just that tone from him before.

She found Professor and Mrs. Charleroy waiting for her in the living-room. Their faces were grave and troubled. Marvel's apprehensive pang mingled with a curious little resentment that her nearest and dearest could allow themselves to look thus, all on a summer morning, in this highly satisfactory world.

'Daughter, I have a letter here,' her father began at once, 'a letter from your mother. It concerns you more than any one. The question it involves is one for you to decide. I ought not to conceal from you my belief that you will need to consider the matter very carefully.'

Marvel took the letter with gravity, hoping that this portentous seriousness was misplaced. This is what she read: —

MY DEAR PAUL, — You remember, of course, that when we separated, it was with the understanding that Marvel was to come to me when she was fifteen or sixteen. But, as you urged, when I brought the matter up at that time, she was then just completing her preparation for college. Since she desired college training, it was certainly easier and simpler for her to have it at Midwest than elsewhere. I put aside my own preferences, because the arguments in favor of her remaining with you were weighty. But it does not seem to me just or right that I should be deprived of my daughter's society entirely, because I waived my preference as to her education. I feel that she has been deprived of my influence, and I of her companionship, already too long.

As I understand it, she graduated a year ago, and has since been abroad. It seems to me this winter will be an excellent time for her to come to me. I shall have an apartment in Chicago, and she will find it easy to arrange for post-graduate work if she desires. I shall be less busy than usual, for my health has given way a little under the strain of my work, and the doctor has warned me to rest as much as possible. I am looking forward with pleasure to introducing her to my friends, my life, my ideas.

When will it be most convenient for her to come? I should say about the first of October.

As ever, my dear Paul,

Your sincere friend,

CLARISSA CHARLEROY.

'Well, really!'

Marvel dropped the letter on the floor and turned to face her family with more than a suggestion of belligerence. Her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes burning, and her head held high with a little air that reminded her auditors

swiftly and inevitably of Clarissa Charleroy's self.

'Dear people, what do you look so frightened for?' she demanded. 'I call it very cheeky of my mother to make such a demand of me. Does n't she realize that I'm a person with a career of my own — and that when I'm not busy with that, I have to keep my eye on you two! I have n't the slightest intention of leaving home — so you need n't look like *that!*'

Marvel's little harangues usually met with instant response from her family. They were wont to brighten and become argumentative, even when they disagreed. But neither of them answered this pronouncement.

Her father sat by an open window, looking out upon the garden's gayety with unseeing eyes. His wife sat at another window watching him wistfully, while Marvel faced them both from the hearth, offering her cheerful young defiance for their approval.

Their silence, their gravity, startled the girl. She looked from one face to the other in quick scrutiny. What did this mean? For perhaps the first time in her life, it flashed through her mind that, after all, she knew nothing of the inner attitude of these two people, whom she greatly loved, toward the two facts which had made them all one household — her mother's divorce, namely, and her father's remarriage. The whole structure of three united, happy lives was built upon these cataclysmal facts — yet she had never asked what thought they held of them! Dignified, delicate, scrupulous, she knew them both to be. Through what anguish and uncertainty might they not have passed before they clasped hands at last, making of their two hearts a shelter for her robbed, defenseless one?

Her manner changed on the instant.

'Dear family, you don't *want* me to

go? Surely — why — you *can't* want me to go?'

'No,' said Evelyn in a low voice, 'dearest, no. Certainly we don't want you to go. Only —'

'But my work!' cried Marvel passionately, answering their faces, not their words. 'I want to do it so much! How can I possibly leave my work? And you, and my life here — everything!'

Her father turned his face further toward the window, looking out blindly, but Marvel caught his expression — the look of one who tastes again an ancient bitterness. She did not know its full meaning, but her sympathy leaped to meet it. Evelyn Charleroy, watching her, felt a sudden stirring of pride in the girl's swift response to another's need, her quick tenderness. It was thus that Evelyn saw the life of woman — as one long opportunity for the exercise of these qualities.

'Darlingest father, of course I'm not going to leave you. Still, if I were — what is mother like? What does she expect? What am I to do if I go to her?'

'She is a brilliant woman,' answered Professor Charleroy. 'In many ways you are not unlike her, Marvel, in mental alertness and all that. As for what she expects — God knows!'

The girl pursued her point. 'It is n't an occupation — to be a brilliant woman. I'm not quite sure, even, what she does. She lectures? She is philanthropic, or humanitarian, or something like that? Does she write?'

'No,' answered the professor, choosing his words with evident and conscientious care. 'That is not her gift. She has the endowment of convincing speech. She has used it admirably for many admirable causes — and quite as ably for other causes that I esteem less. But that, you understand, is my personal point of view. Her chief in-

terest, however, has been the so-called advancement of women, and you might describe her as one of the many inconspicuous promoters of that movement. Chiefly, at present, she is holding classes, giving parlor-talks, what not, in which she paraphrases and popularizes the ideas of her leaders. Her personality, though winning, does not carry far, and she is only effective before a handful of people. Her — her conversation is possibly more convincing because it is less susceptible of close examination than the written word. But I do not wish to be unjust.'

'Then I take it mother is not scholarly?' asked the girl of academic training.

'She is not taken seriously — by the serious,' the professor admitted. 'You know, Marvel, there are women who are — who are dearly enthusiastic about the future of the race, who really are not in a position to do advanced thinking about it. Of course there are others of whom I would not venture to make such an assertion, but in my judgment your mother belongs to the former class. You will form your own opinion upon the subject. Do not go to her with any bias in your mind. She is sincere. Her passion for humanity is doubtless real, but it seems to me that her erratic spirit has turned it into a channel where it is ineffective. In any case, she is an attractive woman. A winter with her should be interesting.'

His daughter eyed him gravely. There were depths of reserve in her face and voice. She had felt much, and said little, about this mother whom they were discussing thus dispassionately. Perhaps it gratified her young dignity that she was able to consider with apparent detachment the woman of whom she had thought long in secret with bitter, blinding tears.

'It is, as you say, a thing to consider,' she observed gently. 'I may be mis-

taken in deciding off-hand that I will not go. I'll think it over, father dear.'

Professor Charleroy rose, visibly pulling himself together. Crossing the room, he picked up the letter Marvel had dropped and handed it to her.

'I also may be mistaken,' he said, 'in my first feeling about the matter. Yet I think not. But we will not decide hastily.'

When he left the room, Marvel partly closed the door and turned to her step-mother.

'Now Evelyn, you darling, you know all this is perfectly ridiculous. Apparently I can't tell father so, — I could see I was hurting him, — but it simply is ridiculous!'

'I do not feel so, Marvel,' Mrs. Charleroy answered steadily.

'What *right* has she?' the girl stormed. 'What right, I wish to know? To summon me like this! Did n't she throw us away, father and me, once and for all? You can't recall a thing like that! Why should she think she could take me back any more than father? "Influence" me, indeed! She does n't know the A B C of influence! I am made — done — finished. Such as I am, she has had no hand in me. If the outcome is creditable, thanks are due to you and father and the Herr Gott. Oh, I know the things that have gone to my making! I don't talk about them much, perhaps, but I know!'

Mrs. Charleroy sat very still, regarding her step-daughter anxiously. She was a woman of the most benignant of all the elder types: slight, but strong; her brown hair parted smoothly, and brought back from a high full forehead; she had a firm chin, with a tense, sweet mouth, and large, thoughtful, gray-blue eyes.

'Are you quite sure you are completely finished, dear? I would n't dare affirm that of myself.'

'If there were no other reasons — why, even if I wanted to go,' Marvel went on, 'there is my work. I have accepted a position in the English department. They are depending upon me. I am ready, and there is no one to take my place.'

'You are mistaken there. Miss Anderson would be glad to retain the position for a year. Something has happened to her arrangements for foreign study, and I heard it intimated the other day that she regretted resigning when she did. She would be delighted to stay on. You could, I think, come back to the position next year. I believe you could arrange with Professor Axtell.'

'O Evelyn! Why do you wish to make my going easy? Don't you see I can't bear it?'

'I don't know how to say what I wish,' said the elder woman wistfully. 'If I remind you that after all she is your mother, I am afraid it will not mean to you what it does to me.'

'Certainly I think that, as between us two, the fact no longer carries obligation from me to her!' said Marvel steadily.

'O Marvel! You are hard!'

'No! I am just.'

'Justice is never so simple as that,' returned Evelyn Charleroy. 'But even if it were, your father — I — would rather see you merciful. It would be more like you, Marvel!'

Marvel set the line of her red lips. 'I do not wish to go, not even to live up to your idea of me!'

'Marvel, listen to me a moment. I may not be able to make you understand — but I must try. This is the thing I must make you know. The reactions upon the spirit of the ties of the flesh are, simply, the most miraculous things in all this miraculous world. I am not preaching. I am just telling you what I know. This business of be-

ing a child, a parent, a husband, a wife, — no creature can escape that net of human relationships wholly. It is there, right there, that we are knotted fast to the whole unseen order of things. What we make of those ties determines what we substantially are. Oh, if you could see it as I see it! This is the real reason, the strongest one of all, for our wishing you to go. You must not throw away the chance it is — the chance of finding out what you are to each other. You must concede something for the sake of learning that!’

‘It is n’t the mother after the flesh, but the mother after the spirit, to whom are due the great concessions!’ cried the girl, ‘and, Evelyn, *that* is you!’

‘Marvel — there is still another reason. It may appeal to you more.’

Evelyn Charleroy’s agitated face, the tumult of her eyes, startled her step-daughter. She could not bear disturbance of that dear serenity.

‘Child! — Do you suppose it was an easy thing for me to come into your father’s life and take your mother’s place while she still lived? There were months of doubt. There was hesitation that was agony to us both — but in the end — I came. Thus far the thing has seemed to justify itself. It has seemed to work for peace, for blessedness, to us all. I have felt no wrong, have been refused no inner sanction. And yet, I tell you, I am still uncertain of my right to all that your mother threw away, and I do not, even yet, entirely defend my action in taking it! You have been our comfort, our greatest blessing, because it has seemed to be well for you. But, don’t you see, if you fail us now; if we have made you selfish; if, through us, you have come to ignore that elemental tie; if you lose out of life whatever it may hold for you, we — we shall doubt our right — we shall be less sure’ — The woman’s

voice fluttered and fell on silence suddenly.

‘O Evelyn!’ the girl cried out in sharp distress, ‘don’t, don’t look like that! Dearest, don’t dare to feel like that! There is no need! I won’t be horrid! I’ll do anything on earth that you and father really wish!’

III

CHICAGO, *November fifth.*

PRECIOUS FATHER AND EVELYN: — I know all my letters thus far have been rather no-account. They were just to let you know that I was well, and interested, and getting used to things. I loathe the city so that I think I must be a country mouse. Every time I go down in the Elevated, past all the grimy, slimy, hideous back-buildings, something in me turns over and revolts. I want to be within reach of red leaves, and wheat-stubble, and fat quail running in the roadside grass. Did the little red and yellow chrysanthemums do well this year? How about that marigold border I planted in the kitchen garden?

However, I am going to have a most instructive winter. It was crude of me to think it, but because mother’s friends are mostly different kinds of reformers, I expected to find them dubs and scrubs. It seems droll for people who can’t live the normal human life successfully to set themselves up to say that therefore it’s all wrong, and they will show us a better way to play the game. But only a few of these are that kind of reformers, and they’re not dubby and scrubby at all! Some of them are just reformers from the teeth out. They’re merely amusing themselves.

Mother is n’t playing, however. She’s tremendously in earnest. Being a reformer is n’t fattening. She keeps back no pound of flesh. She is so thin

and tense and nervous, so obsessed with her own ideas, that it worries me sometimes. I feel as if I lived perpetually in the room with an electric fan. I have been to her classes several times. She has a certain eager eloquence, a real appeal, that will always gain her a hearing. I wish she could keep her neck-ties straight, but that is a trifle.

Do you remember old Mrs. Knowles saying that she loved to sit at the window and 'see the people going pro and con in the street?' That is my present occupation! These people do a tremendous amount of 'going pro and con' in the world of the mind. I have been hearing a vast deal of feminist discussion, owing to the appearance of some new books in that line. Can you see why, if nature has spent some thousands of years making women 'anabolic, or conservers of energy,' they should try to reverse the process in a decade and become even as men, who are 'kataboli, or dispensers of energy,' just because a stray thinker supposes it would make them more interesting if they all had a business life and dispensed that energy down-town? It seems to me ill-advised to defy nature wholesale. I am willing to work for bread, or for the love of work — but not to oblige illogical theorists!

I'm glad I don't have to reconcile all the different views I hear! One person will argue that women's work in the home is so complicated and taxing that it all ought to be done for her by specialists, while she goes down-town and becomes some other kind of specialist herself. This is the school of thought to which mother belongs. One or two of its leaders are terribly clever — and mother is rapturously sure that wisdom was born with them! She is so happy to be advocating and expounding their ideas! I find this discipleship pathetic. One does n't deny that they have visions, — mother has them also,

— but to me their visions are not divine or beautiful.

The next person will be a reactionary, and say that we are going straight to destruction because some women are thrown into industrial competition with men.

A third will be sure that, because modern life with all its industrial developments outside the home has drawn many women away from home-life, therefore all women ought to be thrown out of their homes in a bunch and hustle for themselves in the market-place. There's no longer anything to do at home, and if they stay there they will get fat and lazy and parasitic. I argued about this half the evening with an apple-faced youth of twenty-five who is still supported by his mother. You would have supposed, to hear him, that feminine hands and feet were going to atrophy and fall off from disuse, and that we should turn into some kind of chubby white grub with mouths perpetually demanding to be fed.

I don't deny that there are indolent women in the world, but I certainly never saw any parasites in the college set at Powelton. Somebody will have to 'show me' before I can get up any heat of conviction on the subject!

No longer anything to do at home! It has kept me so busy putting one attenuated little reformer-lady's flat to rights and training a cook for her that I have n't had a minute, yet, to see about those courses I meant to take at the University! I shall get around to them presently, I hope.

Mother took the flat before I arrived, and the packers brought her furniture from storage and unpacked it, and set it about according to their fancy, and cleaned up the mess and departed. We moved our trunks out the next morning. Mother went up and

down and to and fro, as unsettled as the Cat that Walked. Finally she demanded of me, 'Marvel, what ails this flat?' and I said, 'Why, mother, the colors are all wrong and it is n't cosy.'

She threw up her hands in despair. 'Is cosiness to be the end of our living?' she demanded; and I said, 'It is.'

You see, she can explain adorably about beauty in the home, but she had n't known any better than to leave the tinting to the kalsominer. — 'Kalsomine is his business. He ought to know better than I,' she said. She has such blind faith in specialists! — There resulted a red dining-room, a terrible green living-room, and dark lavender bed-rooms! No wonder poor little mother was miserable!

Getting it put right was messy, deplorable, and expensive beyond words; but it is all nice tans now, with charming chintz draperies and chair-covers. I did the upholstering myself, and it is n't half bad.

Mother does n't like ugly things, nor get them of her own free will, but she is obsessed to accept the advice of everybody who pretends to be a specialist, and they 'do' her frightfully. It is one of the penalties of being a Super-woman.

Getting a cook required diplomacy. It is a point of honor with mother to take meals in restaurants or buy delicatessen-stuff. She was in the hospital two months with inflammation of the liver last winter, and dyspepsia makes half her days hideous. If people will live on indigestible ideas, instead of home-cooking, I'm afraid it's what they must expect! I freely admit that I can't combat mother's ideas, as ideas, — I'm not clever enough, — but she does n't know how to be comfortable, which is to be efficient. She is rabidly against kitchens, but arithmetic demonstrates that here, in Chicago, this winter, it will cost less, and be more healthful, to have a maid for the

season instead of dragging ourselves out in the snow to eat thirty-cent breakfasts and fifty-cent luncheons and seventy-five-cent dinners, and pay a woman for coming to clean. I argue that, so long as the Redeemed Form of Society has n't arrived, we are n't disloyal to it by doing this!

Myra Ann has learned to make Evelyn's beef-tea and mutton-broth. Mother needs them badly. Then I discovered that eggs have always disagreed with her, but she went right on eating them because she thought them an 'ideal food,' and that if her stomach was n't sufficiently standardized to appreciate them, it ought to be! I call that heroic, if it is droll. Idiosyncrasy is something for which mother's creed makes no allowance. We now have an attractive set of eggless breakfasts. — Does all this sound like a model housekeeper writing to a domestic journal? Evelyn knows I have a little right to throw bouquets at myself, for I was n't born a housekeeper — but housekeepers *can* be made!

Seems to me, if you ought to standardize an individual's diet, as mother thinks, similar arguments apply to his clothes, his features, his body, his mind, his soul. There's no logical place to stop. Yet we know that diversity, not similarity, is the end nature is always seeking in evolution. Of course, if you are going to buck all the natural laws, that's different!

My country brain gets tired in such a menagerie of ideas. In our own life at home, there is comfort, peace, sufficient stimulus, development; this life is exciting, but barren of something that I will call soil to grow in, because I don't know any better word. Of course it is great fun for me to come in contact with so many different kinds of minds and hear them emit their theories. Only, somehow, the theorists lack reality to me. Do I make myself clear?

I hope this will give you a notion of what I'm doing and thinking, and that you'll know I'm really having a beautiful time. I miss you both horribly, though. I will tell about some of the people in my next letter. I'm acting as mother's secretary just now. She really needs one, and it's interesting work.

Ever and always,
Your loving child,
MARVEL.

IV

It was eleven o'clock on a mid-April morning — she never in after-life forgot the day or the hour — that Clarissa Charleroy saw to the depths of her daughter's mind.

Clarissa awoke that morning with a severe neuralgia. She had given two parlor-talks the day before, and was now paying the penalty of over-exertion. To lie flat was sickening, yet to rise was impossible.

Marvel promptly took the case in hand. The pillows were piled high; one hot-water bag was slipped under that aching spot at the back of her neck, and another placed at her chilly feet. Marvel knew that a hot bag must be covered with linen; Marvel knew that an alcohol rub changes even a neuralgia's outlook. Marvel was perfectly familiar with the latest non-depressant remedy for neuralgia, hunted up the empty box, telephoned the druggist, and had the prescription filled and ready to administer in half an hour; when she left the room it was only to reappear again with a cretonne-and-mahogany tray, fresh toast, and weak tea, at the very psychological moment when the thought of food ceased to be a horror.

Under these ministrations, what had promised to be an all-day siege gave way so satisfactorily that by eleven

o'clock Clarissa, arrayed in Marvel's blue *négligée*, was temporarily reposing on the lounge in the living-room, while her own room was airing. She was in that delicious, drowsy, yet stimulated, state which follows the cessation of suffering.

For April, the day was unusually warm. The windows were open; the sun was pouring happily in, contending in gayety with a great jar of daffodils covering the low table at Clarissa's side. Marvel in a dull-blue house dress, white-braided, sat across the room darning a stocking, with an expression of severity. Mending was one of the domestic duties for which she had little taste. Owing to her constant activities as housekeeper and secretary for Clarissa, she had not yet begun to attend lectures at the University. Her mother, I fear, was serenely blind to the implications of this fact.

Clarissa, lying high among pillows, in the peace that follows pain, regarded her daughter with a profound pleasure. There was something about her — was it the length of curling lashes veiling her eyes? or the tendrils of fair hair the warm wind lifted on her forehead? or the exquisite color that came and went in her cheeks? or the slender roundness of her erect young body? — there was a something, at all events, a dearness, an interest, a charm, unlike all other girls of twenty-three! Not for the first or the second, but for the hundredth time, that winter, Clarissa was conscious of an unutterable hunger for the years she had foregone. She seldom looked at Marvel's bloom without remembering that she had no mental picture of her girlish charm, her maiden magic. How was it possible to grow old without such memories to feed her withering heart upon?

She must not think that the locust had eaten these years! The thought pierced her like a knife, and she put it

away from her with all her might. Had she not chosen the better, though more barren, part? Had she not fought a good fight? And for this hour, at least, she was happy.

Leaving Marvel's face, her gaze traveled round the room. The actual alterations were not many, yet they had produced harmony. The apartment was restful now. The very walls seemed to encompass and caress her. Perhaps it was only just, Clarissa reflected, that a woman who had poured out her years and her strength in working and planning for an obdurate world, should have, when her energy was spent, some such warm and tender shelter, some equable spot all flowers and sunshine, wherein she might be tended as Marvel was tending her, so that she might gather strength to go forth to other battles.

She turned her eyes again upon her daughter. Marvel, feeling the long look, glanced up.

'Are you comfy? Is there anything more you want, mother?' the girl inquired.

Clarissa shook her head. 'No, nothing. Really, child, you are an excellent nurse. Quite a—quite a Marvel! Were you born so? Where did you get it? Not from Paul or me!'

Marvel smiled faintly to herself.

'Where did I get that name?' she parried. 'I have often wondered about that. Father could n't, or would n't, tell me.'

The slow, difficult color came to Clarissa's cheeks. How many years since she had recalled the naming of her daughter!

'There is no secret about it,' she said. 'When the the nurse first laid you on my arm, I saw what seemed to me such a wonder-child that I said, "Every baby in the world ought to be named Marvel. Mine shall be." — That's all. It was just a fancy. Your father

wanted to name you Clarissa Josephine. — Where did those daffodils come from? Did the Herr Professor send them?'

Marvel nodded carelessly. This was so common a matter as to be undeserving of comment.

Clarissa resumed her train of thought. What tact the girl had shown! She had slipped into her mother's life easily. At the beginning she had taken her little stand, assumed her pose. 'I am not a believer in your panaceas,' her manner always, and her lips once or twice, had said, 'but nothing human is alien to me. Pray shatter society to bits and remould it nearer to the heart's desire — if you can.'

Clarissa saw no reason why Marvel should not remain with her. A couple of legacies had increased her small income to the point where she might have dispensed with her irregular and uncertain earnings, had these not represented an effort that was the essence of life to her. She could even afford, for a time, the inconsistent luxury of an idle daughter; but if Marvel desired to exercise her teacher's gift, why not do so in Chicago?

'How comfortable we are!' said Clarissa, drowsily and happily. 'That blue dress is very becoming to you, child. I believe we can't do better than to keep this flat for next winter. I wonder if we could n't arrange with Myra Ann to come back in the fall? We could pay her half-wages while we were out of town. Her cooking seems to agree with my stomach better than I dared suppose any home-cooking could!'

'Why, mother! You forget I am still an instructor-elect at Midwest. I must go to my work in September.'

Clarissa started up against her pillows and spoke with her usual vehemence and directness.

'I do not wish you to go back to Midwest, Marvel. I want you to stay with me. I have had too little of my daughter's society in my life.'

The girl dropped her work and faced her mother. 'That, mother, is hardly my fault.'

Their glances met and crossed, rapier-like, with the words. Apprehension seized Clarissa. She did not fathom the meaning of Marvel's gaze.

'Do you mean it is my fault, Marvel?'

Her daughter kept silence. For almost the first time in her life, the older woman felt herself compelled to valiant self-defense.

'My work has justified itself, Marvel. I am not boasting when I say that I truthfully believe the good day of release from servitude is nearer for all women because I had the courage to leave my home and go into the wilderness, preaching the coming of the Woman's Age and furthering, even though feebly, all the good causes that will help it on.'

Marvel still kept silence. She knew so many things to say! Was it not better to utter none of them?

'I wanted,' continued Clarissa, 'to give my mite toward making this a better world for girl-babies like you to be born into.'

Her face wore the deep, wistful look that marked her highest moments; this was the reason upon which in her secret soul she relied for justification — but her daughter was not touched by it at all!

'Well, Marvel?'

'Really, mother,' said the girl crisply, driven to make answer, 'don't you realize that you would never have gone in for Humanity if you had n't hated cooking?'

'Why cook when I hated it?' Clarissa, up-in-arms, flashed back.

'Why, indeed? — but why drag in

Humanity? And why should I give up *my* work to stay here? I felt I ought to come — for a while — when you asked it. I could see that father and Evelyn thought I ought. But now that I have put the flat in shape and trained Myra Ann, — she wants to stay with you, by the way, — things will run smoothly. I can come up occasionally to see how it goes.'

At this assumption that her need of her child was purely practical something, some tangible, iron thing, seemed to strike Clarissa's heart. She could feel its impact, feel the distressful shudder along all her nerves, the explosion in her palms. She looked down at them curiously. It almost seemed to her that she would behold them shattered by the pain!

She turned her eyes away and they fell upon the bowl of daffodils. Daffodils burning in an April sun. In what long-forgotten hour of stress had she once seen the flame of daffodils burn bright against an April sun? Slowly her brain made the association. Ah, yes! That day she told Paul she would leave him, he had brought her daffodils. — Had *Paul* felt like this?

Clarissa — Clarissa who had never before either asked or given quarter — heard her own voice, tense with feeling, say, 'Marvel, I can't let you go, not yet!'

'Why, mother! I can't stay longer than June. Of all people in the world, you ought to admit that I must do my work! Of course I know you need a home as much as any one, though you never own it. That's why you have liked to have me here this winter — because I could help you make one. You none of you know, you reformers! You are just air-plants. You have no roots.'

'It is part of the profession. "Foxes have holes —"' Clarissa retorted, driven to her last defense.

Marvel lifted her head, shocked at the implication.

'I don't believe it is wrong to tell you what I think,' she said abruptly. 'You ought to know the other side, my side. Of course I'm only a girl still. I dare say there is a great deal I do not understand. But I do know about homes. The attitude of these people you admire and quote does seem to me so ridiculous! They all admit that the race lives for the child. But they say — and you follow them — that the child can be best cared for by specialists, and the house can be left to itself, while the mothers can, and should, go out and hunt up some other "specialty." It is the idea of a shirk! Loving a child is a profession in itself. You have to give your mind and soul to it. I tell you I know. *I know because I was motherless!* — Can't you see that everything your specialists can do for the child is useless if you don't give it what it wants and needs the very most of all? Oh, I think some grown-ups were born grown-up. They don't seem to remember!'

'Remember — remember what?' Clarissa interjected sharply.

'I don't know if I can make you understand. It is such a simple, elemental thing. You either know it, or you don't. You may mother chickens in a brooder, but you must mother children in your arms. After you left, mother, for four mortal years I was the most miserable scrap on earth. I was fed and clothed and taught and cared for. I was petted, too — but it was never *right*. All the while I felt myself alone. Aunt Josephine did n't count; even father did n't, then. I could not sleep for loneliness, and I used to wake far in the night, my eyes all wet with tears. I had been crying in my sleep. The universe felt desolate and vacant. Just one little girl alone in it! There was such a weight at my

heart! I would cry and cry. It was an awful, constant hunger for the mother that I did n't have. So — I know how it is with all children. Their hearts must be fed!'

Clarissa listened, astounded.

The girl stood now at the open window, breathing in the soft spring air in long-drawn, tremulous breaths. The excitement of speech was upon her. Her eyes were liquid, wonderful. And never, in all her life, had she looked so like the woman who watched her breathlessly.

'These are such big things,' she went on, 'I hardly know how to talk about them. But I have thought a great deal. I know the world must be made better, and every one must do his share. But, mother, you can't save the world in platoons. Even Christ had but twelve disciples. I'm not denying that thousands of women must work outside the home; I'm not denying that hundreds may be specially called to do work in and for the world. But the mothers are not called. They must not go, unless want drives. They have the homes to make — the part of the homes that is atmosphere. Oh, don't you know what I mean? The women who understand can make a home in a boarding house or in foreign lodgings; in a camp on the desert or in an eyrie in the mountains. It's the feel of it! Don't you understand it at all, — the warm, comforted, easeful feeling that encompasses you when you come in the door, or raise the tent-flap? Home is the thing that nourishes, that cherishes, that puts its arms about you and says, "Rest here!"'

'I know — for father and Evelyn made a home for me. Father is like me. He is lost, shipwrecked, ruined, if his heart is n't sheltered. I don't know what I think about divorces and remarriages. It is all so perplexing. I do not know at all. But I know you

broke up a home, and Evelyn made one. Whatever people do, if they can do that for a child as father and Evelyn did it for me, I should n't wonder if they are justified before gods and men!'

The rapid sentences fell like hammer-strokes upon Clarissa's naked heart. She felt that she ought to be defending her beliefs, but she could not take her eyes from Marvel's glowing face, and the girl went swiftly on:—

'The people that you follow — they admit the race lives for the child, that the mother must risk her life to give it life. Then, they seem to think, the sacrifice can cease. But if you know about homes, you know better. As she gives her body to be the matrix of another body, so she must give her spirit to make a shelter that shall be the matrix of another spirit. If she refuses to do this, she fails, and all her labor is in vain. It is very simple. As I see the world, the mothers must die daily all their lives. There is no other way. It is a part of life, just as bearing and birth are parts of life. No one denies that they are hard — hard — hard. But that is the glory of it! Nothing is worth while that lacks the labor and the danger, the pain and the difficulty!'

For once in her life Clarissa was speechless. Words would not come. The inherited weapon of her own fluency had been turned against herself. For as other women had been shaken from their old faiths and allegiances by Clarissa's gift of tongues, even so had she been shaken by her child. The girl's young cogency had struck her dumb.

In the long minutes of silence that followed Clarissa was, perhaps, more truly a mother than she had been since Marvel first lay in the circle of her arm. She saw a daughter's point of view at last. She knew which proclaimed the

deeper doctrine, which was the truer prophet of humanity, her child or she.

Yet when she spoke at last, it was not to discourse of Humanity. Humanity was forgotten; she and her child were all. Her lips shaped, unbidden, that old, old demand of the hungry heart.

'Marvel — don't you *love* me at all?'

Marvel hesitated. Her air of detachment was complete.

'You never tried to make me love you, mother. Even love goes by a kind of logic. Domestic life gives you one kind of reward; public life another kind. You get the kind you choose, I take it, and no other. If you want love, you must choose the love-bringing kind,' said this austere young judge. 'And I've found out another thing by myself. You love ten times as much when you have served with hands and feet as well as brain. I do not know why. I only know you do. If — if I love you at all, mother, it is because of the work I have done for you here — in making it like home!'

Clarissa bowed her head on her hands, in a bitterness made absolute. This child of hers was her own child. What right, indeed, had she to expect self-sacrifice, tenderness, cherishing, from the flesh of her flesh? That which she had given was rendered unto her again in overflowing measure, and beholding she saw that it was just.

Marvel, standing at the window in the sunshine, a little excited by her own eloquence and wondering at it still, had no conception of the havoc she had worked. Indeed, she was innocent of the knowledge that any one, least of all herself, had the power to move her mother greatly. She assumed, after the careless fashion of youth, that her elders were indifferent and unemotional. Suddenly, she heard

an unfamiliar and terrifying sound. Her mother was sobbing with harsh, rending sobs, tearless and terrible.

Marvel turned in quick alarm and stood confused before this anguish of her own inflicting. Clarissa's very soul seemed sobbing, and her daughter did not know how to bear the sound.

The girl wrung her hands helplessly. Something struck her heart and quivered down her nerves. Then, as she watched this woman, so like, yet so unlike herself, all at once — she understood! She was suffering with every painful breath her mother drew. In the heart of her heart she felt them. They two were bound together there. It was even as Evelyn had told her, — Evelyn, the beloved, whose truth had never failed her yet! The primal tie that draws God to his worlds still holds the woman and her child. It was a wonder and a miracle unspeakable — but it was true. Throbbing and palpable, she felt the tie.

It was as if her eyelids were anointed, and all the deep and secret things of life lay clear. Ah, she had not known the half before! How shallow and complacent she must have seemed! She dropped on her knees beside the lounge. No eloquence now! She

stammered commonplace words eagerly, pitifully.

'Mother dear! Mother, I did n't mean to hurt you so! I did n't know. *I did n't know!* Don't cry! O, mother dear, *don't cry!*'

Clarissa lifted a drawn, woeful face, and looked straight into her daughter's eyes. I cannot tell you what she saw there of wonder and new-born tenderness. But she drank of that look thirstily, as might one who had found springs of living water after a desert drought.

Her own child's hand had struck her down. Yet, in her overthrow, she read in Marvel's face the sign all mothers seek. Ungentle and unmerciful the girl had been, yet gentler and more merciful than she! And by that token she knew her life not wasted utterly. For she had given to this world — this piteous world for which she had labored clumsily and ineffectually in alien ways — the best thing that the woman has to give. Offspring a little better than herself she gave to it. This child of hers, just now so hard, yet now become so pitiful, was her own child — and more. Of her flesh and of her spirit had been wrought a finer thing than she.

THE VALUE OF EXISTING TRADE-UNIONISM

BY CHARLES NORMAN FAY

I

DURING the thirty years from 1879 to 1909 I was at the head successively of several corporations employing from two hundred to two thousand working people. Like most believers in democracy I originally believed also in the organization of labor; in the right of the working men, singly weak, to strengthen themselves by union in any honest effort for their own betterment. I believed that organization, bringing to the front the ablest minds among their number, would tend to educate the working people in the economics of labor, to their own good and that of the community. Results, however, have been disappointing. The management of trade unions appears to have become like that of city politics — an affair of personal self-interest rather than of the public good. This conclusion is drawn from various personal experiences, and from public documents to which I shall hereafter refer.

I came into contact with organized labor when, about 1899, a small typewriter factory in Chicago which I controlled, employing some two hundred and fifty men, joined the National Association of Manufacturers, consisting of over three thousand of the largest employers in the United States. At the moment I found its attention preoccupied with the matter of union labor. A great dread of labor unions swept over employers about 1900, and the National Association of Manufacturers, the Anti-Boycott Association,

the Metal Trades' Association, the Typothetæ, and many local associations were formed, largely for the purpose of defense. Labor conditions grew worse; strikes, original and sympathetic, multiplied, until many employers moved their works out of the city, and many others, including our concern, opened negotiations with various country towns for removal thither. We joined the Anti-Boycott Association, about 1901, and I became a member of the committee in charge of the litigation begun by this association in the Chicago courts. I was made, about the same time, the vice-president for Illinois of the National Association of Manufacturers, and subsequently the chairman of its special committee on strike insurance.

My company's factory was unionized in 1903, for the first time in its nine years of existence, and forthwith was 'struck' by six unions affiliated with the Chicago Federation of Labor. The union demands included an eight-hour day instead of ten hours, an advance of twenty per cent in wages, the handing over of shop rules and discipline to a union committee, the sanctioning of sympathetic strikes, the closed shop, and a number of lesser requirements.

Our company was young. Engaged as we were in a fierce competition with the so-called Typewriter Trust, and other large typewriter makers, whose works were without exception in country towns, and who paid lower wages for ten hours a day, the

narrow margin of profits which we had attained would have vanished instantly, and we should have started at once toward bankruptcy. I stated these facts to the union leaders, and invited them to put an expert on our books to verify my assertion. They replied that they could not bother with our books, that we could 'cook' our accounts to suit ourselves, and anyhow they did not care to deal with weak concerns. If we could not do business in Chicago under union conditions, we had better get out of business or out of Chicago. 'What then of our men whom you have just unionized?' I asked. 'Would you destroy their jobs forthwith?' 'They must sacrifice themselves for the cause of labor,' was the reply, and the poor fellows did. As the business agents left they whistled, and most of the men dropped their tools and marched out.

Before this there had been a fortnight of negotiations, during which I looked about for help. I tried to join the Metal Trades and the Employers Associations, and to get under their collective-bargain umbrella; but I found no room there. These associations were controlled by the larger local factories such as the harvester, ice-machine and electrical works, with whose methods, scale of operations, sales, and seasons, our little typewriter factory had practically nothing in common. Labor conditions which were tolerable to them were to us about as deadly as the union demands. So I found myself, with a heavy heart, compelled to make my fight alone.

A few months before, I had met on the railway train one of the Studebakers of South Bend, whose factory had recently passed through a strike, of which he told me as follows:—

'There had never been any unions in South Bend until the organizers came from Chicago to organize our men. As soon as this was done, they called a

strike. Their demands seemed to us impossible. So we called the men together, and I made them a speech. I said to them, "We have got along with you men, from father to son, for thirty years, and have never had any trouble until these strangers came in to make it. Now you have put up to us demands that we believe are impossible. You, of course, believe the other way. And what you believe, any other body of men are likely to believe. If we can't get along with you, we can't get along with anybody else. Therefore, we are not going to try to supply your places or to run this factory unless we run it with you. We shall simply shut down and give you a chance to look around for a better job. If you don't succeed in finding one and wish to come back, the old job is ready for you on the old conditions whenever men enough decide to come to work to run the shops. If you never come back the shops will stay closed."

'So we shut down and left simply the watchmen there, as at night. We employed no strike-breakers, and there was no hard feeling. After a few weeks the older men began to think and argue and, in the course of two months, the strike gradually faded out. The men came back, a few at a time, work started up, and we have been non-union ever since. No property was wrecked and no men killed, and we have had nothing to regret.'

Mr. Studebaker's narrative impressed me strongly, and when I faced a similar situation I followed his lead exactly. We paid off the men and inclosed in every pay envelope a letter stating that we should not fill the men's places, but merely wait until they found out that all the unions in Chicago could not furnish them another job; after which, if they chose to come back, the old jobs would be ready under the old conditions. If they

found other work and did not return in a reasonable length of time, we should feel free to start up with new employees, first giving each man ten days' notice so that he could, if he chose, apply for his old situation.

So the shop remained closed for nearly eight weeks. The unions picketed it in the meantime, but without reason. After six weeks the majority of the men indicated that they wished to return to work, and we gave them the agreed ten days' notice. Before starting up, as many of the men expressed the fear of slugging, we agreed to put the property under the protection of the courts, and applied for an injunction restraining the unions and our union employees from picketing, intimidation, and violence.

Nevertheless, on the day that work was resumed, two men were slugged. We caught the sluggers, brought them before the court, had them sentenced, and then had the sentence suspended during good behavior. We also furnished our men with police escort to and from work.

These precautions ended all difficulties. The majority of our employees privately told their foremen that they had had no grievances, and had joined the union only because they were afraid to stay out. As soon as they felt themselves protected by the law, they quit the unions and returned to work.

None of them except the pickets received strike benefits from the unions while the strike lasted, although they had been told when joining the unions that a large war-fund had been laid by in previous years in anticipation of this year of struggle, from which they should benefit. When our strike was announced in the papers, the Chicago manager of a detective agency called to see me, stating that his office made a specialty of handling strikes, and that he could give me advance information

of every movement made against our company. I expressed some doubt as to his ability to do so. He replied about as follows: —

'These union leaders are all grafters; they will take money from you, or from me, from the politicians, and from the men, — anywhere they can get it. Our agency practically owns an official in every important union in America. We will give you detailed type-written reports of the proceedings of the executive and finance committees of the six unions with which you are concerned. When you start up, the unions will slip a union man in your shop to *re-organize* it. We will slip one of our operatives in there, too, and he will keep you informed as to what the union man is doing.'

He finally persuaded me to accept his services, and for nearly six months I received his daily reports, whose accuracy, regarding our strike at least, was sufficiently verified by my knowledge of the facts from our own side. The financial statements, which came in twice a month, showed that but one-fifth of the union war-fund came back to the men, mostly in the shape of pay for pickets, while four fifths went in salaries and expenses of the organization. The largest single items were the bills of a certain lawyer, perhaps the most conspicuous champion of down-trodden labor in America, aggregating many thousands of dollars, paid him for defending sluggers and fighting injunctions against violence and intimidation of non-union men. Our strike collapsed in about eleven weeks, but according to these statements our pickets, who disappeared from the neighborhood entirely about that time, were continuing to draw pay when I stopped taking the statements some three months after. As the business agents were frequently seen about our neighborhood, and must have known

that the pickets were not there, the interesting query arises — *who got the money* that was charged as paid for the services of the latter?

Another interesting item in the financial report was two dollars per man paid to the organizers for organizing our shop. To cover this, each man had been charged three dollars initiation fee, and about fifty of our men failed to pay it. After the collapse of the strike the business agents proposed to me to 'call it off,' provided the company would pay the union the amount of these defaulted initiation fees, — a proposal quite in keeping with the whole miserable performance.

When we finally started up as a non-union shop, desiring to keep out union spies while filling a few vacancies, we advertised anonymously for men of the six trades, in three different ways, thus running eighteen 'ads' at once: for union men, closed shop — for non-union men, non-union shop — and for men, open shop. Nearly a hundred applicants answered both union and non-union advertisements and were, of course, rejected; but the far more interesting development was the fact that out of about one thousand applications received by mail over eight hundred and fifty were for the non-union job. Many wrote strongly, eager for steady work from which they could not be called by business agents every little while. Even from the 'polishers,' supposed to be solidly unionized, of fifty-one applications thirty-one were for the non-union job. This 'straw vote' satisfied me that our little shop at least could ignore the unions; and it did.

Meantime the work of the Anti-Boycott Association was going on in Chicago and the vicinity. Its purpose was to enforce the common and statute law regarding conspiracy and combination in restraint of trade against the labor unions. The strikes of 1901-1903

afforded a favorable opportunity, and Chicago a strategic point for its operations. Several important injunction suits were brought and fought through the local committee of which I was a member. The moral effect of the protection of the courts upon the laboring population was so marked that, during the years from 1900 to 1903, not far from one hundred injunctions were taken out in Chicago and the vicinity. It became well understood among employers that the majority of employees, even union men, preferred to remain at work *if protected*; naturally the hostility of the unions to the issuing of injunctions by the courts grew bitter, and still persists.

Eventually less aggressive counsels prevailed in the National Association of Manufacturers. Suggestions of a great fighting association of employers and the formation of a large war-fund, of extensive lock-outs and the like, came to nothing. Collective bargaining accomplished little. The Studebaker method of non-resistance, involving merely ability to shut down, appealed to me as the best defense against professional trade-unionism. I therefore proposed at the annual meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers a method of conferring that ability on every member; namely, a plan for mutual strike insurance, permitting any member to insure against loss of profits and waste of fixed charges during idleness caused by strikes.

The Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, had published, in 1901, the first report of the Department of Commerce and Labor on Strikes and Lock-outs, covering the years 1881 to 1900. The averages from this report indicated that such insurance could be written at a premium of less than one per cent per annum.

The association listened to the suggestion and appointed a committee on

strike insurance, of which I was made chairman; and in that capacity I conducted an extensive correspondence, sending out printed interrogatories to the entire membership of the association, which yielded much valuable information, — among other things the fact that union labor was universally found to be from thirty to forty per cent less efficient than non-union labor.

I then thought, and still think, strike insurance an absolutely lawful, cheap, and practical method of coöperation among employers, which if generally adopted would put professional labor leaders clean out of business. For an employer need only say to the business agents, 'Go ahead and strike. It will cost me nothing. I am insured, and I will shut down and go fishing until the men feel like going to work again.'

But my associates, like myself, had had their experience in 1903; and had found out that unionism had not entirely superseded the laws of supply and demand. They answered my committee substantially as follows: 'Your proposals are sound, but not worth while. We do not have strikes very often. When business is good, and we want men, we have to bid up for them; when it is bad and we do not want them, they come around after us. We prefer to take our chances, and if a strike comes, meet it in our own way. Organized or not, we can and will pay labor only what trade justifies.'

In short, by 1904, to these representative employers, over three thousand of the largest in the land, organized labor was no longer the devouring monster of 1900, but had shrunk to a mere gad-fly of trade, at which the patient ox of industry might indeed switch an uneasy tail, but against which it was scarcely worth while to screen him.

Later on, our company dropped out of the National Association of Manufacturers and of the Anti-Boycott

Association, and my personal contact with the labor organizations ceased. I now relate these experiences merely as a 'story' to lead the reader on to a far more important and convincing array of facts found in certain public documents, namely: —

The Second Report of the Commissioner of Labor, on Strikes and Lock-outs from 1881 to 1905; the Report of the Senate Committee on the Course of Prices and Wages from 1900 to 1907; of the Census Bureau on Manufactures brought down to 1905; and the advance bulletins of the Census of 1910.

According to the first-mentioned report, there were in the United States in 1905, besides transportation companies, some 216,262 wage-paying concerns, employing 6,157,751 workers. In 1881 the workers numbered 4,257,613; so that for the twenty-five years included their average number may be assumed as 5,200,000. During this period there were no less than 36,757 strikes (not counting those of less than a day), involving 181,407 concerns, and 1546 lockouts involving 18,547 concerns. Neglecting the lock-outs and excluding railroad employees, 8,485,600 persons were thrown out of employment by strikes, for an average period of 25.4 days. These totals are large enough to form the basis of reliable percentages and sound conclusions. Assuming the low normal of 250 working days per annum, we may figure the total time lost by strikes during that twenty-five years as two thirds of one per cent of normal working time — an almost negligible fraction.

Of the establishments involved, 90 per cent were 'struck' by organized, and but 10 per cent by unorganized labor.

Organized labor won or partly won in 65 per cent, and unorganized labor in 44 per cent, of strikes undertaken.

Lock-outs averaged 85 days in dura-

tion, against 25.4 days for strikes. Employers won or partly won in 68 per cent of the lock-outs begun.

Sixty-seven per cent of all strikes were for wages, hours, and other primary questions between employers and their men; 33 per cent were for recognition of the unions, and other secondary questions between employers and the unions, as distinguished from the men. But, during the twenty-five years, as labor organization progressed, this proportion changed steadily and significantly. In 1881, for instance, wage questions caused 71 per cent of the strikes, and 'recognition' but 7 per cent. In 1905 the figures were respectively 37 and 36 per cent. As the percentage of strikes for recognition rose, the percentage of victories fell, from the grand average of 65 per cent for the twenty-five years, to 52 per cent in 1904 and 1905, the last two years.

Substantially no strikes were undertaken for sanitary conditions, or against dangerous machinery, child or female labor, and the like welfare questions, which the labor leaders have practically left to the philanthropists.¹

¹ Strikes succeeded according to their causes as follows:—

For higher wages	69 per cent.
“ shorter hours	61 “ “
“ recognition	57 “ “
Against reduction of wages	48 “ “
Sympathetic strikes	23 “ “

The building trades developed 39 per cent of all strikes and 55 per cent of all lockouts.

During the whole twenty-five years, 45 per cent of all male and 28 per cent of all female employees have struck, averaging one strike each. The maximum number on strike in any one year was 563,143 in 1902, or about one hand in every ten. On the average, but one hand in fifty struck each year.

The Federation of Labor (see its reports) claimed 692,000 members in 1890, 1,500,000 in 1905, and 1,700,000 in 1910. Including unions not in the Federation, perhaps 2,000,000 may be assumed as the present membership, and 750,000 as the average membership, of all the unions in the United States, for the twenty-five years ending in 1905; this last being, say, 15 per cent of

To-day, after fifty years of organization, we may say roughly that 70 per cent of the industrial workers and 90 per cent of all wage-earners *remain non-union* and may be presumed not to favor strike-machines. The enormous majority of wage-workers neither unionize nor strike, but prefer to remain at work and settle their wage questions and working conditions for themselves directly with their employers.

II

In valuing the widely differing results of strike-effort, that is, the efficiency of trade-unions, certain general considerations must be borne in mind. 'The destruction of the poor is their poverty.' All an employer needs to win any ordinary strike is the ability merely to shut down, and wait until starvation does its work. This he knows perfectly well. But low wages, long hours, and such primary questions between him and his men are seldom worth to him a shut-down, or a fight to keep running. They mean merely increased cost of labor which, like that of material, can generally be added to prices, and the burden passed along to the consumer. Indeed, the large majority of increases and decreases, the natural fluctuations of wages and prices, take place automatically under the law of supply and demand; and differences come to the striking point, as we have seen, only two-thirds of one per cent of the time — which is too seldom to count much. Ordinarily, therefore, the employer is indifferent, and easily yields wages and hours demanded. He is seldom the tyrant blood-sucker of helpless laboring men, women, and children that union leaders and muck-rakers love to depict; with rare exceptions he is a pretty

the 'industrial' wage-workers, and but 5 per cent of the entire wage-working population. It made, however, 90 per cent of the trouble.

decent fellow, who likes his working people, and willingly pays full going wages, and runs as short hours as his trade will permit.

Of prime importance to him, on the other hand, is the kind of work he gets for wages paid during the 99½ per cent of the time between strikes. 'No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or he will hold to the one, and despise the other.' When 'recognition' means that employees must take orders from half a dozen different unions instead of from the man who pays them; that old and faithful hands must unionize or leave; that sympathetic strikes and boycotts and refusal to handle non-union material may unexpectedly and uselessly involve him in the troubles of distant strangers; in short, that brains, foresight, and energy may any day be ripped out of his business, as a scullion rips the vitals from a fish, and it must broil helpless on the gridiron of competition,—all of this being exactly what 'recognition' does mean,—verily the employer is bound to fight or lock out, if he can. But first, with property and trade at stake, he carefully considers his position.

He cannot fight or lock out, but must yield for the nonce, when, as in the building trades, time is of the essence of his obligations, with important work to be finished by a day certain; or when he is financially so weak that he must keep going or fail. He cannot yield or lock out, but must fight, when, as in the railroad and other public service, the law and franchises enforce continuous operation, yet limit prices for service; or when, as of late in the soft-coal and garment trades, competition is so intense as to have precisely the same effect. The poor chap ponders long, and often decides wrongly. But the labor leaders are held back by no financial responsibility of their own

or of their unions. The union men may suffer individually, but the leaders' comfortable salaries run on, and union treasuries are on tap. The leaders' personal importance increases enormously during a strike, while for the grafters among them — and union history is full of graft — the strike is their greatest opportunity.

The student can understand, then, why there were ten strikes to one lock-out, and nine union strikes to one called by unorganized labor; why labor has won the majority of strikes so far, and lost the majority of lock-outs; why, as they strike more and more for 'recognition' and like secondary causes, the unions win less and less; and why the leaders fight three times as desperately, and hold their unlucky followers out three times as long, for 'recognition,' involving their own power and prestige, as for wages, concerning only the men — yet, nevertheless, lose oftener in the end. One can understand, too, why, when trade conditions compel reductions of wages or demand shop discipline and efficiency, capital takes a stand and labor is comparatively helpless.

And finally one can understand why — as Allan Pinkerton said of the Mollie McGuire thirty years ago — 'Organized labor is organized violence.' It must always be. So long as the great majority of laborers remain outside the unions, and a majority of those inside are there only through fear, terrorism becomes the only means of preventing free competition in labor and the settlement of strikes according to the real attractiveness, or the contrary, of labor conditions. Samuel Gompers is credited by a recent New York daily with the remark, 'Organized labor without violence is a joke.' It seems impossible that he should have said such a thing, but the thing itself is true of existing trade-unionism.

Seeing then that labor is at actual 'war' with capital but two thirds of one per cent of the time; and that even then organized labor wins but three times to unorganized labor's twice, what after all is all this colossal organization worth to labor? What is the net value of three wins to two during less than one per cent of the time? Does this minute increase of efficiency justify the cost of organization during the remaining ninety-nine per cent?

The labor leaders will answer that organization is the sole foundation of good wages *all* the time. Well, is it? Let us turn to the Senate Report on Wages and Prices for the following testimony:—

While from 1900 to 1907 the average price of 25 leading commodities advanced 17 per cent, farm labor, entirely unorganized, advanced from 60 to 67 per cent. Ribbon and hosiery mill-labor, poorly organized, two thirds of whose strikes failed (see strike report) advanced respectively 44 and 36 per cent; railway labor, highly organized, advanced as follows: trainmen 33 per cent, machinists 30 per cent, engineers 20 per cent, miscellaneous 18 per cent; building-trades labor, over-organized, advanced but 32 per cent; cabinet-makers, well-organized, advanced but 20 per cent.

Another comparison from the same report of wages paid in 1907 in different cities and countries, shows that union carpenters earned in Philadelphia \$21 per week, in Louisville \$18, in Baltimore \$21, in Chicago \$27.50, in London, England, \$10.65. Union compositors earned in Philadelphia 43 cents per hour, in Chicago 67 cents, in San Francisco 80 cents.

That is to say, of the different classes considered by the Senate Committee, entirely unorganized, unskilled labor gained most in wages, badly organized labor came next, and the best organ-

ized and strongest of all union labor, the railway engineers, gained least; while laborers of the *same* unions at one and the same time, in different cities of the same country, drew widely different and apparently inconsistent rates of wages for the same work.

How can these contradictory facts be accounted for on the theory that unionism is the foundation of wage scales? *It is not.* Actually, they are fixed the world over by local conditions of supply, demand, and efficiency; and trade-unionism has had about as much effect upon them, broadly speaking, as has had that magnificent fake, the protective tariff.

If unionism cannot, what then can secure for the workingman high wages, that is, a high standard of living? The answer is plain—nothing but efficiency: high-producing power conferred on labor by conjunction with brains and capital. This almost axiomatic proposition is prettily demonstrated by the 1905 Census Report on Manufactures, which shows:—

That small establishments whose annual product amounted to \$5000 or less employed 1.9 per cent of the labor, drew 1.6 per cent of the pay-roll, and produced 1.2 per cent of the total output.

That middle-sized concerns of \$100,000 to \$200,000 annual product, employed 18.8 per cent of the labor, drew 18.3 per cent of the wages, and produced 14.4 per cent of the output.

That large concerns of \$1,000,000 or more annual product employed 25.6 per cent of the labor, drew 27.2 per cent of the pay-roll, and produced 38 per cent of the output.

Evidently the little fellow who is 'crushed by the trust' and goes to work for it, 'no longer free but a mere slave,' draws more pay than before, as it grows bigger, and his efficiency grows with it. A little of the resulting saving

comes to him direct; a little goes to the trust; but the bulk of it comes to you and me, to everybody, himself included, in reduction of prices and cost of living. That is the law of trade.

How much ought to come to him direct? What should be his share of the increment of his productive value due not to himself, but to capital and brains? Not much! Like the 'un-earned increment' on real estate, most of it rightfully belongs to the community; and one way or another the community gets it. What then are those 'rights of labor,' which labor is to get when Mr. Gompers's prophecy of the final domination of muscle over mind is realized? Probably labor itself would define them as an even 'divide,' master and man alike, all round. Well, what would that amount to? Here is a crude guess.

The census of 1910 gives the total wealth of the nation as about 107,000 millions of dollars, of which about one quarter was in the land; which last the nation neither made nor saved. The rest was in worldly goods produced by all, and saved by some of us. It amounts to, say, \$983 each for every man, woman, and child in the United States; or, say, \$4500 per family. At the usual capitalistic return of 5 per cent this would yield \$225 per annum, or 61 cents per day per family. That is, were all the brains and property of the country to continue as now at the service of labor, and were it to work as hard as now, and were each family head to draw 61 cents per day greater average pay, labor would get everything — nothing left for capital, brains, and time spent in evolution of the commercial situation.

Labor would probably turn upon Gompers and say, 'Is that all? Where are our rights — our automobiles and Scotch castles, our golf and idle days?' And some wiser man than Edward

Bellamy would answer, 'Those things are not on the cards, boys. You will each have to turn out many hundred times more work than you are doing every day in order to pass such luxuries around.' The boys would probably reply, 'If 61 cents a day extra, and hard work for life, is all there is in it, we will take a vacation and spend our \$4500 apiece right now, and have one good time while it lasts.'

As a matter of fact, there are no 'rights,' there is no enormous profit stolen from its daily toil, which labor does not get. The whole wealth of the country, its accumulation of three centuries, was 80,000 million dollars in 1910, land-values neglected. The farm products of that year were 9000 millions, the industrial products 15,000 millions, and the precious metals 126 millions; probably all in all we produced 25,000 millions of dollars value last year. The savings of three centuries, then, are barely three years' product! and they, too, are perishable. The food and merchandise disappear in a year; the roads, rolling-stock, and machinery in ten years; the buildings, say, in thirty. All must be renewed from year to year. The world really lives from hand to mouth, its toiling millions consuming at least 97 per cent of all they produce. A few million of workers of rare industry and thrift, a few hundred thousand of still rarer brain and energy, gather together the small fraction that remains, and concentrate it by the world-wide machinery of modern commerce in a few favored countries — for themselves, as they fondly suppose, but really, under a mightier intelligence than theirs, mainly for the use and benefit of labor, which works and thinks as little as possible, and saves hardly at all.

Let us inquire now what are the plainly evident interests of wage-

working people, and upon them try to build logical and useful principles of association with those of their fellow men who, possessing brains, will always also control capital. Those interests are, as I see them: —

Employment. The laborer must have a job, furnished him by some one else, for he has not the ability to create one for himself. It must be continuous; for his time is all he has, and every day lost is so much pay gone forever. He, himself, should be the last man to interrupt or cripple his own job; nor should it be subject to interruption by quarrels of other men with other jobs in which he has no concern.

Freedom to work. If employment fails, does not pay, or is unsuitable, it is absolutely vital that the laborer shall be free to seek any other employment or locality without being shut in or out by union walls. It is best for him, as for the community, that labor, like capital, should be liquid, free to flow where most needed; in ample supply everywhere, in stagnation nowhere.

The highest going wages, regularly paid. As 'going' wages the world over practically absorb the product of each country, it is idle to attempt to secure more. The only way the laborer can induce, or indeed enable, his employer to pay the highest wages is to produce the utmost in return, and make him prosperous. For, though it does not follow that a prosperous business always pays the highest wages, a losing business practically never does. Therefore, up to the point of healthy fatigue, the workman in his own interest should put his heart and back into his work, in fullest accord with the brain that creates and pays for his job; doing his level best to increase output and decrease unit-cost to his employer and to the community.

As labor seldom saves, and figures ahead only from pay-day to pay-day,

pay-days must be regular and frequent, and the work steady. The employer, to be ideal, must be strong and successful; in short, a capitalist as far as possible independent of the troubles of other business concerns.

If these are the interests of labor, they are plainly identical with those of capital and of the community. There will always remain justly to be determined, however, the questions, what are 'going wages' and 'healthy fatigue.'

These are questions of fact and of individual capacity, whose determining factors, in spite of all our contrivances, will probably always be those of supply, demand, and efficiency in open market — namely, of competition: questions whose mastery demands more study than average working people are capable of. Nevertheless, to satisfy 'Labor' — which nowadays 'wants to know,' and would cut loose from simple and sound old methods, — that labor-competition is inevitable, as well as immediately and ultimately just, and yet to mitigate as far as may be, its harshness, 'Capital' might well, it seems to me, utilize the fine principle of brotherhood, of strength in union among laboring people; devising for the larger industries, with its greater intelligence, a form of union among employees more logical than present unionism, wage-contracts more just to the individual, and more efficient than present collective bargaining, and last, but not least, a practical method of enforcing such contracts on both sides. For it is useless to make contracts which cannot be enforced. The law will not compel a laborer to work, and neither he nor his union has any property good for damages resulting from his breach of contract. When the pinch comes, the union leaders calmly say they 'cannot hold the men' (which is perfectly true), and that is the end of their contracts — mere ropes of sand!

Capital prefers, therefore, to hire from day to day, and take its chances of getting such labor as it wants in the open market. If, now, labor desires that capital shall bind itself by long-term contracts to stay out of the open market, and deal only with particular bodies of laborers, it is not only justice, but common sense, that the latter also shall be bound, and that their side of the contract as well as capital's shall be guaranteed by property.

To accomplish all this, let us suppose that the employer first, in order to disentangle his concern from the labor troubles of others, himself quits all employers' associations, and proposes to his employees to form a union of their own, not tied to other unions and their wars; offering each man who joins it a written contract providing:—

1. For its termination only on three months' notice from either party, or by common consent.

2. For steady work without strike or lock-out, while trade conditions permit.

3. For the highest efficiency consistent with healthy fatigue, and corresponding highest 'going' wages; reasonable maximum scales of efficiency and wages to be proposed by the employer as conditions change from time to time, employees falling below maximum efficiency to draw reduced wages *pro rata* to performance.

4. For the prompt acceptance or rejection, by representative members of the union, of trade conditions, scales of efficiency and maximum wages, working rules, etc., from time to time announced or proposed by the employer; fullest facilities for investigation thereof to be afforded by him.

5. For the creation of a joint guarantee fund equal, say, to five per cent of each employee's wages, to be contributed on pay-days, one half by him and one half by the employer, and placed in trust to accumulate at in-

terest; its sum to be divided between himself and the employer if he quits or is discharged *with* the three months' notice, or by mutual consent; or to be forfeited entire by or to him, if he quits or is discharged *without* the three months' notice, during his first fifteen years' employment. After fifteen years he may at any time either retire, and withdraw the whole as a savings fund, or retire on a pension representing it, upon giving the three months' notice.

Employees who prefer not to join such a union are not to be forced to do so, or to quit other unions; but to remain without benefits as ordinary employees by the day. Those who join and sign contracts are, of course, free to quit or strike without notice, if they think it worth while to forfeit their half of the guarantee fund. In case of a deadlock between the employer and the union representative, the employer as well as the men, if dissatisfied with existing scales or conditions, must give notice and wait three months before lock-out or strike, or forfeit the guarantee funds. Individual men preferring not to give notice would, of course, hold their jobs and their guarantee funds.

At the end of the three months' notice, should the deadlock continue, the men would draw their shares of the accumulated guarantee fund, and go their ways, sacrificing their pension-standing, etc. The employer would have to build up a new force. Probably both sides would try the ordinary endurance test, to see which would yield first; the men better financed than usual, and the employer having had three months for finishing work in process and preparing to shut down, with his share of the guarantee fund as a financial anchor to windward. The possibility of strikes would not be abolished, but would, in my judgment, be greatly les-

sened under this plan. Nothing clears the judgment like financial responsibility.

Such a form of unionism would, it seems to me, promote as well as human contrivance can the common interests of labor and capital, namely, continuous employment, freedom for labor to flow where wanted, high efficiency and high wages under healthy conditions; and would add to the general blessings of industrial peace the special blessings of thrift and insurance. A prominent western actuary recently laid before his employer friends a plan under which the employer's half of such a five per cent guarantee fund would more than suffice, and might be used during the first fifteen years to pay the premiums upon a death, accident, and sickness insurance policy in one of the standard companies, covering (in lieu of employers' liability) the same scale of benefits as are now provided for working men under the admirable German Compulsory Insurance laws. At the end of the fifteen years the accumulations of the employee's half of the fund and interest would suffice to take the place of the insurance policy, which could then be dropped; and thereafter the whole fund would accumulate to provide the same benefits, and a savings fund or retiring pension at the employee's option.

He would, however, sacrifice all the accumulations and the two and a half per cent of his wages, should he break his contract and quit without notice; or should he, in case of accident or injury, elect to abandon his contract benefits, and hold his employer liable under existing laws — a strong reason for doing neither.

Would the men sign such contracts, offering incomparably greater benefits to themselves and the community than are offered by existing trade-unions, laws, and charities? If we may forecast

VOL. 109 - NO. 6

their probable action from the foregoing statistics, most of them would. It is certain, however, that no union man would do so if the present union leaders could prevent. Prying capital and labor apart with a wedge of class hatred, and inserting themselves between, is now their gainful, conspicuous, and interesting vocation. Permanent, peaceful, and profitable relations between employer and employee would put them out of power. Therefore, when Mr. Taylor, by long experiment, finds ways for men to do vastly more work with less effort, and draw much more pay, Mr. Mitchell promptly repudiates for labor the idea of doing so much for the money. If Mr. Perkins offers Steel Corporation shares to its employees on easy payments, so that they may be directly interested in its success and in the profits from their own toil, Mr. Morrison denounces the offer as bribery, and those who accept it as traitors to their class.

So there you have the issue sharply defined. However sordid the motives of capital, its methods have been enormously beneficial to the race. It has learned that human efficiency means abundance for human need, and abundance low prices, and low prices larger trade, and larger trade greater profits. With the purely selfish purpose of garnering these profits, capital has for a century produced and supplied to the race, in return for its daily toil, an ever-increasing store of the necessities and luxuries of life.

On the other hand, labor, equally selfish but less intelligent, everywhere and always fights efficiency, discipline, scientific management; in short, fights every means of increasing output and reducing unit-cost. Everywhere and always, strange as it may seem, labor stands for monopoly, violence, and coercion, and against personal independence. The non-union man has no right

to life, liberty, and the pursuit of a job. At the very moment of time when the world demands of capital the utmost commercial freedom, the widest competition, the greatest energy, the cheapest and best service, labor stands for the exact opposite, — for tyranny, combination in restraint of trade, high cost, inefficiency, and sloth. To sum up, in hauling the heavy load of human existence, it is the admitted

principle and purpose of organized labor to balk and not to pull.

A priori, and from the broad experience, personal and national, cited above, the conclusion comes to me irresistibly, that the principle is false, the purpose wrong, and the result inevitable; in fine, that *existing* trade-unionism is of *no* value, to itself or to the community, and must make way for something better.

THE FEMINIZING OF CULTURE

BY EARL BARNES

I

WITH the weakening of sex prejudices, and the removal of legal restrictions on women's freedom, it was inevitable that women should invade fields of activity where formerly only men were found. Since women must eat, every one knew that they must work, and the sight of a woman at work is no new experience. Even in the days when they were most secluded and protected, the number kept in ease was always very small compared with the women slaves and servants who spun, cooked, and served. Hence men were used to seeing women at work; and while industrial adjustments have not been easily made, they have still been accepted as a matter-of-course. But who, fifty years ago, could have imagined that to-day women would be steadily monopolizing learning, teaching, literature, the fine arts, music, the church, and the theatre? And yet this is the condition at which we have arrived. We may scoff at the way wo-

men are doing the work, and reject the product, but that does not alter the fact that step by step women are taking over the field of liberal culture as opposed to the field of immediately productive work.

Some of the reasons for this change are so clear that it seems as if they might have been anticipated. In a comparatively few years the greater part of Western Europe and all of America has become rich, not this time through the enslavement of other peoples and the confiscation of their wealth, but through the enslaving and exploitation of the material forces of nature. This wealth is not well distributed, but large numbers of families have received enough for the women not to have to work constantly with their hands.

At this point all historic precedent would have turned these women into luxury-loving parasites and playthings. A good many of them have taken this easiest way and entered the peripatetic harems of the rich; but several million women refused to repeat the old

cycle of ruin; they knew too much. What then should they do? Faith in the value of conventual life for women had passed; industrial changes had transformed their homes so that the endless spinning, weaving, sewing, and knitting were no longer there, even to be supervised. Penelope's tasks had passed to foremen, working under trade-union agreements, in the factories of Fall River and Birmingham. Even the function of the lady bountiful, who looked after the spiritual and family affairs of her tenants and servants and distributed doles and Christmas baskets, was gone. Her tenants owned their own farms, and her chauffeur resented her interference with his personal life. What should she do?

Nor was this movement confined to the rich; for those who were not yet economically free were still deeply influenced by the changes which were taking place. The Goulds, Stanfords, Vanderbilts, Floods, Carnegies, and Schwabs, had all been lifted from the level of the masses to financial grandeur before the eyes of the multitude; and democratic ambitions drove parents, who thought themselves in the line of financial advancement, to secure culture for their girls in time. If the daughter was destined to live on Fifth Avenue, or to marry a duke, it was best to get her ready while young. In all our industrial democracies, armies of American parents have devoted themselves to labor, and have even sacrificed comforts and necessities that the daughters might get ready to live easier and fuller lives than the parents had known. If the choice had to be made between the girl and her brother, the chivalry of the father and the mother's ambition very often gave the opportunity to the girl.

And so an emancipated army of leisure has been formed which has transformed the very nature of the culture

with which it has busied itself. Books, periodicals, musical instruments, travel, became cheaper and cheaper as the demand increased. Wholesale production makes almost any luxury accessible to every one. It is also possible to find modern and agreeable forms for older academic exercises. If Greek and Latin were too full or too difficult, courses in Romanic and Germanic philology would do as well. Anglo-Saxon gave way to Old English; and Chaucer to the Lake Poets. Philosophy struggled for favor with the English novel on equal terms. The works of Raphael were photographed and lithographed until the Sistine Madonna became as commonly known as the face of any strenuous and popular statesman of the day. With the aid of these art productions, and John Addington Symonds, every woman with leisure became an art critic. If economics was not interesting, sociology was available, and could be democratized to any degree. If travel was troublesome, one could leave it to Cook: buy a ticket, and he would do the rest.

If these awakening hungers and corresponding opportunities had affected only the period of life formerly thought available for education, these changes would have come about much more slowly than they have. But the genetic conception of life, steadily popularized since 1870, has led us to see that education is coterminous with life. It seems strange that we should ever have thought that mental activity belongs alone to youth. Dorland's study shows that in a list of four hundred fairly representative great men, between the ages of forty and fifty, 10.25 per cent ceased their mental activity; between fifty and sixty, 20.75 per cent; between sixty and seventy, 35 per cent; between seventy and eighty, 22.05 per cent; between eighty and ninety, 6 per cent.

The recognition of such facts as these has given us a new genetic sense of life under the influence of which mothers and grandmothers have joined the younger women in the pursuit of culture. They have formed clubs,—study clubs, current-events clubs, camera clubs, art clubs, literary clubs, civic clubs. They have organized courses of university-extension lectures; enrolled in Chicago University correspondence courses; and have flocked to Chautauqua by the thousand in the summer, when not abroad. It is not through the generosity of men that liberal culture has come into the possession of women; they have carried it by storm and have compelled capitulation.

II

Judging by the facts, women are pretty fully in possession of formal education. If we examine this monopoly a little more carefully, we shall find that while in the kindergarten and in the elementary schools boys furnish 51 per cent of the enrollment, simply because more boys are born in civilized communities than girls, as soon as we reach the high schools, girls increasingly take the lead. In 1910, the girls formed 56.45 per cent of the enrollment in high schools, or there were 110,249 more girls than boys. The proportion of girls increased through each of the four years of the course, and, of the graduates, 60.8 per cent were girls. In the public normal schools, 64.45 per cent of the students were girls.

The universities, colleges, and technical schools, which are massed together in our government reports, had hardly any women students in 1870; in 1880, 19.3 per cent of the students were women; in 1890, 27 per cent; in 1910, 30.4 per cent. In all these institutions there were enrolled, in 1910,

17,707 women. Of 602 institutions reported in 1910, 142 only were for men alone; 108 were for women alone; and 352 were open to both sexes. But here again the influence of women increases during each of the four years, for the women took 41.1 per cent of the A.B. degrees granted in 1910. It is surely not too much to say that, if present conditions continue, women will soon be in an overwhelming majority in all secondary and higher education in the United States.

If we examine the teaching force, we find this monopoly already established. In 1870, when our government records begin, 59 per cent of the teachers were women; in 1880, 57.2 per cent were women; in 1890, 65.5; in 1900, 70.1; in 1910, 78.6. The more settled and intelligent the community, the more rapid this advance has been. Thus Arkansas has 52.4 per cent of women teachers; but Massachusetts has 91.1 per cent, and Connecticut has 93 per cent.

In cities, too, the women fill nearly all teaching positions. New York City has 89 per cent of women in its force; Boston, 89 per cent; Philadelphia, 91.4 per cent; Chicago, 93.3 per cent. In many cities the proportion is even greater than this; Omaha has 97 per cent; Wheeling, West Virginia, 97.5 per cent; Charleston, South Carolina, 99.3 per cent; and in forty-six towns of 4,000 to 8,000 inhabitants there is no man on the force. When we remember that many of the men indicated above are in high schools, or in supervising posts, we are prepared for the statement in a report recently laid before the Board of Education of New York City, that in half the cities of the United States there are virtually no men teaching.

In our high schools, 54 per cent of the teachers are women; in public normal schools, 65 per cent, and in institutions

of higher learning, 17.6 per cent are women. Even in supervisory positions, there are more women than men in the large centres of population. Certainly these figures justify us in saying that women have established a monopoly of education in the United States, except in the higher institutions.

In order to discuss the effects which this monopoly of education by women is having on the curriculum of the schools, we must first agree on what constitutes the peculiarity of women's minds as compared with men's. Generally speaking, we find that women are more interested in the concrete, human, personal, conserving, and emotional aspects of life; while men more easily turn to the abstract, material, impersonal, creative, and rational aspects. To put it broadly, women are more interested in the humanities; men more readily pursue the sciences. Let us admit at once that there are many individual exceptions to this statement. Some women have reached great excellence in abstract studies, and some men are notoriously concrete and emotional; nevertheless, the general statement seems borne out by a wealth of common observations and detailed comparisons.

Personal observation must always be colored by prejudices and prepossessions, but my own observations have been so wide, and so uniformly in one direction, that it seems justifiable to report them.

For a quarter of a century I have been working in schools, or with teachers, and my personal observations all agree with the above characterization. I have spent five years in Cornell University, New York; one year in Zurich University, in Switzerland; two years in the State University of Indiana, and seven years in Stanford University, in California. These institutions are widely distributed; they were all fully

coeducational; and they had each a wide range of elective studies. In all of them class-rooms devoted to literature and modern languages had a large attendance of women, while lecture rooms and laboratories devoted to abstract science were almost deserted by them. This could not have been due to commercial considerations, for many of these women were facing teaching; and during all this time the demand for women who could teach science has been much greater than for women who could teach literature.

In my work with teachers, both in the class-room and in the field, I have carried out many inductive, quantitative studies, based on measurements or returns from large numbers of children. I have never found women teachers taking up and carrying out this kind of work with any such enthusiasm as men apply to it, although it lies at the base of their professional life.

Institutional generalizations seem all to point in this same direction. For instance, the Girls' Evening High School in Philadelphia is managed by one of the best-known scientific women in the country, Dr. L. L. W. Wilson, head of the biological department of the Philadelphia Normal School. With a thousand girls, of high-school grade, under the leadership of a scientific woman, the only science courses given in the school are those in domestic science. The reason is that the girls, most of them not being candidates for a degree, will not take up work in science, although they form strong classes in literature and languages.

If, from such general facts of observation, one turns to exact comparisons, where quantities can be measured, the results are all the same. Of students enrolled in classical departments of universities, colleges, and technical schools, reporting to the United States Bureau of Education, in 1910, 36.5

per cent were women, while of those enrolled in general science courses, but 17.2 per cent were women. In 1,511 public and private high schools and seminaries, reporting to the Bureau of Education in 1909-10, a larger percentage of boys than girls was enrolled in algebra, geometry, trigonometry, physics, chemistry, physical geography, civil government, and rhetoric, the latter being a scientific study of language. A larger proportion of girls was enrolled in Latin, French, German, English literature, and history, and there was a slightly greater enrollment of girls in botany, zoölogy, and physiology.

In the further discussion of this subject it will then be taken for granted that, in education, feminization means emphasis on languages, literature, and history, as opposed to mathematics, physics, chemistry, and civics. For the elementary schools we have no data capable of reduction to figures, but general observation, backed by an examination of courses of study and textbooks, will compel any one to say that in twenty years we have made wonderful progress in reading, language, stories, mythology, biography, and history; while all our efforts to bring nature work into vital relation with the schools have borne little fruit. Our country schools need lessons in agriculture, and the children should gain a deep sense of country life. But how can celibate young women longing for town life give this? And subjects well taught are sure to be increasingly taught, and it takes no extended study to see that our elementary schools are being feminized in the direction of literature. This is the more striking when we remember that these twenty years have been dominated, in the larger world, by scientific interests.

In the high schools and seminaries, we have fairly complete returns showing the number of students enrolled

in certain subjects since 1890. The pupils taking Latin have increased 15 per cent; French, 4 per cent; German, 13 per cent; English literature has increased in ten years 7 per cent (there is no record for this subject before 1898), and European history, 27 per cent. There has also been an increase of 11 per cent in algebra, and 10 per cent in geometry, probably partly due to vocational need, and to the emphasis laid on these subjects for admission to college. But physics, in the twenty years under consideration, has fallen off 7 per cent; chemistry, 3 per cent; physical geography, 5 per cent; physiology, 15 per cent; and civics, 7 per cent. A careful study of these figures must convince any fair-minded person that our school curriculum, even in the secondary field where women's control is least complete, is moving rapidly in the direction of what we have called feminization.

The schools, too, must increasingly do something more than train the intellect; and in all physical activity involuntary suggestion is very powerful. Playgrounds are laboratories of conduct, and they should not only give physical exercise, but should also furnish standards and ideals. There can be no doubt that women are physically more restrained, retiring, non-contesting, and graceful than men; but can dancing, marching, and gymnastics take the place of more aggressive, direct, and violent contests in the training of boys? So in industries, women are more given to conserving, arranging, and beautifying, more given to clerking and recording, while men are more creative, tend more to disbursement, are more given to mining, agriculture, and commerce. Even granting equal understanding and experience, the tradition of the race must count for much; and it would seem that at every stage of growth, boys and girls

alike should feel the impulse to imitate men who have an instinct to make and unmake, to trade and carry. It is no justification of existing conditions to say that the men now in the teaching profession lack these qualities; if they do, let us get rid of them and have real men. And for purposes of political life, does it not seem strange to bring up a generation of boys and girls, who are to be the future citizens of a democracy, under the exclusive leadership of people who have never been encouraged to think about political life, or allowed to participate in it? Let us by all means enfranchise women; but even then they cannot hope quickly to catch up with those who have some thousands of years the start, even after allowing for the fact that girls inherit from both father and mother.

Most of these differences which we have been discussing seem to rest in the fact that women are more personal in their interests and judgments than men are. This may be due to their education for thousands of years; but that makes it no less true. Women, certainly, in a great majority of cases, are more interested in a case than in a constitution; in a man than in a mission; in a poem than in a treatise; in equity than in law. In a generation when everything tends toward great aggregations, consolidated industries, segregated wealth, and new syntheses of knowledge, both boys and girls should receive such training as will fit them to play their part in these larger units.

As to the feminizing influence of women teachers on manners and morals and general attitude toward life, there can be no real doubt. Boys and girls cannot spend eight or twelve impressionable years of childhood and youth under the constant daily influence of women without having the lady-like attitude toward life strongly emphasized. To deny this is to repudiate the

power of constant involuntary suggestion and association. Whether it is desirable or not is another question. The change may be all in the direction of advancing civilization; but just as, in the assimilation of our subject races, the philosophic mind must be distressed at the disappearance of so many varieties of speech, customs, and artistic and industrial products, so in this present assimilation, one cannot help regretting the steady disappearance of the katabolic qualities of the human male. One does not need to say that this feminized product is better or worse than what we have had; but it is certainly narrower, and less in harmony with the world's thought and work, than it formerly was.

III

If we turn from education to the press, we have similar conditions. During these past few years, hundreds of journals have sprung up devoted to women's special interests. They are almost all of them showy, fragmentary, personal, concrete, and emotional. It is difficult to find one that represents general or abstract interests. One of these journals, which boasts a fabulous circulation, is supported by its women subscribers and readers to oppose the larger interests of women in education, industry, and political life. At least, if it does not oppose these interests, it does not aid them. Imagine a million German women sending the Kaiser one dollar and a half a year to induce him to tell them once a month to go back to their kitchens, churches, and children.

The newspapers of America have steadily changed during the last three decades in the same direction. Editorial pages and news' columns have been steadily modified in the direction of fragmentary, egoistic, personal, and

sensational, or at least emotional, appeals. These are the qualities of children's minds, and of undeveloped minds, everywhere. The change is, of course, all a part of the larger democratic movement of our time, and many causes have contributed to bring it about. Had women not been so active, something of the same sort would have happened; but if women were all to forget how to read overnight, there is little doubt that the newspapers would find it advantageous to print more statesmanlike editorials, and more general and abstract news.

With the weeklies and monthlies, the change taking place is the same. The new reading public, brought in by increase in population, and by popular education, is apt to turn to the newer magazines of popular tendencies, like *Munsey's*, *McClure's*, and *Everybody's*. The very change in names speaks of the new personal and egoistic element that has come into journalism. Of course, such changes are only in part due to the influence of women, but the change is in the direction of the qualities that characterize distinctively women's journals.

In books, the personal and romantic novel has taken precedence over every other form of literature. Many of these are written by women; their circulation, both through libraries and through sales, is much greater with women than with men; and in many of them the personal gossip is as transient as that which fills the evening paper.

IV

In the churches, especially in the ritualistic churches, women have long been the faithful attendants. Nowhere, except in the churches which make a rationalistic and abstract appeal, and in the ethical societies, does one find a preponderance of men. In

1903, a careful enumeration was made of all attendants at places of worship in the city of London. The count was taken on fair Sundays in autumn, and covered both morning and evening services. Of all adult attendants, 61 per cent were women; 146,372 more women than men passing through the doors.

About the same time a similar census was made in the part of New York City lying on Manhattan Island. The women were in excess by 171,749, and formed 69 per cent of all attendants. Even a church service, if not entirely tied to set forms, must seek to interest those who occupy the pews; and no observer can fail to note, in both England and America, a movement toward ritualism on the one hand, and, on the other, toward popular, personal, concrete, and sometimes sensational preaching. The same general changes are taking place in libraries, in the drama, in concerts, in all group activities connected with learning and the fine arts.

But, on the other side, if emancipated women had not applied themselves, since 1870, to the direction of education, literature, religion, and amusements, all these interests must have suffered serious neglect and probable deterioration through the concentrating of the interests of the ablest men on engineering, manufacturing, commerce, and other fields of pure and applied science. By popularizing these interests, women have really humanized them, as all similar revolutions have done in the past. In breaking up old forms and intellectual conventions, they have set free new and vital impulses. Whether the historian of the future will consider this period of democratization and feminization a time of advance remains to be seen; but it is certainly a time of liberated energy and of broadening participation in all that is best in life.

DOES HUMAN NATURE CHANGE?

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

THIS question is doubtless a very old one, but it is being asked oftener to-day than ever before, because men's minds are now more intently fixed upon the betterment of human conditions. To many it seems a necessary condition of such betterment that man himself in his fundamental nature should be growing better, and the typical reformer is pretty sure to assume that such is the case. Take, for example, the question of war and peace. The commonest defense of the militarist against the attacks of the peace party is the assumed immutability of human nature. 'Civilization,' he asserts, 'has not changed human nature. The nature of man makes war inevitable.'¹ It seems not to occur to the pacifist to question the validity of this alleged relation of cause and effect, and he feels himself forced to meet the argument by the assumption that human nature *does* change, and, necessarily from his point of view, for the better. Expressions of the same idea are common in all lines of philanthropic endeavor. Naturally the conflict between these two opposing views is a source of immense confusion—a confusion that is 'worse confounded' by the abstruse character of the relations involved. The present paper is an effort to clear away something of this confusion, and if its arguments tend to show, on the one hand, that human nature does not change, they show, on the other, that this fact is not incompatible with a progressive improvement of social conditions.

¹ General J. R. Storey, U. S. Army.

Much of the confusion of thought on this subject arises from a lack of precise definition, and this is particularly true in regard to the word change. Perhaps the best way to reach a clearer understanding of the term will be by eliminating some things which it does not properly include. In the first place, if we are seeking a practical working definition, we must reject those considerations which have no living force in human affairs, particularly those evolutionary processes which are assumed to have brought man up to his present high estate from the lowest forms of life. Whatever interest such processes may have as a philosophic speculation, and however fully we may accept them, they are of little value in the ordinary affairs of life. Those who wish to see war, for example, done away with, cannot afford to wait upon a process in which each infinitesimal advance has consumed a longer period than that which they believe to be necessary for the full accomplishment of their hopes. We must confine the question to relatively limited spaces of time, certainly not exceeding the period of recorded history.

Again we should exclude those changes which arise from the blending of different types and races, and the fusing of their peculiar characteristics. These are not what are ordinarily meant in speaking of changes in human nature.

So also anatomical changes, as in the cephalic index, which have been observed to result from a change of habitat, do not involve any change in those

spiritual and intellectual qualities to which the term human nature commonly refers.

In like manner we must exclude those infinite variations which mark off individuals from one another. The children of the same parents may, and generally do, differ greatly in their intellectual and moral traits — not only from their parents, but from one another. These differences may be compared to the waves of the sea, some above and some below, no two of the same form, but all, nevertheless, close to the unchanging level in which their own identity is quickly lost.

Finally, — and this is the real difficulty, — we must reject everything which is embraced in that comprehensive word, education (*e-ducere*) — the leading or drawing out of the faculties of the mind, whether by parental training, the teaching of the schools, self-culture, spiritual transformation, the universal and never-ceasing influence of environment, or whatever else goes to the development of individual character from the very moment of birth. These influences develop faculties, but they do not create them, or alter their character.

The confusion of definition on this point is well illustrated by the following quotation from a recent issue of *The Outlook*: 'Mr. George takes a tough out of the streets of New York City; he is trained in the George Junior Republic, is fitted for college, graduates with honor, and becomes a self-respecting and valued citizen. This has been done again and again. Does it involve no change in the tough's nature?' This is not what is properly understood by the word 'change,' as applied in a broad sense, when we speak of human nature as changing. It is education pure and simple. In like manner, religious transformation ('conversion') is simply the drawing out of

spiritual faculties which exist in the individual, rather than the working of any fundamental change in those faculties. In all these cases the modifications wrought, or the development produced, require the constant backing of effort to maintain them. Without such effort they quickly relapse or 'back-slide' more or less nearly to their untutored condition. If the real faculty itself had been changed, this reversion would hardly be expected.

Changes wrought through education cannot be considered changes in human nature unless they are capable of being transmitted by inheritance. It is again the old question of the transmission of acquired characteristics, with the weight of authority altogether in the negative. In a striking passage in *The Century of the Child*, Ellen Key thus refers to this matter: 'With this list (with the possible exceptions of cannibalism, incest, murder, and theft) I have exhausted everything which mankind, since its conscious history began, has really so intimately acquired that the achievement is passed on in its flesh and blood.' The exceptions cited are really not exceptions at all, but the passage itself is an admirable definition of what a change in human nature, were such a thing possible, must be. It must be such a modification as can be passed on in the flesh and blood of the race, becoming thus a permanent acquisition.

We sometimes run across the expression 'contemporary qualities of human nature,' indicating a belief that these qualities change from age to age. Yet, if we stop to think, we find it impossible to conceive of such a thing as a change in the motives and qualities of the human mind. Are the intellectual faculties different now from what they ever were? Is mathematical ability, for example, a different thing to-day from what it was in the days of Euclid or of Archimedes? And are the passions

of envy, jealousy, anger, hatred, pugnacity, falsehood, on one side, and love, kindness, compassion, generosity, charity, on the other, different things from what they were when the Decalogue was written, or when St. Paul dissected so keenly the workings of the human heart?

Evidently this is not what is meant by those who say that human nature changes. They apparently mean, not that these traits themselves change, but that the evil traits are gradually eliminated, so that man is inherently better than he used to be. In this they unwittingly imperil their own argument, for they assume that the influences affecting man's nature work only in the direction of making it better. But if these assumed changes result from changed environment, which itself results from the incessant play of human activities, surely there is liability to downward as well as upward tendency. History is full of examples where the civilization of peoples has shown no upward tendency, but quite the reverse. If such unfavorable externals were to react on man's fundamental nature, dwarfing his intellectual powers, debasing his spiritual and moral capacity, so as to make him an inferior being who would no longer respond to education in the same degree as before, then, indeed, humanity would be in a bad case.

Enforcing this consideration, Alfred Russel Wallace says: 'Now it is surely a great blessing if we can believe that this widespread system of fraud and falsehood [referring to certain evils characteristic of modern society] does not produce any inherited deterioration in the next generation.' Those who are reluctant to recognize the immutability of human nature, fearing (most mistakenly) that to do so would be tantamount to saying that continued progress in civilization is impossible, should consider the vastly important

fact that it protects humanity from irrevocable loss as a result of adverse external conditions.

It is generally recognized that the forces of natural selection, as they are believed to have operated in developing animal life on this planet, are practically inoperative when applied to human nature, if not to the animal man himself. Human volition utterly confounds the normal process, and it is a question if the tendency is not to preserve the unfit rather than the fit. It is held with much reason that the effect of long-continued wars in the past, of monasticism in the Middle Ages, and the scrupulous preservation of the weak and infirm in modern times, may have operated, and may still operate, to diminish in some degree the pristine vigor of the race. It may be, as many believe, that future development will change all this, and that the advance of civilization will produce favorable conditions in selective breeding, as, for example, the emancipation of woman, by which she will be less under the necessity of forming unwise marriages, and, by her greater means of self-support, can choose more wisely with whom she will mate. But in the existing state of society any belief that man is evolving into a higher nature, so that, apart from the influence of education, he is a better man than of old, stands wholly without foundation.

In attempting to get a clear perspective of the subject, our inquiry should, it would seem, take some such form as this:—

If a child of to-day could be subjected from the moment of its birth to the environment of its remote ancestors, say two, five, or ten thousand years ago, is there any reason to believe that he would exhibit any marked difference in his 'human nature' from that of his surroundings? Is there the slightest possibility that he would develop any-

thing of the very different civilization or culture in which his parents lived? Would he feel any unusual aversion to slavery, for instance, or to gladiatorial games, or ancient cruelties of any sort, from the fact that his immediate ancestors lived in an environment where moral culture did not permit such practices? And, conversely, if a new-born Roman or Grecian babe could have been transferred, from the moment of its birth, to an environment like that of the United States in the twentieth century, is there any reason to believe that he would have exhibited qualities which would mark him off from his contemporaries, and suggest a relationship to those far-off times?

It would seem that any candid valuation of the evidence before us must answer these questions in the negative. There may be differences due to the intermingling of races, but, except for these, there is no evidence to show that the intellectual, moral, or spiritual nature of man is different to-day from what it has always been. The course of thought is, indeed, very different in one age from that in another. Religions or systems of philosophy give way to others entirely different, but this does not prove that man's nature has changed in the interim, or that a child of one period, if it could be reared in the environment of the other, would not conform as perfectly to such environment as it does to that in which its lot is actually cast.

Examples commonly cited in support of the argument that human nature changes, aptly illustrate the confusion of definition which it is here sought to point out. For instance, the writer in *The Outlook* already quoted says: 'Imagine modern ladies turning down their thumbs to indicate that the unsuccessful player [in the gladiatorial combat] is to be killed!' If it were possible to take any given num-

ber of modern female babes and rear them from birth in an environment like that of Trajan's reign, there is no doubt, whatever, that as large a proportion as was true of Roman women would do that very thing. The avidity with which some American women frequent the bull-fights of Mexico, and other similar evidence which will readily occur to anyone, show very convincingly that they would go to the limit of those excesses just as certain Roman women did. For it was not all of them, by any means, who did those things. There was an undercurrent of opposition to them, and there were earnest attempts at reform. There is no reason to suppose that the population of Rome, if reared in an environment like that of our own country, would not have felt to the full extent that we do a repugnance to practices which their civilization sanctioned.

In similar vein to that of the above quotation, Frances Power Cobbe exclaims, as if the mere statement carried its own refutation, 'Let us imagine the repetition of a Roman triumph after the Franco-German War, and the German Emperor Wilhelm entering Berlin with the Empress Eugénie in chains, like another Zenobia, forming part of the procession.' No candid student of history, it may be confidently asserted, can have any doubt that, if the Franco-German War had been fought under the customs prevailing in Aurelian's time, the triumphal procession in Berlin would have been marked by those very practices which to us seem so barbarous. And it is equally certain that if Aurelian had waged his successful campaign against Palmyra under modern customs of war, and in the atmosphere of modern public opinion, he would have treated his illustrious captive with at least as chivalrous consideration as the Germans did theirs in 1870.

History abounds in evidence of the correctness of these conclusions. In times when custom sanctioned, if it did not enjoin, these barbarities, there were examples of virtue of as high an order as any of which the present can boast; and, in these later times, when custom prohibits such practices, there are examples of as gross barbarity as any which marked the history of the past. What was the rule then is the exception now, and the exception then has become the rule now. But it is not a change in human nature which has caused this interchange between rule and exception. What it is, we shall attempt to show a little further on; but we may remark, in passing, that it is this fact of the immutability of human nature which gives history its real value. The doings and sayings of the ancients have a vital force for us, and are not mere lifeless records, simply because of the identity of their motives with our own. The story of Joseph and his brethren, the fables of Æsop, the proverbs of Solomon, the philosophy of Socrates, the sayings of Marcus Aurelius, the poetry of Shakespeare, are as true for us to-day as they were for the world to which they were given. Perhaps the highest value of the Bible is the fact that its portrayals of human nature, though among a distinct and peculiar race, and in an environment utterly foreign to that of to-day, are absolutely faithful to our own times. And this is true as far back as we can catch the faintest glimpse of man's activities on this planet. We study the ancient philosophers and find them likewise discoursing of *their* 'ancients' very much as we discourse of them. 'Knowest thou not this of old since men were placed upon the earth?'

To many it will seem that this conclusion presents a hopeless view of human destiny. If the individual man is not becoming better, can the grand

aggregate of men — the world at large — civilization — become better? Yes, and for the reason that the relation of cause and effect implied in this question does not, in fact, exist. Progress or retrogression in civilization is not contingent upon changes in human nature. The process from the beginning has been one of accumulation or of loss. It has resulted in profound changes of environment, and these, reacting upon individual education or development, produce correspondingly different results; but the varying results are due to a changed environment, and not to a changed nature.

What *does* change — and this is the foundation of our faith in better things to come — is that fund of human experience which we call civilization. Year by year, century by century, this fund grows and changes, and, at any epoch, it constitutes the chief factor in the environment of life. Men learn from research and experience, and what they find of real vitality they build into their institutions, and the child that comes into the world to-day grows up under very different influences from those which surrounded the children of one, five, or ten centuries ago. His nature is trained along different lines and subjected to different restraints, and the same raw material yields correspondingly different results. That the outward expression of his nature has changed is no evidence that his nature itself has changed. It proves simply that, while human nature is ever the same, the growth and influence of civilization produce from this same nature ever-changing results.

It is difficult — even quite impossible except with the strictest guard over one's thoughts — to give due weight to the profound influence of that portion of the environment of life which is a direct product of the human mind. But, if we succeed in the attempt, we

shall see clearly that what marks us off from our ancestors is a changed environment, and not a changed human nature. Take England, for example. The same sun, the same fogs, the same hills, the same shore line, the same Atlantic with its calms and storms washing the same coasts — all are there quite as they were when Julius Cæsar carried his legions across the channel two thousand years ago. But how changed in all else! The face of the landscape has been profoundly modified, but this change, great as it is, is small indeed compared with that of the invisible environment of life — the fund of accumulated knowledge transmitted in books or the customs of the people or handed down from mind to mind. In almost everything which determines the bending of a twig and the inclination of the tree, the two periods are totally different; and, although germs of growth with all their latent powers may be exactly the same in the two cases, the grown-up trees may be as unlike as it would be possible to be and still belong to a common species.

This distinction between the immutability of human nature, on the one hand, and the mutability of environment, on the other, is well illustrated by two common sayings which have found a permanent place in the language of civilized peoples. The first is, 'Human nature does not change,' or 'Human nature is now the same that it ever was.' It is the natural conclusion which the study of the past forces on the mind. The other saying is, 'Times have changed.' These two spontaneous expressions of human experience contain our whole thesis in a nutshell. Times

change, but human nature does not change. By 'times' we mean what Cicero meant when he exclaimed, 'O tempora! O mores!' — the intellectual and moral, and, to some extent, the material, environment of a particular epoch. This, indeed, changes. Even standards of right and wrong — the conscience of a people — may be very different at different periods, but the difference lies wholly in externals, not at all in man's nature.

'Environment is the father of us all — environment and heredity,' says a distinguished writer; and, with fine discrimination, a great philosopher has defined environment as 'social heredity.' It is heredity, in this second sense, — the power of preserving and passing on to one generation the achievements of another, — that makes progress in civilization possible. Immutability in human nature does not mean a limitation upon progress, but it shows where the responsibility for progress lies. Humanity is seen to be the architect of its own fortune, the conservator of its own destiny. It cannot shirk this responsibility, nor lay upon Providence its own shortcomings. It has received its talent, and while Nature will preserve it from deterioration, she has shown no intention to add to its intrinsic worth. Even if it were true, as some believe, that man's nature has retrograded under the adverse influences referred to earlier in this paper, civilization might nevertheless move on, for the vast accumulation of the past makes it possible to accomplish far more with inferior means to-day than was possible with superior means in former times.

VIOLIN-MAGIC

(TO R. P. C.)

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

I HEARD you touch a fairy thing
That lured the trees to blossoming;
I saw them flush — and then you made
Their green leaves greener as you played.
You drew your bow so gently down
I dared not breathe lest breathing drown
The tender little crooning tone
That was a wood-thrush all alone.
The tense string quivered, and I knew
Where grasses strange with morning dew
Climb a far hill I love, that all
The drops they wore shone magical,
Brimmed with the dawn, nor lovelier
Than those your crystal measures were.
The deepest forest-dusk you found
With silver darts of moonlit sound
That pierced the trees' reluctant crowd
And made the dryads laugh aloud;
I hear them now, and one I hear
Whose voice unearthly-thin and clear
Bears trace as through the trees she slips
Of wildwood honey on her lips.
But when your enigmatic mood
Nor dawn nor dusk of a deep wood
Nor dryad's laugh nor thrush's song
Nor April's blossoms would prolong,
And only wayward beauty calls
Along your argent intervals,
Then am I tranced with listening,
Lest my heart stir or anything
Within me question, and your soul
Withdraw from mine its dear control;
Like him, Grail-sent, whom named of men
The white swan bore away again.

ROUSSEAU TO-DAY

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

Two centuries after his birth, Jean-Jacques Rousseau continues to exert a potent and disturbing influence; we still have among us his ardent advocates, his bitter enemies.¹ For the most part, during the century that follows the death of any mere writer of books, he falls back into the historic background; the battles that may once have raged round him have subsided; and those persons who are still sufficiently interested to like or dislike his work combine to adjust him in the niche, large or small, which he is henceforth destined to occupy. It is so even with the greatest. Less than a century has passed since Goethe died; for some he is in the modern world 'the master of those who know'; for others he is 'a colossal sentimentalist'; but each party recognizes that it has something big to deal with, and there is no longer any inclination to fall into violent dispute.

Not so with Rousseau. This man — who filled the second half of the eighteenth century, who inspired most of the literary and even social movements of the nineteenth century — remains a living and even distracting force in the twentieth century. At the present time there is probably more written about Rousseau than about any contemporary man of letters, with the possible exception of Tolstoy; and Tolstoy, we may remember, was an avowed disciple of Rousseau. We have made up our minds about Voltaire,

even about Diderot; but we have not made up our minds about Rousseau. According to the point of view, and the special group of alleged acts on which attention is concentrated, Rousseau figures as the meanest of mankind, as a degenerate pervert, as an unfortunate lunatic, as a suffering and struggling man of genius, as the noble pioneer of all the great humanitarian and progressive movements in the modern world, and as the seductive and empty rhetorician who is leading society astray from the orderly paths of civilization into the abyss of anarchism.

It is not the least remarkable feature of this polemical literature, that often it most magnifies the influence of Rousseau when it is most hostile to that influence. Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, who brings twenty years of scholarship and patient research in archives to the service of the thesis that Rousseau was the victim of a deliberate conspiracy on the part of so-called friends, is content to fix her attention on the human fate of a much-suffering and greatly abused hero. Thomas Davidson, the erratic philosopher and 'wandering scholar,' who wrote a book to prove that Rousseau was the incarnation of all the evil and disorderly elements in modern thought and modern life, yet leaves on the reader the impression of a mighty force which it would be idle to combat, 'the father of democracy,' 'the father of Modern Political Science,' 'the father of modern pedagogy,' 'the parent of Socialism,' and the completest exemplification of the 'tendencies and aspir-

¹ Rousseau was born in Geneva on June 28, 1712. His bicentennial anniversary thus occurs this month.

ations comprehended under the one term individualism';—it seems that there can be nothing left for any one else to father. Pierre Lasserre, again, who, in *Le Romantisme Français*, has with fine literary skill and relentless logic comprehensively attacked the Romantic Movement, regards Rousseau and the Romantic Movement as identical, as alike 'the genius of evil,' 'the modern disease,' 'the most subversive torrent that has ever been unchained among men'; until, as Remy de Gourmont's *alter ego*, M. Delarue, puts it, we begin to wonder how such a flood of horrors as the nineteenth century, can ever have had any existence except in the imagination of a morbid brain.

The prestige of Rousseau has thus been maintained, not only by those who reverence his name, but equally by those who look upon him as the incarnation of evil, whether they are representatives of the ancient objective hierarchical 'classical' mode of thinking, of which Davidson was a belated survivor, or whether they represent a new objective systematization, as was the case with Comte, who, it may be recalled, had devised, for the purpose of denoting everything he most objected to, the adjective 'Roussien.'

The antagonists of Rousseau have been inspired in their attack by the conviction that they were defending the sacred cause of civilization. And yet, such is the irony of things, they have laid themselves open to the charge that they are themselves attacking the movements and the personages who are in modern times the banner-bearers, the very incarnation, of civilization.

II

Since those who revile the name of Rousseau are at one with those who adore it, in magnifying the extent of

VOL. 109 - NO. 6

his influence, it becomes easier than it would otherwise be to estimate what our modern world presumably owes to Rousseau. It may be interesting to touch on two of these things: the Revolution and Romanticism.

The whole Revolution, say its friends and its enemies alike, was Rousseau. Berthelot, the great man of science, declared it in solemn admiration a quarter of a century ago. Lasserre, the acute critic, declares it in bitter indignation to-day. Rousseau was not, indeed, consciously working toward the Revolution, and he would have loathed its protagonists who acted in his name, just as Jesus would have loathed the scribes and Pharisees who have masqueraded in his church. But, as we look back, it is easy to see how Rousseau's work, and Rousseau's alone, among the men of his generation, pointed to revolution. Theirs appealed to intelligence, to good sense, to fine feeling, to elevated humanitarianism; but it is not these things of which revolutions are made. Rousseau appealed to fundamental instincts, to soaring aspirations, to blind passions, to the volcanic eruptive elements in human nature, and we are at once amid the force of revolution. No wonder that all the men of the Revolution fed themselves on Rousseau's words. Not a single revolutionary, Mallet du Pan noted in 1789, but was carried away by Rousseau's doctrines, and burning to realize them. Marat was seen in public enthusiastically reading aloud the *Contrat Social*; and Charlotte Corday, who slew Marat, was equally the fervent disciple of Rousseau.

There was one other man besides Rousseau who had a supreme part in moulding the Revolution, at all events in its final outcome. It is interesting to hear that this man, Napoleon, once declared to Lord Holland that without 'that bad man,' Rousseau, there would

have been no Revolution. Since the christianization of the Roman Empire there have been four great movements of the human spirit in Christendom, — the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Counter-Reformation, and the Revolution. Three of these movements have been so diffused in time and space that we are scarcely justified in closely associating even one of them with the influence of a single man. But the Revolution, incalculably vast as its results have been, was narrowly circumscribed. It is comparatively easy to measure it, and when so measured its friends and its foes ascribe it — so far as any complex social-economic movement can be associated with one man — to Rousseau.

Mainly by virtue of his relation to the Revolution, Rousseau is claimed as the pioneer of modern democracy, alike in its direction toward socialism and its direction toward anarchism. For both these democratic movements — the collectivistic as well as the individualistic — rest on those natural instincts which it was Rousseau's mission to proclaim. The democracy which insists that the whole shall embody every unit, and the democracy which insists that each unit shall have its own rights against the whole, alike appeal to deep emotional reasons to which the humblest respond. 'There would have been no republic without Rousseau,' says Lemaître. Republicanism, socialism, anarchism — these are the three democratic movements which have been slowly permeating and transforming the political societies of men since the great Revolution of 1789, and we are asked to believe that the germs of all were scattered abroad by this one man, Rousseau.

The chorus of voices which acclaims or accuses Rousseau as the creator of Romanticism is even greater than that which finds in him the inventor of Revolutionary democracy. The revolu-

tionary movement and the romantic movement are one, we are told, and Rousseau was responsible for both. What, it may be asked, is Romanticism? There is not much agreement on this point. Lasserre, one of its ablest and most absolute opponents, tells us that it is 'a general revolution of the human soul,' which may be described as 'a system of feeling and acting conformably to the supposed primitive nature of mankind'; and since we do not know what the primitive nature of mankind is, Romanticism becomes, in opposition to the classical spirit in general, and the Gallic spirit in particular, 'absolute individualism in thought and feeling'; or, in other words, 'a disorder of the feelings and ideas which overturns the whole economy of civilized human nature.' This definition is itself individualistic, — and therefore on the theory, romantic, — but it may for the moment serve. Fortunately, though there is no agreement as to what Romanticism is, there is less dispute as to the writers who may be termed Romantic.

It is a remarkable fact that though Rousseau so largely filled the second half of the eighteenth century, he had little influence on its literature in France. He was the adored prophet, preacher, teacher, but not the inspired and inspiring artist with a new revelation of nature peculiarly apt for literary uses. Beaumarchais, who here dominated that period, belongs to altogether another tradition. Only Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was the follower, as he was also the friend, of Rousseau, and *Paul et Virginie* opens the great literary tradition of Rousseau. The first notable names in French literature which we can at all associate with Rousseau are dubious names, more dubious perhaps than they deserve to be, but still distinctly dubious. It is highly probable that the *Confessions* moved

Casanova to write his own immortal *Mémoires*. It is certain that they inspired that interesting picture of an unwholesome mind, the *Monsieur Nicolas* of Rétif de la Bretonne, — the 'Rousseau du ruisseau,' as he has been wittily and accurately termed. We must even recognize that Rousseau was the adored exemplar of the Marquis de Sade, who, in *Aline et Valcour*, makes Valcour, here speaking probably for his author, assert that Rousseau encouraged him to devote himself to literature and philosophy. 'It was in the conversation of this deep philosopher, of this true friend of Nature and of Man, that I acquired my dominant passion for literature and the arts.'

In Germany, earlier than elsewhere, the influence of Rousseau was profoundly felt by men of an altogether different type of character. In France Rousseau could only be potent by stimulating a revolutionary reaction against everything which had long been regarded as the classic norm from which no deviation was possible; that was why the morbid and unsound personalities in literature, rightly finding a real point of contact with Rousseau, felt his influence first. But an altogether different tradition, if we look beyond cosmopolitan aristocratic circles, prevailed in Germany. There the subjective emotionalism of Rousseau, his constant appeal to the ultimate standard of nature, were so congenial to the Teutonic spirit that they acted as an immediate liberating force. Rousseau was Kant's supreme master; only one portrait, Rousseau's, hung on the walls of the philosopher's simple study; all his doctrines in the three 'Critiques' may be regarded (Thomas Davidson has ingeniously argued) as a formal crystallization of Rousseau's fluid eloquence. Fichte also was largely moulded by Rousseau, as were Herder and Lessing. Goethe, in the final stages of his long

development, aimed at serenely objective Neo-classic ideals, which were far indeed from Rousseau, but at the outset he was as thorough a disciple as Kant. He went on pilgrimage to the beautiful island in the Lake of Bienna once hallowed by Rousseau's presence; his Werther is manifestly the younger brother of Saint-Preux, and it may be, as some have claimed, that without Rousseau there could have been no *Faust*.

It was not until the nineteenth century that the Romantic movement finally burst into magnificent life in France. Chateaubriand appears as the quintessence of Romanticism, a more pure embodiment of its literary quality than even Rousseau himself. Sénancour, especially as he shows himself in his *Obermann*, was an equally typical and much more genuine representative of the movement. Madame de Staël, one of the first to write about Rousseau, was penetrated by his spirit, and became the revealer to France of Romantic Germany. Alfred de Musset was a Romantic through Byron, rather than directly from Rousseau. Victor Hugo, Lamartine, George Sand, even at times Balzac, all belonged to Romanticism. Michelet, writing history by the sole light of his own personal emotions, was peculiarly a Romantic. Flaubert, in a later generation, was Romantic on one side, altogether alien from Romanticism as were his fundamental ideals. But, during the first half of the nineteenth century in France, with the possible exception of Stendhal, — and even he was really affected by the movement, — it is not easy to name any notable figure in literature who was outside Romanticism. Rousseau's influence had become so all-pervading that, like the universal pressure of the air, it was sometimes unperceived by those who were experiencing it. Louis Dumur has pointed out that Alfred de Musset in

his *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*, when trying to discover the sources of Romanticism, never so much as mentions Rousseau.

The attitude of England toward Romanticism, and toward Rousseau, was different from that either of Germany or of France. The Germans were made conscious by Rousseau of their own unconscious impulses. The French were forced to undergo a violent conversion. But the English were Romanticists already from the outset, and here the Romantic movement could effect no revolution. All Rousseau's literary inspiration and æsthetic ideals had come, directly or indirectly, from England: Richardson's *Clarissa*, Kent's English gardens, Locke's philosophy, English independence, and English freedom, — these were the things which had aroused the emulation or stirred the enthusiasm of Rousseau. English influences equally stimulated also the great apostle of Romanticism, and Chateaubriand composed *Atala* and *René* in Hyde Park. These splendid flowers were therefore easily acceptable in England, for they were clearly raised from English seeds. Rousseau's influence, recognized and unrecognized, reached English Romanticism, but Rousseau was herein only giving back in a more developed form what he had himself received from England.

If we look beyond the Romantic movement in its narrower literary sense, we still find that the influence of Rousseau remains just as plainly visible. In Russia, for instance, which it reached later than elsewhere, it is at its height to-day. The speeches made in the Duma are filled with the ideas, even the very phrases, of Rousseau; every orator on the Left is sure of thunderous applause whenever, consciously or unconsciously, he utters the sentiments which Rousseau first made current. It is unnecessary to add that the

greatest writer of modern times in Russia, the greatest writer in the world of his day, was from his earliest days a disciple of Rousseau. Tolstoy read and re-read the twenty volumes of Rousseau's works, until some of the pages became so familiar that it seemed to him he had written them himself; he wore Rousseau's portrait next his skin as the devout Russian wears the cross; it was, he himself said, worship rather than admiration which he experienced for Rousseau; even shortly before his death he wrote that the chief formative influences of his life had been Rousseau and the Gospels. The greatest world-force in the sphere of emotion that our age has seen was a reincarnation of Rousseau.

If we turn away from the apostles and the propagandists of avowed emotional revolution, we have not yet escaped Rousseau. The austere Emerson equally has his roots in Rousseau, if he was not actually, as Davidson termed him, 'the most loyal disciple Rousseau ever had.' The Transcendentalist was here at one with the Positivist. George Eliot, equally alien in temperament, was an equally ardent admirer of the *Confessions*; Rousseau, she said, 'quickened' her mind, not by imparting any new beliefs, but by 'the mighty rushing wind of his inspiration'; he 'made Man and Nature a fresh world of thought and feeling to me.' It was an accurate characterization of the kind of power by which Rousseau has so often held the souls of men and women.

In the twentieth century, the same potent force is still quickening ardent and aspiring souls who strive to create new ideals. Francis Jammes, the most typical representative of the latest movement in French poetry, has been 'quickened' by Rousseau, and has himself been termed after his '*génie ami*,' the 'nouveau Rousseau'; Rous-

seau's *Réveries* is his favorite book; he has followed in the long procession of those who have gone on pilgrimage to Les Charmettes, and no one has more sensitively felt the penetrating and intimate charm which that shrine exerts even on those of us who are least disposed to enroll ourselves beneath the banner of Rousseau.

Moreover, Rousseau is still the precursor even of those who are unconscious of his influence. He had long ago anticipated our latest philosophies. William James is counted the founder of Pragmatism; but the conception of 'truth' as 'practical truth' or 'cash value,' rather than 'science,' was so clearly set forth in *Emile* and the second half of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, that Schinz has been able to argue that 'the greatest of the Pragmatists is — and will probably remain — Jean-Jacques Rousseau.' So also with the fashionable Bergsonian philosophy of the day, with its depreciation of reason, and its insistence on the vital force of instinct: that also is laid down, with a less subtle elaboration, but not with less emphasis, by Rousseau.

Even those for whom Rousseau is nothing but a poison have not escaped the operation of that seductive venom. Nietzsche, the most conspicuous and influential thinker of these latter days, was absolutely opposed to Rousseau. Rousseau's 'nature,' his 'good man,' his sentiment, his weaknesses, especially his lack of aristocratic culture and his plebeianism — against all these things Nietzsche's hatred was implacable. Yet Rousseau was in his own blood. 'Nietzsche,' says Riehl, 'is the antipodes of Rousseau, and yet his spiritual relation. He is the Rousseau of our time.'

III

In thus estimating the hold of Rousseau upon the things which have been

counted precious since the days when he lived, we have the authority even of those who rebel against his influence. But there is always a fallacy involved in such attempts to fasten an unlimited responsibility upon any human figure, not excepting the greatest. Even the supreme man of genius, as Dumur truly says, is no aërolite from another sphere, no bolt from the blue. The most absolute innovator has found the germs of his fruitful ideas in ancient tradition. The most potent revolutionary owes his power to the fact that in his day certain conditions, especially economic and social conditions, combine to produce a vacuum his spirit is peculiarly fitted to fill. The name of Darwin is immortally associated with the idea of evolution, but the idea had been slowly germinating through thousands of years, sometimes in brains of as great a calibre as his own, until the moment arrived when, at last, fruition was possible, and the cautious, deliberate Darwin calmly completed the work of the ages.

Even the great movement of Christianity, which sometimes seems to us so mighty as to be beyond the reach of reason to fathom, is seen to be necessary and inevitable when we realize the conditions under which it arose, and see the figure of Jesus slowly hammered and annealed into the shape which best satisfied the deepest cravings of an epoch. Rousseau — again alike by friends and foes — has been counted, like Jesus, a Hebrew prophet issuing with a new law from the desert into a decadent civilization he was destined to dissolve and renew; he has been regarded as a great reformer of Christianity, such as Luther was; the incarnation of a new wave of Christianity, adding to the renovation of its essential qualities — its abandonment to emotion, its magnification of the poor and humble, its insistence on

charity — a new set of notes: a trend toward political realization, a fresh ideal of natural beauty, a justification of passion, a refinement of voluptuous sentiment, which adjusted Christianity to the modern soul as it had never been adjusted before. Luther had de-Catholicized Christianity; Rousseau, who in his own person united the two traditions, while yet retaining the plebeian and individualistic basis which Luther established, re-Catholicized Christianity on a new plane, even though in the end he stood aloof from Christianity, and created a church whose dogmas rested on the universal authority of instincts and emotions.

Yet, just as we can find the counterpart of every Christian rite and dogma outside Christianity, so also it is easy to duplicate outside Rousseau every tenet and tendency we find in him. Marivaux, within narrower limits and with a more restrained method, was a sympathetic and original moralist, a delicate artist, a subtle psychologist, to a degree to which Rousseau never attained; in his earliest work, Rousseau was frankly an imitator of Marivaux. The Abbé Prévost, again, more than any man, had let the flood of early English Romanticism into France, had translated *Clarissa*, and himself written novels of wild and sombre romantic passion; Rousseau knew Prévost, he was profoundly affected by his novels. Locke, in another sphere, had set forth epoch-making reflections on political government, and had written an enlightened treatise on education; the author of the *Contrat Social* and *Emile* clearly reveals how much he owed to 'the wise Locke.'

Before ever he began to write, Rousseau had soaked his mind in books and meditated on them in his perpetual long walks; he was brought up on romances, he had read everything he could find, English books of

travel especially, about savages in 'the state of Nature'; he had absorbed all that matters in the literature of the seventeenth century, though he knew comparatively little of the literature of his own century; without any guidance, by an unerring instinct, he had seized on the things that fed his own mood, from Plutarch to Petrarch. Even without going outside the pale of Catholic Christianity, he could, had he known it, have found the authority for every intimate and daring impulse of his own heart.

The ideas and the emotions, therefore, which Rousseau manifested were by no means unique. The temperament he had inherited furnished the most exquisitely fertile of all conceivable soils for these seeds to flourish in. But the seeds were not new seeds and, for the most part, we can trace with precision the exact source from which each of them reached Rousseau. Moreover, when we come, calmly and critically, to measure and to weigh the ideas and the emotions we find in Rousseau's books, it happens, as often as not, that they fail to stand our tests. If we explore the *Contrat Social* we find that every page swarms with bold propositions for which no proof is, or can be, supplied. Rousseau had borrowed Hobbes's conception of sovereignty and Locke's conception of popular government, and amalgamated them into the image of a Sovereign People which can do no wrong, and governs by its own direct fiat, in such a way that the will of each finds its part in the will of all. No doubt it is a magnificent idea, and it is still alive in the world, moulding political institutions; it is responsible for the establishment of the Referendum, which has had a certain vogue in new political constitutions, and we are constantly endeavoring, however much in vain, to approach its realization. But when we examine

Rousseau's exposition of this idea we find that verbal logic takes the place of inductive reasoning, that impassioned declamation is the agent of persuasion, and that the very lucidity of the statement only brings out more clearly the glaring inconsistencies and absurdities which the argument involves.

If we turn to a very different book, though not less famous and in its own way not less influential, we encounter the same experience. *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, in the effect it has exerted on the writing of novels, is second to none, except *Don Quixote*. Schopenhauer, himself a great literary artist, counted *La Nouvelle Héloïse* among the four great novels of the world. Shelley, who was a fine critic as well as a great poet, was enraptured by the 'sublime genius and more than human sensibility' displayed in this book, as well as by 'the divine beauty of Rousseau's imagination,' as he realized it on sailing across the famous lake which is the scene of the novel. A more modern critic finds that 'Julie has the tongue of an apostle, she is our greatest orator after Bossuet.' That is a eulogy which may well serve to condemn any novel, but it is probably the most favorable judgment which, from the modern standpoint, can be bestowed upon this one of Rousseau's. This novel, so unlike a novel, yet recreated the novel; that is generally admitted. To-day, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, for all the fine passages we may discover in it, is far less agreeable to read than the best of those novels by Marivaux, Prévost, and the younger Crébillon, which it replaced in popular esteem. Its sentimental rhetoric is now tedious; as a story it fails to enchain us; of subtle characterization or dramatic vigor we find nothing; as a work of art it is incomparably inferior to *Clarissa Harlowe*, on which it was modeled.

If we look more broadly at Rousseau's work, the results of critical examination are similar. The world's great teachers are, for the most part, impressive by the substantial unity of the message they have proclaimed; we feel a convincing harmony between that message and the personality behind it. So it is with Marcus Aurelius, and so with Thoreau. It is so also, on what may seem a lower ethical plane, with Rousseau's chief contemporaries, with Voltaire and with Diderot. It is not clearly so with Rousseau. He often seems like an exquisite instrument, giving forth a music which responds to the varying emotions of the hand that strikes it. He is the supreme individualist, and yet his doctrines furnish the foundations for socialism, even in its oppressive forms. He is the champion of the rights of passion, and yet he was the leader in a movement of revolt against licentiousness, of return to domesticity and the felicities of family life and maternal devotion to children. He was opposed to the emancipation of women, even to the education of women side by side with men; he is denounced by the advocates of women's rights, who see in the *philosophes* whom he opposed the pioneers of their own movement; and yet he was acclaimed as the liberator of womanhood, — noble women, from Madame Roland onwards, were his enthusiastic disciples; the literary promulgators of his genius are headed by two distinguished women, Madame de Staël and Madame de Charrière.

Still more discordant seems to many the clash of Rousseau's doctrines with Rousseau's life. The uncompromising champion of virtue was nearly forty years old before he learned how to earn his own living honestly. The regenerator of love was a solitary sensuous sentimentalist. The author of *Emile*, the gospel of childhood, put away his own

children — if indeed he ever really had any — as foundlings.

When we thus critically survey Rousseau's books and personality it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, to a large extent, Rousseau has represented a backward movement in civilization. His influence has tended to depreciate the value of the mighty instrument of reason by which civilization is mainly wrought; it has consecrated prejudice under the sacred names of nature and instinct; it has opened the way to the triumph of plebeianism and the sanctification of mob-rule; it has tended, by casting off the restraints on emotion, to an unwholesome divorce between the extravagancies of feeling and the limitations of life.

IV

It is on this note that so many discussions of Rousseau finally rest: Rousseau was a degenerate from birth, and his teaching is the disorganization of civilized society. Yet, even if we believe that there are elements of truth in such a view, we can scarcely choose this standpoint for our final survey of Rousseau. When we bear in mind that the most aspiring efforts of the noblest souls during more than a century have been directly or indirectly inspired by this man, it becomes clear that to attaint Rousseau is to stain our own human nature, to place ourselves in the ranks of the Yahoos. For, there can be no doubt, unreasonable as it may be to regard Rousseau or any other man as the primary cause of any great social movement, that it is he, more than any man, who has moulded the form of our spiritual activities, and shaped our ideals. His passions have become the atmosphere in which we move.

Since the days of feverish activity which Rousseau spent in his little hermitage at Montmorency, not merely

our aims in politics, but our feeling for religion, our feeling for love, our feeling for nature, have been renovated. They would have been renovated even if Rousseau had never lived, though perhaps not so thoroughly; yet, as things are, the new forms they have assumed have been determined by this solitary dreamer. 'Religion,' said Butler in the orderly and reasonable eighteenth-century manner, 'is a useful piece of information concerning a distant region of which otherwise we should have had no explanation.' The mystic enthusiasm of the Vicaire Savoyard would alone have sufficed to sweep away forever so pedestrian a conception of religion.

Before Rousseau, love was a highly refined form of social intercourse, a species of gallantry conducted with self-restraint, and all the formalities of its special etiquette; any extravagancy, whether in feeling, in speech, or in action, was banished. But when Saint-Preux, oppressed by his high-strung passions, came to the rock at Meillerie to pour forth in solitude the flood of his sentimental tears, all the witty refinements of eighteenth-century gallantry, for good or for evil, were finally swept away; extravagancy was free to lay down the law in love. It was Rousseau who enabled Mirabeau, in his first letter to Julie Danvers (whom he had never seen), to declare, 'I, also, am a lover, have emptied the cup of sensibility to the dregs, and could give a thousand lives for what I love.' It was Rousseau who laid down a new etiquette of love which every petty poet and novelist still adheres to.

Finally, Rousseau renovated our feeling for nature. The geometrically-minded eighteenth century could see nothing beautiful in nature until it was carefully trimmed into symmetry by the hands of man; even for Madame de Staël the Alps were merely 'a magnificent horror.' But Rousseau, who

told Bernardin de Saint-Pierre that he 'would rather be among the arrows of the Parthians than among the glances of men,' only breathed freely and thought freely in the solitude of mountains and forests and torrents, and here also, he has inoculated mankind with the virus of his own passion. In all these ways (as, indeed, Höffding has pointed out in what is, so far as I know, the most profound statement of Rousseau's philosophic position), Rousseau stood, in opposition to our artificial and inharmonious civilization, for the worth of life as a whole, the simple undivided rights of life, the rights of instinct, the rights of emotion. This was his assertion of nature. This was the way in which he renovated life, and effected a spiritual revolution which no mere man of letters has ever effected, a revolution only comparable to that effected by Christianity, of which, indeed, it was but a modern renaissance.

Yet the man who wielded, and continues to wield, this enormous power over the world cannot be called one of its great men. In intellect, one sometimes thinks, he was not conspicuously above the average; in what we conventionally call moral character he was at the outset conspicuously below it. Ill-born and ill-bred, morbidly shy and suspicious, defective in virility, he was inapt for all the social ends of life, mentally and physically a self-torturing invalid. No man more absolutely than Rousseau has ever illustrated the truth of Hinton's profound saying that the affinities of genius are not with strength but with weakness, that the supreme man of genius is the man who opposes no obstacle to the forces of nature of which he is the channel. Or, as St. Paul had declared long before in a passage which seems to bear the same sense, it is the despised and rejected things of the world, even the things which are not, that God has

chosen to put to naught the things that are.

It may, indeed, be pointed out to those who insist on the ludicrous, mean, and contemptible incidents in Rousseau's early life — only known to us through his own narration of them — that, as has been truly said by Lemaître, in a book that is for the most part superficial as well as unsympathetic, Rousseau's life was a process of moral evolution, a continuous purification completed by 'insanity,' or, as Rousseau himself put it, 'a purification in the furnace of adversity.'

It is this process which largely gives the clue alike to his intellect and to his moral contradictions. Rousseau's abandonment to emotion was always checked by his timidity, by the perpetual searching suspicion which he applied to himself as well as to others. That is how it comes to pass that we may find in his writings the warrant for the most contradictory doctrines. It was so in the political field. In 1754, in the *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, he proclaimed that revolt of the non-possessors against the possessors of property, which has since fermented so mightily in the world. But toward the end of his life, in the constitution for Poland which he prepared at the request of the Poles, he had become in these matters a timid opportunist: 'I do not say that we must leave things as they are; but I do say that we must only touch them with extreme circumspection.'

The contrast between Rousseau's apparent abandonment of his children and the fervor which in *Emile* he expended over the parental training of children, has often been set forth to his discredit. But, as he himself viewed the matter, that gospel of childhood was simply the atonement for his own neglect. He displayed throughout a very passion of expiation. Born defective, beset on every side, he was yet

of those who, according to the ancient metaphor of St. Augustine, make of their dead selves the rungs of a ladder to rise to higher things. To some he seems to have been a kind of moral imbecile. But Thérèse, the mistress-wife who had been at his side during the whole of the period of his literary life, and who knew his weaknesses as no other could know them, said after his death, 'If he was not a saint, who ever was?'

To view Rousseau rightly, we must see him, on the one hand, as the essential instrument of genius, a reed stirred to magnificent music by all the mighty winds of the spirit; and, on the other hand, as a much-suffering man, scourged more than most men by human frailties, and yet forever struggling to aspire. In this double capacity, at once the type of genius and of humanity, we learn to understand something of the magic of Rousseau's influence; we learn to understand how it is that before this shrine the most unlike persons in the world — the Marquis de Sade as well as Emerson, Charlotte Corday as well as Immanuel Kant — have alike bowed in reverence.

Rousseau was a creature of clay. He

was also a devouring flame. But of such blended fire and clay, in the end, the most exquisite products of the divine potter's art are formed. Under that stress, Rousseau's character was slowly purified to the highest issues. Under that same stress was finally woven the delicate and iridescent texture of the finest style which French speech has ever assumed. The great traditions of the literary art of France — through Montaigne, Pascal, La Bruyère — reached at last in the furnace of this man's tortured soul their ultimate perfection of sensitive and intimate beauty. This style, which is the man himself, the style of the *Confessions* and the *Rêveries*, alone serves to make these books immortal. Here, in his art, the consuming fire and the soft clay of Rousseau's temperament are burned to shapes of a beauty that is miraculous, and stirs the depths of the soul.

What, indeed, can we say, in the end, of all the operation of this man's spirit on the world, save that it is a miracle, with effects that immeasurably transcend their causes? The water, if not the very mud, is turned into wine, and a few small loaves and fishes suffice for the feeding of the nations.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

II

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

A JOURNEY of a few hundred miles in any country is usually sufficient to separate a boy from his home props and influences, and to impress upon his mind, in some degree, the necessity for independent thought and action. But the separation in such a case is seldom complete. He may still find himself among friends and, at the worst, his neighbors will understand his needs, and be able to speak his language. But let him once put an ocean between himself and everybody he has ever spoken to or loved in this world, and immediately time and space, and the void in his own heart, become almost immeasurable. Such was the situation I was called upon to face on my return to the steamer, after my adventurous and very clarifying experience on the streets of Lisbon.

And just at this point in my narrative, a word of explanation should be given. It must not be imagined by my readers, or, assumed for an instant by myself, that in the stage which I am now attempting to describe there was, to begin with, any suspicion of philosophy in my mental composition. In Lisbon I had received a sudden and somewhat rude awakening. After a long period of intellectual and religious cramming, I suddenly found myself face to face with example and illustra-

tion in the concrete. It is impossible to describe the mental change that accompanied this awakening. In a very matter-of-fact way, I began to recognize in my environment a number of other dangers of a very practical and personal nature, and in order to steer clear of them all, I fell back upon the only resource of which, at the time, I had any knowledge, and that was prayer.

At the present day, I am afraid prayer has very little intellectual or spiritual reality. In polite society, and in the public schools, for example, it is seldom mentioned in a spiritual way, or even as an intellectual or moral exercise, although, we may as well confess, no substitute for it has ever been proposed. Its educational value, however, has always seemed to me immense.

From the fact, then, that I have given this period of my life very serious consideration, I think I am justified in concluding that my understanding of the situation is, in the main, correct: that when I returned to the ship, after a visit to the city of Lisbon, it was simply fear that took possession of me; for the most part, moral fear, which one of those biblical expressions, so pregnant with practical insight, reminds us is 'the beginning of wisdom.'

I wish to be clearly understood in my defense of these natural safeguards under the protection of which I was

preparing to face the world and its problems, for the reason that fear also, as a moral and educative force, is now frequently looked upon as a relic of religious barbarism. In the new dispensation, love is to take the place of fear. By all means let us welcome the change, but there is danger in haste. As a practical factor in life, fear is still of the greatest economic and spiritual value. The natural order of spiritual progress seems to be, fear, purification, and then love. In the biblical text, 'Perfect love casteth out fear,' the emphasis is on the word 'perfect.'

The day after leaving Lisbon, I made the acquaintance of some of my shipmates. Besides myself there were three telegraph clerks on board, and with one of them, in particular, this narrative has considerable to do. His name was Broadbent. He was then about thirty years of age. He was a widely-informed man, particularly well-posted in all matters relating to his profession. He was one of those intellectually clever men who sometimes find it difficult to settle down anywhere. He had filled responsible positions in the cable service in all parts of the world, and he was then on his way to Brazil as clerk in charge of the cable office at Santos, where I expected to be located for a time; consequently I lost no time in making his acquaintance. He proved to be a man of ideas, as well as of great practical experience. He had also read a great deal, and knew how to utilize his information conversationally.

It didn't take Broadbent long to look me over and take my measure. In a day or two after leaving Lisbon I had shaken myself clear of any desire I might have had for introspection or solitude. Physically I was in splendid condition, and this led naturally to mental and bodily enthusiasm of every description. I distinctly remember,

after my first night on board ship, with what an all-absorbing curiosity in regard to myself and my surroundings I ventured on deck. I felt a great desire to know people, to mingle with them, and to find out what they were talking about, and I began with Broadbent.

He seemed to enjoy my frankness and simplicity of manner. I was making my first appearance in the world, and he found me unusually interested in everything and everybody. I made no secret of my religious training and convictions, and the ingenuous, matter-of-fact way in which I expressed myself on the subject seemed to arouse no end of amusement and interest. I can never forget Broadbent's remark at the end of our first interview; he said, 'You are a strange fish in muddy waters.'

To tell the truth, this kind of reception flattered my vanity, and started a current of self-esteem. I understand now that right here are to be noticed the first indications of a definite philosophy, which in a few days, with the assistance of Broadbent, was brought out into clear relief.

After mingling with people on the ship for a day or two, I was very much surprised to note that practically everybody was either ignorant or neglectful of what may be called the biblical treatment of the problems of correct living. It was just at this point, and in this manner, that I first got it into my head that I was an individual representing something that differed essentially from the spiritual stock-in-trade of the people in whose company I was. And thus, in the most natural way, and at the outset of my career, I found myself face to face with the philosophy of personal conduct in its relation to life in general.

Broadbent soon found out what I was driving at, and singled me out for his intellectual quarry. He told me in

plain English that he had met me before in different shapes and sizes, that he looked upon all such people as interesting mediæval survivals, emotional for the most part, but not lasting. In fact, in his opinion, all that was wanting to convert me into a reasonable and useful member of society, was to put me into actual touch with people and conditions, and then to instill into my callow and superficial understanding, a little knowledge in regard to the biological and sociological discoveries with which scientists and philosophers were then busily enlightening the world.

Broadbent was altogether too big for me at this game. I had neither the knowledge nor the ability to meet him on his own ground in an argument of this description. Furthermore, I actually admired the man. I absorbed the information he imparted to me, by the chapter. It was all so new to me and, withal, so fascinating. I could see no reason to doubt the truth or underestimate the value to society, of the discoveries of science which he championed so eloquently. But down in my heart my satisfaction was tempered with a sort of secret determination to find out, as soon as possible, just what effect all this wisdom had had in the past, and was having in the present, upon Broadbent the man. This was the issue that my individuality and budding philosophy were preparing to test him with, and later on he was called upon to answer these personal inquiries.

At that time, however, he had little idea of the nature of the soil he was trying to cultivate. He looked upon me as a precocious greenhorn, and he proceeded cleverly, and with design, to draw me out for the edification of our little ship-board audience. But I was not so green as he imagined. My mental experience was considerable, and my contact with life, and with Broadbent, was converting my reveries into ex-

pression and ideas of a practical nature. Unavoidably those were idle days on board ship, and a week spent in Broadbent's company was probably equal to a year's intercourse with people whom one meets in the usual way. Broadbent, I think, was a little flattered, or at any rate amused, at the tribute I paid by my attention to his intellectual attainments, and our discussions became the talk of the ship. On several occasions the cabin of one of the officers, in which our conversations took place, was crowded to the door.

The reasons I have for remembering these discussions are much more than personal. My experience was only an illustration, on a small scale, of the intellectual excitement that was being aroused at the time, all over the world. It was finding practical and theoretical expression in a great wave of miscellaneous experiment and discussion. For one thing, the Book of Genesis and miracles of every description in biblical history were on trial at the bar of the 'Missing Link.' As it seems to me, nothing has ever aroused and stimulated the intellectual, and particularly the critical, faculties of mankind so universally and permanently as this simple biological investigation. Hitherto, in Broadbent's own words, the mind of society, in its treatment of human knowledge had been, intellectually speaking, like a closed oyster, and now Darwin and Lyell and Tyndall and Huxley and Herbert Spencer were opening it with cold-blooded indifference to people's feelings or opinions. A more auspicious point of time for any young man to make his entry into the world of science, religion, and practical affairs cannot be imagined.

The abruptness of this intellectual split cannot, I think, be appreciated to its full extent by the present generation. It was not so much a mere question of evolution on the one hand and creation

on the other. The movement itself, represented by the men I have mentioned, signalized the bursting of all barriers, and the complete enfranchisement of the mind in every department of human inquiry.

I remember in what a clever and fascinating manner Broadbent imparted to his listeners the latest marvels of sociological and biological experiment. I recognize now, in connection with it, his distinct foreshadowing of the doctrines of socialism. But these revelations, which in fact I little understood, did not disturb me in the least. Nearly every word the man uttered enriched my mind and widened my horizon.

But then again, when I retired to my cabin, after listening to Broadbent, I still, and always, found myself face to face with my own individuality, that is to say, with my own personal problems. This was inevitable for the following very practical reason. Nearly every man on the ship spent most of his time in drinking and gambling. These were facts of which, hitherto, I had not had the slightest practical knowledge. I instinctively understood that these habits were fundamental, and, looking on from day to day, I could not for the life of me understand how these great personal issues of life were simplified, or solved in any way, by the discovery that creation was a myth. In this way, in spite of my increasing enlightenment, the personal aspect of affairs acquired additional emphasis, and was not to be disturbed by any mere theory of origins.

Broadbent, however, stated his case very clearly. I remember his argument distinctly. He affirmed that character, in its best sense, is fundamentally scientific and not religious, and for this reason good behavior is bound to win out in the end. I, on the other hand, insisted on separating the issues. I contended that the end or result he looked forward to by the scientific route, was

too far off for practical purposes; and that in the mean time, the personal method, guided by precepts of Christianity, must remain the thoroughfare to personal and social salvation of every description. Right here on this issue, before the end of the voyage, Broadbent and I locked horns. In his opinion the scientific interpretation and unfolding of life contained also its moral interpretation. Many people who figure in the same way at the present day, fancifully propose to refill the churches by a fairer adjustment of economic conditions. To me, then as now, it seems possible and necessary to separate the issues, and to insist upon a clear understanding of their value and relative importance.

Be this as it may, I told Broadbent I was glad to hear his side of it for his own sake. I informed him that I was going out to Brazil in the first place, of course, to earn a living, but incidentally also, to study the lives of people, including his own, with the idea of finding out, if possible, just how our opinions on the subject stood the test of actual contact with life.

However, to do Broadbent justice, he had done me a world of good. In the short space of three weeks I had changed or been converted from a mere boy, perplexed with a mind full of emotional instincts, into an individual, with a more or less definite trade-mark, and with a certain point of view in regard to life and living in which I had become enthusiastically interested. I had stepped suddenly into the midst of the world of affairs; my impressions of people and of conduct were acute; every person on the ship was a problem of some kind to me, and every hour that passed added to my stock of practical enlightenment.

But while Broadbent and I were engaged in these sociological discussions I became, at the same time, involved in a

matter of a different nature altogether, at the hands of another man who, meantime, had become interested in me and my fortunes.

II

When I look back at the outline of the past, the events worth mentioning stand out by themselves and assume a dream-like reality. Doubtless the events cut deep and the impressions were acute, hence their survival; and now distance and time have added to their enchantment. The facts and the faces are still to me intensely real; nevertheless, my casting adrift from home influences, my first sea-voyage, my first encounter with opinions and people, and my first observations of life, read to-day more like a chapter copied at random from *Gulliver's Travels*, or the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, than a narrative of sober happenings that took place on a humdrum steamship.

To me, at any rate, the world in its first appearance was a tremendous situation, and I was a sort of unaccountable fact awaiting treatment of some kind, in the centre of it. My curiosity and enthusiasm, however, were only heightened by the consciousness of my personal insignificance. On this my first sea-voyage, in a most astonishing manner, practical intelligence and enlightenment were imparted to me in a series of shocks, and every increase in knowledge added to my self-importance in relation to my surroundings. Every time I came on deck I looked round for new features and new faces to investigate. I was continually on the tiptoe of expectation, and this unfeigned and exuberant interest which I took in my environment, was returned to me before long, very curiously, and in double measure.

Among the passengers on the ship

was a well-to-do Spaniard, a South-American trader, as he was called, and his son José. They were returning to their home in Rosario, then as now a city of rising importance in the Argentine Republic. The merchant was a widower, some sixty years old, and his son was a pale-faced, interesting boy, of studious habits, my senior by a year or two.

Beginning at school and continuing until to-day, one of the greatest of my intellectual pleasures has been the study of languages; so when I found out that this young fellow was as anxious to learn English as I was to acquire a knowledge of Spanish, an acquaintance was begun between us that soon developed into a closer intimacy. We went to work systematically in our studies; twice a day, regularly, for two weeks, we came together for the purpose of adding to our vocabularies, and of engaging in conversational exercises, and during these study periods the old gentleman was always an interested listener. Under such favorable conditions our progress was remarkable. In less than two weeks, with the assistance of the dictionaries added to the very slight knowledge of the language we had acquired in school, we could worry through almost anything we wished to say.

As the days passed the old Spaniard's interest increased, and he began to ask me all sorts of questions about my business intentions and prospects. It was customary for many of the young men on the ship to come together daily and engage in gymnastic exercises. In some of the competitions I more than held my own. This seemed to astonish the old gentleman; that one so young should be so enthusiastic physically and intellectually at the same time, seemed to him most unusual. And then again, my simple application of biblical texts to every-

day life, and my interpretation of them from the personal standpoint, seemed to please him exceedingly. He had quite a fair knowledge of the English language, and had no difficulty in understanding me. The boy, also, was interested in these matters and took pleasure in my society. As for me, I knew absolutely nothing about Spanish life and character, and I did not pause long enough to give my growing intimacy with these people so much as a passing thought. I was open-minded, however, and judged appearances for just what they seemed to be worth. Without advice from anybody I trusted my own judgment and went ahead. But at night, in prayer-like reveries, I always squared up for the day's doings, and acquired fresh courage and guidance for the days to come.

At intervals the old gentleman questioned me about the details of my situation in the telegraph service, and he seemed to think very little of the opportunities and prospects connected with it. On the other hand, with great earnestness, he and the boy tried to impress upon me ideas of the wealth and enterprise of the people in Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and of the splendid future that was in store for a part of the American continent that was just then beginning to acquire a world-wide celebrity. In his broken manner and language, and as best he could, he repeatedly broached the idea and wish that I should become interested in some enterprise more in harmony with my talents and enthusiasm.

This familiar intercourse was continued until we came in sight of the harbor at Rio de Janeiro. I was then in that amiable and impressionable state of mind when the affectionate regard of these people took right hold of me, and I listened to the glowing story of the old Spanish merchant with unfeigned interest and delight. Just when

the passengers whose destination was Rio — and I was one of them — were making ready to leave the ship, I was invited to his cabin for a farewell interview. Broken as was his language, I had no difficulty in understanding the drift and exact substance of this conversation, which culminated in a remarkable proposition.

The fact of the matter was, he was opposed to my leaving the ship at Rio. He could not bear to terminate our friendship so abruptly. Was it not a fact that José and I were getting along famously in our studies? It would be such a pity to separate us. We should make a splendid pair of workers in any business, especially in his business in Rosario, which in a few years, in the ordinary course of events, would belong to José exclusively. And then, again, there was his little daughter Amelie, who was in Rosario, awaiting his return. She was so very amiable and so very pretty. At that moment, to be sure, she was a mere child just passing her eleventh year; but what of that? By the time I should be twenty she would be a charming little woman. In short, the proposition was from his heart, honest and unmistakable, and the old trader's hand was in mine as he made it, — so many thousands and a share in the business to begin with, and in the near future a partnership and a bride; the details regarding my baggage and the affairs of the telegraph company could easily be arranged.

From his point of view there was nothing remarkable in this seemingly generous offer. Adoptions of this kind were every-day occurrences among Spaniards in South America; in fact the people were looking forward to this blending of races as a national policy, which closely concerned their social and industrial destiny. Undoubtedly, then, under these circumstances, a career of unusual activity and usefulness, as well

as of domestic happiness, was in store for me. On the other hand, he continued, if I landed in Rio, and took my chances in that unholy city, I was doomed to destruction. Not one in a score of the young Europeans who tried to live, or rather to flicker for a while in such pestilential localities, was able to weather the scourge of the climate and the riot of social conditions. As for the cities, there was actually no choice — Rio, Santos, Bahia, Pernambuco, Para, they were all the same. In six months I would certainly find myself physically wrecked and morally ruined. To Rosario then, where health and happiness awaited me!

It is impossible to look back upon this situation with an unbiased or fully-equipped understanding. Never before or since those memorable days on board ship has life appeared to me to be so full of hope, so temptingly dangerous, so splendor-laden. I am willing to admit that everything connected with my progress up to this point must be looked upon as unusually eventful and, in a measure, prematurely expansive. The story is none the less interesting on that account. Selecting its most prominent and typical incidents, the most humdrum existence has nearly always a dramatic outline; and for the rest, I can only judge of what I was, or of what I thought at the time, by what I actually did. For instance, did the romantic and mercenary features of this proposition appeal to me? Certainly not, in their full significance. Did I pause to think what the folks at home would have to say about it? Under the circumstances this would have been of little use. To give a candid opinion, however, I should say that my instinctive and budding self-assertion, my love of adventure, and, above all, my insatiable curiosity to get into the world of affairs and interpret for my own use some of its riddles, were

VOL. 109 - NO. 6

my all-powerful guides on this occasion. I accepted the proposition, in a provisional way, on the spot.

This first journey on shipboard is more important in my autobiography than the two years of work and experience in South America that followed. It was a point of departure that set me adrift on a wave of personal investigation, and intellectual adventure, that I shall now describe.

As for the proposition of the Spanish merchant, it soon died a natural death; and the story has little relation to my future, except as an illustration of the bold way in which, without premeditation, I set out to experiment with opportunity, and with my own powers in connection with it. However, I explained the affair, in part, to Broadbent, who took a business-like view of the matter, and arranged for a short leave of absence from my duties. The adventure itself soon came to an end. I remained for two or three weeks in Rosario, and, ridiculous as the affair may now seem, was beginning to think seriously of a permanent sojourn, when suddenly the old merchant died. Then a change came over the scene and the prospects; some legal and domestic complications arose, in which I had no desire to take part. To simplify matters, I withdrew from the family circle, and made the best of my way to my original destination at Santos.

III

I must pass over my two years sojourn in Brazil with a sort of feverish retrospection. My experience was too pitiful, too tragically interesting, too prolonged, to come within the limits or province of any ordinary nightmare. Looking back at it all, it may rather be likened to a chapter in Bunyan's famous allegory in which the pilgrim, encountering unexpected temptations

and pitfalls, receives his first terrible set-back. Years of progressive enlightenment have doubtless bettered the situation in Brazil, from every point of view; but when I arrived in the country, in the late seventies, the social and moral environment in which I found myself, was simply indescribable. But in order to make my own conduct appear in a measure reasonable, and to account for the mental abyss into which I was finally plunged, I must run over a few of the events, and describe some of the conditions, as briefly as possible.

The telegraph office was located in a great stone building which faced the harbor. The clerks, five or six of us, had sleeping-rooms in this block. The office-work itself was pleasant, and the salaries of the men were quite liberal. It took me about a week to get an idea of the place, and a year's sojourn did not alter my first impressions. For a few hours during the morning there was considerable business activity, but the afternoons were usually very quiet and intensely hot. The real life of the place opened up when the offices closed, and the sun went down. Then a carnival of drinking set in. In this the Europeans were the chief participants. The natives had their faults, but excess in drinking was not one of them. The friendly advice I received on my arrival, to get intoxicated and remain in that condition, if I would escape the yellow fever, was lived up to, so far as I could make out, by everyone who could afford it. The arrival of a foreign warship, or of a man of note, called for international courtesies which frequently ended in midnight street brawls.

The local police force was helpless at the hands of these roysterers; license was not confined to mere conviviality; in the midst of it all, women were a commodity. At intervals they

were imported from Europe in batches and auctioned off in the saloons, under all sorts of contracts, to the highest bidder. Single men were by no means so abandoned as those who were married and had families. This, I was assured, was a proper and reasonable state of affairs. Society was more vitally interested in the rising generation than in the behavior of those who were no longer in the matrimonial market.

For a month or so I moved up and down, as it were, in the midst of this social inferno. Then I went to Broadbent. I knew from observation that he was not much better than the crowd; nevertheless, I wanted to know what he thought about it all. The personal problem with which I was surrounded seemed to me to be overwhelmingly important. Broadbent had told me on board ship that science, political and social economy, would take care of just such situations; but for the life of me, now that I was in the midst of this one, I could n't understand how these reforms and cures were to be initiated and kept alive without personal redemption, beginning within and bearing fruit in social and economic reforms.

The people whose conduct I am criticizing were rich enough; they were intelligent, in a way, and could reason and talk about other people's ideas by the hour; but they lacked the acute moral sense which, in the aggregate, constitutes the social conscience. I could not help noticing at the time the close relationship that must always exist between personal and civic behavior.

On some of the side streets dead and dying Negroes were occasionally thrown out into the gutters. And again, one day I met a procession of smallpox patients, in all stages of the disease, dragging themselves through the public streets on the way to climb some Mount of Piety, to pray for in-

tercession, while from the courtyards of every church in the city showers of rockets ascended on prayerful missions, cracking the skies with an ear-splitting din.

I went to Broadbent, I say, with my troubles, but I soon discovered that in spite of his intellectuality, he was nothing but a social degenerate. His conversation was one thing, his conduct was another. In so many words, 'Eat and drink,' he said to me, 'for tomorrow we shall die.' According to him, yellow fever was the cause and sufficient reason, scientifically speaking, for personal depravity. It was indeed true that at intervals the scourge descended upon the city like a murrain among cattle. If there was anything in particular that was noticeable, it was its affinity for greenhorns, fresh arrivals, and clean people. Chronic drunkards, as a rule, were immune. Broadbent laid emphasis on these facts and one day, after explaining the situation in detail, he said to me in substance, —

'Come along, be one of us. It is either this or death, or perhaps something worse than death. You know Fillmore, of course. He works beside you in the office. But you never entered his room, did you? To begin with, conditions frightened his moral and physical nature, as they have yours. He came from a nice home, I understand. A few drinks and a little companionship would have straightened him out, but we could n't get him to emerge from his shell. So now he comes down to the office in the morning, and sneaks back to his room in the afternoon, and in the evening he gets out into the suburbs and captures creeping things of every description. His room is alive with lizards and beetles and all kinds of reptiles running loose. His poisonous pets, such as tarantulas, he keeps under glass covers. He does his own cooking on an oil

stove. He has never ventilated or cleaned his room. He is beyond the reach of the fever, for he is inconceivably filthy. He is everlastingly reading the Bible. Just think of it! This is what it is to be driven back on yourself in this forsaken country. You know what the alternative is — take your choice.'

This almost, but not quite, concluded my intercourse with Broadbent. I said to him, 'I understand the situation, I hate your philosophy, I refuse to compromise. I, too, will fall back on myself.'

I kept the fact to myself, but to tell the truth, I was mentally and morally stunned. Broadbent had, at least, opened my eyes and given me a graphic description of the abyss of iniquity into which, with unabashed countenance, he invited me to plunge. Good people no doubt there were in that neighborhood, but I never met them or heard of them; and who could blame them, in such a maelstrom of depravity, for keeping aloof or in hiding. But the situation to me, at the time, was actually worse than it appears to be on the surface. This was my first introduction to business and social circles, and although I knew intuitively that in my own country, for example, social behavior and conditions were on an infinitely higher level, I had as yet no practical assurances on the subject except as a schoolboy; and in this, my first plunge into business and social affairs, I found the representatives of nearly every European nation engaged in social orgies that would have been a disgrace to any community in the worst days of the Roman Empire.

To tell the truth, I was terribly disappointed. The door through which my ambitions and aspirations pointed, seemed to shut with a bang. In a very short time, like Fillmore, I was in a class by myself, and to my surprise my

religion had few consolations for me. Both religiously and socially, for the time being at any rate, I was a palpable misfit. My physical and moral enthusiasm had been stifled too suddenly. Inertia set in.

For a week or more I went about my duties mechanically; otherwise I was as listless and unresponsive as the sands of the desert. Then an idea occurred to me. I could n't break my contract with the company, but I could go to work and learn some of the languages which up to this time, on the streets and elsewhere, I had been listening to with a dull ear. I immediately turned all my energies and enthusiasm in this direction. It proved to be a delightful and profitable occupation. I went about it almost fiercely. I penetrated into slums, offices, private houses, and clubs, hunting up words and meanings, and also people to converse with. One day I would bury myself in an underground kitchen with a Portuguese cook, and the next day, perhaps, I would take a San Paulo railroad train, get off at a way-station, and spend an afternoon with an Indian in a canoe, learning the names of the birds, the trees, and the monkeys, as we glided through tangles of gorgeous foliage. For a stranger to be interested in one's native tongue is always a pleasing kind of flattery. Before long I was welcomed everywhere. In less than six months, I could hold my own in ordinary conversation in Spanish, German, French, and Portuguese. I was just beginning to take some kind of interest in my surroundings, and to plan understandingly and hopefully for the future, when Broadbent again appeared on the scene, and scattered my projects to the winds.

One day I sat at the dinner table in the hotel — the Europa. I was reading, or rather trying to read, out of a book. Chico, the waiter, had just left

the room with an armful of dishes. My superintendent, sleeping off the effects of his afternoon tipples, was in the next room, snoring ponderously. The guests had all departed and, but for the rats that now and then jumped up on the table and made off with a morsel of food, I was alone. It was the fever-time of the year, and as I was suffering from a bad headache I was a little uneasy about my physical condition; and, besides, I was at the lowest ebb of mental depression. The satisfaction I derived from my studies was, at best, a commercial one; otherwise, so far as progress was concerned, I was absolutely a failure.

It was my eighteenth birthday. The daylight was fading. I closed my book and, hearing a faint noise, I raised my eyes. Broadbent emerged from the superintendent's room, crossed the hallway, and hurried down the stairs. Tucked closely under his arm was the superintendent's hand-bag containing, as I well knew, the collections for the day — some thousands of *milreis*. I rushed after him down the stairway, and into the street. As I was turning the first corner, some one halted abruptly, or I ran into some one, who gave me a blow on the head that sent me sprawling into the gutter.

When I awoke, I was in bed in the hotel. The room was crowded with policemen and others; Broadbent was among them. I accused him of committing the robbery. The police received this intelligence as a joke, everybody smiled, and some one remarked, 'He is out of his head.' Then a burly Negro came forward and informed the police that in turning the corner I had interfered with a combat of clubs, in which he was engaged, and that I had received a whack on the head that was intended for his adversary. This explanation was entirely satisfactory to the police, although the money was

not forthcoming. Then Broadbent almost shouted, 'That boy has the yellow fever.'

In two seconds the room was deserted. I leave the problem of the headache and fever symptoms, the apparition of Broadbent on the stairway, the robbery, the affair at the corner of the street, and the statement of the Negro, to psychologists to unravel. As for me, I lay on my cot absolutely deserted until noon the next day, when a doctor appeared. Later the boys in the office got together and sent a nurse to my assistance. At the end of the second day I entered the fatal stage, and began to sink rapidly. The coffin was ordered. Later on I paid for it. But doctors and others were mistaken. I fairly hovered on the brink, as they told me afterwards, and then made a most unlooked-for rally. In less than a week I was out of danger. Meantime, however, in a fit of delirium, I had unmercifully belabored my nurse with a pillow, and in her place a professional attendant was secured, a man whose name was Peixoto.

I cannot introduce Peixoto to my readers without an apology or an explanation of some kind. Physically and mentally he was a strange phenomenon, in appearance and faculties an almost unbelievable creature. Mentally he was a modern reproduction of Timon of Athens, in his last and misanthropic stage. Later on we shall glance at his pedigree and history; for the present, however, it will suffice to say that he was an albino — neither a white nor a black man, but a cream-colored creature of medium height, athletic build, and dignified carriage. In his behavior as a nurse he was methodical and strong, yet as gentle and considerate as a woman. He had one curious habit. When not engaged in conversation, he nibbled incessantly on his lower lip, as any man will once in a

while, when nursing a grief or an injury. Peixoto had both — he was a social outcast. His hair was white, short, curly, and silky, and it grew in tufts; his nose was flat, his cheek-bones were high, and his skin a sickly cream-color. The pupils of his eyes were red, and the parts that should have been white were pink. Apart from this he possessed a tremendous personality, and that was just where the trouble came in. Brazilian society had no use for this man except as a caretaker in cases of virulent disease. This fact cut him to the soul, and all humanity was to him, very naturally, a gigantic farce.

As regards my own sickness, complications set in, and I was confined to the hotel for nearly three months. During this period Peixoto was my constant companion. I was in my eighteenth year, physically and mentally a weakling at the time. Peixoto was in the prime of life. To convert me to his way of thinking and of judging humanity, he extended himself. In regard to what followed, I have no excuse or justification to offer. For over two months I listened to, and absorbed, a good deal of Peixoto's philosophy. It was founded on the personal annihilation to which society and the universe had condemned him, and it all culminated in the homeless and hopeless conclusion that there was no God. Under his tutelage my religious convictions seemed to be smothered, although it was only a storm through which I was passing. Nevertheless, when I left the hotel I looked out upon the world, to some extent, through Peixoto's eyes.

Meanwhile, Santos had become an impossible place of residence for me, and I requested and obtained a transfer to Bahia. In a few weeks Peixoto followed me. Bahia was his birth-place, to which, periodically, he was in the habit of returning. It was a time when all the world was talking about the dis-

covery of gold and diamonds in South Africa. Peixoto was seriously considering emigration to that country, where, he thought, among the savages, perhaps he would be able to find some kind of a social level; or where, at the worst, as a filibuster or freebooter, he could square accounts with creation in some way.

One day Peixoto and I took a walk, or rather a climb, from the lower to the upper city. As you look at it from the sea, Bahia has the appearance of a huge perpendicular rock. Some of the houses seem to be up among the clouds, others down at the water's edge. Peixoto conducted me, by a circuitous route, to a convent situated in a narrow street in the upper section of the city. In this convent, he explained to me, he had been brought up and educated.

We entered the convent through an imposing archway, and passed into a large granite-walled hall, at one end of which was a heavily barred grating, and back of that a smooth stone pavement extending to another grating through which several nuns were passing garlands and flowers made of feathers, on long wooden shovels, to purchasers who made their wants known by long-distance signs at the outer grating. Thence we passed into a small chapel which had egress to the outside world by means of a long and very

gloomy corridor. In one corner of the chapel there was a little niche or alcove in which was a cradle-shaped box. A rope attached to this cradle passed up through a wide chimney-like aperture to some chamber above. Peixoto explained to me in detail the significance of this machinery. The cradle was for the accommodation of abandoned children whom, with utmost secrecy, the depositors, or parents, wished the convent to adopt and educate. In this way, and in this very place, he, Peixoto, had made his first appearance in human society, and this was practically all he knew of his own history and antecedents.

Very soon after this visit to the convent Peixoto took ship for South Africa. I was fated to meet him again. It was several years later, in the midst of a fierce campaign which the British and their allies, the Zwasi Kaffirs, were waging against another Kaffir chieftain in the northern part of the Transvaal. Peixoto was in the service of the Zwas. On the day of the final assault on the stronghold of the enemy, after the British had dynamited the caves, it became his duty, as he informed me, to intercept the survivors, stab them, and throw them down over the rocks. He was settling his account with creation in this way. But this is anticipating. I must return to the narrative of my own personal progress.

(To be continued.)

WHERE 'THE SICK IN MIND' ARE FREE

BY ALICE ISAACSON

THE problem of dealing with the insane has always presented difficulties to the physician and to the humanitarian. It has been assumed that some form of restraint is needful, lest such unfortunate beings prove a danger to themselves or to the community at large; but restraint is more or less synonymous with confinement, and confinement necessarily implies loss of liberty to the individual, while the exercise of constant surveillance tends to develop a cunning desire to elude control, on the part of the patient, and to deprive him of any incentive to exert the feeble gleams of reason that would justify a different treatment. If we compare the methods employed in asylums at the present day, and the care and consideration bestowed upon their inmates, with the Bedlam of a century ago, the difference is certainly as marked as light from darkness; but the principle of seclusion from the outer world, of non-intercourse with their fellow men, remains the same. Once the insane patient has been consigned to an asylum, however humanely planned and perfectly organized, he must perforce associate, not with the mentally sane, but with others from whose disordered brains, as from his own, the divine light of reason has fled.

In the colony of Gheel it is far different. There, the lunatic, the idiot, the epileptic, and those grown childish from great age, live untrammelled and unrestrained, except for humane rules and regulations framed for their own welfare and protection; immured

behind no lofty walls, in no strictly-guarded inclosures, such as give to the most admirably ordered asylum the atmosphere of a prison, they lead there a quiet, peaceful existence, among people whose life-work it is to care for and protect them; they are free to wander through the country lanes, to work at will beneath the open air of heaven, to engage in whatever occupations and recreations their dwarfed or diseased intellects permit. There, too, they are surrounded, not by warders and attendants, trained to regard them merely as patients to be coerced and controlled, but by friends, who treat their 'boarders' with genuine kindness and unvarying consideration. The colony of Gheel, under these conditions, may be truthfully described as a place where 'the sick in mind' are free.

Where or what is Gheel? It is a town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, situated in that part of Belgium known as La Campine — a district differing much in outward aspect from the fertile, cultivated country round. It consists for the most part of wide tracts of barren heath, covered with stunted brushwood and sparsely planted trees; here and there scattered hamlets cluster beneath a tall church spire, but there are few towns of any size or importance; and it is no doubt due in some degree to this natural isolation from the more thickly-populated districts of Belgium that the peculiar characteristics distinguishing the colony of Gheel were developed in the earlier periods of its history.

Some thirteen hundred years ago, so runs the tale, the beautiful daughter of a heathen king of Ireland fled from her father's court and, crossing the seas, took refuge at Gheel. Dymphna had been converted to Christianity by the teaching of a monk named Gerebern, and it was under his protection that she sought deliverance from her unnatural father, who strove to force upon her an incestuous union. The infuriated king followed the fugitives and discovered their retreat. Gerebern was cruelly put to death by the savage soldiery, and the king himself, regardless of his daughter's pleading for mercy, seized her long hair, and with one blow cut off her head; then, without waiting to give his victims burial, he returned to Ireland. After a time, it began to be rumored that strange miracles of healing from sickness and disease were wrought on the scene of this horrible crime; and, curiously enough, it was those afflicted mentally who derived especial benefit. The spot came to be considered holy ground, and soon a church was built, and dedicated to St. Dymphna, within which the bones of the martyrs were laid to rest in a vault prepared for their reception beneath the high altar.

Such is the legend of St. Dymphna, and visitors to Gheel to-day may find its closing scene portrayed in a quaint group of figures rudely carved in stone, placed on the very spot where the saint is said to have met her death. Her festival, kept on the fifteenth of May, is the red-letter day of the entire year for Gheel. Then the ancient shrine is wreathed with garlands, and the figures are half buried under the sweet spring flowers strewn over them. People flock into the town from all the neighboring villages; special masses are chanted before the tomb of the saint in the handsome late-Gothic church that bears her name, and high holiday

is kept by the inhabitants, sane and insane alike.

As years passed on, Gheel became more and more frequented as a pilgrimage resort by the sick in body and mind. Not far from the church of St. Dymphna is an interesting old building founded by one Hendrik Berthaul, Heer of Gheel, as a 'Gasthuis' to receive the many pilgrims who came seeking health and strength. It is now an almshouse for the aged poor, under the direction of sisters of charity; but for centuries the old Gasthuis fulfilled its founder's intention, until the village grew and increased in importance, and the people gradually accustomed themselves to take into their own homes as boarders those who desired to sojourn at Gheel.

It would appear that the belief in a peculiar benefit to be derived by the mentally afflicted has always existed here, and it is probably owing to this very early association with various forms of brain disease that the Gheelois have acquired and fostered that singular aptitude for dealing with such maladies, which distinguishes them. There are certain families, so the writer was told, in which for generations certain classes of patients have been received and cared for. It may be they are lunatics or idiots or epileptics; but the appropriate treatment that each differing phase of brain-affection requires is so thoroughly understood, that the physician in charge has no difficulty in deciding upon the most suitable home for special cases.

It may here be remarked that this institution, originally semi-religious, semi-communal in character, was taken over and reorganized by the Belgian government in 1852, and during the past sixty years the *Système Belge*, as carried out in the colony of Gheel, has acquired a world-wide reputation.

On leaving the railway station, the

visitor follows the tramway line along a broad, cobble-paved street, with neat two-storied houses on either side, whitewashed and green-shuttered, the curtain-draped windows bright with flowers; here and there a more pretentious villa, in a shrub-bordered garden, may be seen. On one side, a narrow stream, the Nethe, flows beneath tall shady trees; in the centre of the town is the market-place, and near by rises the red-brick church of St. Amand, in which one may see some interesting carved wood-work. Beyond the church is a tree-planted inclosure laid out with winding walks and flower-beds.

At this point the main street divides, one branch leading past the ancient shrine and Gasthuis that commemorate Hendrik Berthaul's liberality, to St. Dymphna's church; the other continuing in a straight line through the town until it reaches the asylum. The latter is a large, handsome, red-brick structure with two wings, standing in well-kept grounds, somewhat back from the highroad, which is here lined by an avenue of stately elms. On either side of this central edifice, and connected with it and with each other by covered passages, are pretty villas, also of red brick and uniform in design with the asylum. These villas are occupied by the resident medical staff; and the surrounding gardens and pleasure-grounds of the entire block of buildings are laid out with extreme care and taste.

And now some details must be given as to *le patronage familial* (the family system), upon which the organization of the colony of Gheel is based. The district throughout which the mentally afflicted patients are distributed includes the town, together with several neighboring villages, each having its own church, and numerous outlying farms, — all within a circumference of

about thirty miles. It is divided into five sections; for each of these a fully qualified doctor is appointed, who has under him two *surveillants* (inspectors), the entire staff being subordinate to the medical director.

The patients, male or female, who are sent to Gheel for treatment, are received first into the asylum, or infirmary, as it is locally called, where they remain under close supervision and scrutiny until the *médecin-directeur* is satisfied that there is nothing in their mental affliction likely to prove incompatible with the non-restraint methods that form an integral part of the 'colony' life. This period of probation may last for a few days or be extended to several weeks; but so soon as it is considered that patients can, with perfect safety to themselves and others, be placed as boarders in a private family, and that they are likely to derive benefit from freedom from restraint, they are removed from the infirmary, the greatest care and forethought being exercised in the choice of a suitable home.

Before any inhabitant of Gheel can obtain the coveted privilege of having his or her name placed upon the register of *nourriciers*, — a suggestive title that includes the quality of foster-parent equally with that of guardian and keeper, — the strictest investigations are made as to the social position and moral character of the aspirant and his family, as to the sanitary and other conditions of the house they occupy, and as to the size of the room or rooms destined to the use of the prospective boarders. These investigations apply equally to all classes, for as the patients at Gheel belong to different social grades, so, too, do the homes to which they are consigned. The authorities endeavor so far as possible to obtain for the *aliénés* the conditions of life to which they have been accustomed:

thus lunatics of the working class will be placed in working-class families; patients coming from towns are boarded out among the townspeople; while others hailing from country villages are located in farm-houses.

Strictly speaking, there are no poor in Gheel; the inhabitants are for the most part either well-to-do, or possessed of small but independent means, and belong chiefly to the *petite bourgeoisie*, the retired tradesman or artisan class. Most of the houses have gardens; to these is sometimes added a plot of ground where vegetables for the household are cultivated, and where the owner may keep poultry, and perhaps a goat or a cow, or rear two or three pigs. There are no local industries or manufactures, with the exception of two tobacco factories.

The *pensionnaires* (or private patients) have regular occupation and recreation provided for them in the families whose hospitality they enjoy. It is significant, too, that these afflicted beings are rarely spoken of as 'insane,' but are generally referred to as *les malades*; truly 'sick in mind,' and therefore not only to be treated as guests, with kindly courtesy and consideration, but to be cared for and helped in every way to recover the lost balance. Nearly every house in Gheel contains one or two *malades* — not more than two being allowed by the regulations of the *Système Belge*. They are encouraged to share in the usual avocations — the daily toil, the simple pleasures of their hosts; the poorer patients work in the gardens or on the farms; the women sew and help in household duties; those of a higher social position are stimulated to follow any pursuit that interests or amuses them. Music, painting, and other arts are cultivated; as regards the former, there is an excellent Harmonic Society in the town, which holds its regular gatherings and period-

ical concerts, the sane and insane members alike taking part in the programme, to the enjoyment of the whole community.

It might, perhaps, be supposed that constant association and intercourse with those who are mentally afflicted would have an injurious effect on the children of Gheel; but the writer was assured that, on the contrary, accustomed as they are from infancy to the eccentricities and harmless vagaries of the unfortunate creatures around them, they learn to regard these inmates of their home, not with fear, but rather with a sympathetic tenderness and protecting love. It is no unusual thing to see the lunatic boarder nursing the baby, or watching the little ones, while their mother is busied about her household occupations, or walking happily hand-in-hand with them to church on Sunday; and this mutual affection, so pathetic to an onlooker, is not only soothing, but often absolutely beneficial to the distraught brain of the patient.

Needless to say, no dangerous patients are allowed to enjoy perfect freedom from restraint: it is a stringent rule that no insane person showing a tendency to suicide, homicide, or to vicious habits shall be admitted to the colony of Gheel; if any such are sent there for treatment, they are detained in the infirmary, where they are cared for by the gentle, sweet-faced *sœurs de charité*. All possible risk to the community being thus guarded against, no irksome restrictions are put upon the liberty of the patients; they are permitted to come and go unquestioned, to take long country rambles alone or in company; and it is very rare indeed that the trust reposed in them, or the privileges they enjoy, are abused. It is true that the isolated situation of the town would make escape difficult; then, no *malade* is allowed to have money in

his or her possession, except, perhaps, on Sundays or festival days, when half a franc, or a franc, may be given them, to be spent only in the town. The sale of intoxicants to the insane in the public houses is strictly forbidden, and all *nourriciers* are required to see that their boarders are safe indoors, in winter at four o'clock, in summer at eight o'clock in the evening, unless an extension of time has been authorized by the doctor.

The entire colony is kept under constant medical supervision. Night and day the houses where patients are received must be open for inspection if it is thought desirable; the *surveillants* (inspectors) are instructed to time their visits at all hours: in the early morning, to see that the patients are not compelled to rise too early or against their will; at mid-day, to note if the food prepared is sufficient and nourishing; at night, when the family are about to retire, to make sure that a due regard is paid to the warmth, comfort, and ventilation of the sleeping apartments. The medical staff (who are not allowed any private practice) have also their regular daily rounds; incurable cases in each section are visited at least once a month by the doctor in charge, and twice by his subordinate inspector; and those cases where there is hope of ultimate recovery are always visited once a week, and, if need be, more frequently.

The *médecin-directeur* of this interesting colony, upon whom rests the immense responsibility of administering and controlling its affairs, not only keeps in touch with all that is going on, through the daily reports of his subordinates, but once, at least, during the year personally inspects every house, and visits every patient throughout the entire district. The members of the permanent committee, in two series, also pay a visit once a year.

It may be mentioned that as the mentally afflicted people under treatment at Gheel include many not of Belgian nationality, — England, France, Holland, and other countries send patients there, — freedom in the exercise of religion is carefully maintained: the two Catholic churches have already been alluded to; in addition, a Protestant pastor and a Jewish rabbi minister regularly to the spiritual needs of their respective co-religionists.

As regards the payment made on behalf of the 'alienated,' where these are paupers, or in indigent circumstances, the cost of their maintenance is defrayed by the district or parish from which they are sent; those whose friends are in a position to pay for them are charged in accordance with their own social condition and that of the family with whom they reside. For lunatic patients in easy circumstances the cost of maintenance at Gheel varies from six hundred to six thousand francs a year (that is, from about one hundred and twenty to twelve hundred dollars).

And here, to prove that the annual revenue derived from these payments amounts to no inconsiderable sum, the following words may be quoted from a letter written by Dr. Peeters, who for many years, until his retirement in 1909, held the post of *médecin-directeur*. He says,

'If the town of Gheel wears an unwonted aspect of prosperity, it owes it most certainly to the colony. We [the executive] always insist that the laws of hygiene shall be strictly observed, that perfect cleanliness shall reign in the houses, that the windows shall be bright with flowers. We have the right to make these and other demands, for the sums paid by our patients to the inhabitants of Gheel amount to over eight hundred thousand francs a year.'

At the present time two thousand three hundred and twenty-five mentally afflicted patients are under treatment in the colony; out of which number between sixty and seventy only are sequestered in the asylum, all the others enjoying perfect liberty and the advantages of *le patronage familial*. As to the results of the system, it is stated by the authorities that the general health of the patients is excellent; during the

past few years the death-rate has averaged about four per cent; fatal accidents, from whatever cause, are rare; while, with regard to recoveries, these at Gheel, at least since 1889, have been nineteen per cent. Epileptic patients especially appear to derive benefit here, and during a period of twenty years, out of some three thousand received, only once has there been an attempt on life, and that not a serious one.

THE REGENERATION OF IRELAND

BY SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

IRELAND as an agricultural country is faced, like most countries in our western civilization, with the necessity of reconsidering its agricultural economy. We have to save what in all countries is the primary industry, but in Ireland is almost the only industry, from the tendency to urban concentration. It is true that with us the rural exodus is not, as in many other countries, a mere shifting of population. What is migration in the United States, is emigration in Ireland; and as the saying is, our town is America. What the agricultural area loses in the States the urban area gains. With Ireland, depopulation of farmlands is national exhaustion.

My country is a small island with a superficial area of some twenty million acres, of which one fourth is agriculturally unproductive. On the remaining fifteen million acres there are about half a million farms, the homes of about two and one half millions of agricultural folk. So, if all the holdings were of equal size, which they are not

and never will be, the Irish farm would contain only thirty acres. As a matter of fact there are over two hundred thousand farms from one to fifteen acres in extent. These, the homes of a million peasant folk, are largely in the least fertile parts of the country, under a rainy sky, and with bad marketing facilities. The country is without coal, iron, or precious minerals, and it is doubtful whether its heavy rainfall furnishes any very considerable water-power.

Ireland is passing through an agrarian revolution which has rendered necessary and urgent a complete reshaping of its agricultural affairs. The settlement of the tenure question immensely facilitates, but it will not accomplish, the task of reconstructing our rural social economy on sound lines. No government can do this — we must do it for ourselves.

Until the land-purchase policy was determined upon, it was widely believed by the farmers that ownership of

their farms was all that was required to produce agricultural prosperity, and to solve the problem of country life. The 'magic of property' is a well-known and pregnant phrase. Belief in magic always militates against the promotion of voluntary effort. Now, when these doubts are removed by land purchase, we are confronted with one great adverse fact, which is a far more serious obstacle than the passing hindrances due to political, religious, and racial animosities and complications. The Irish people are not agriculturally inclined.

The Irish at home vastly prefer grazing to tillage, while their history in America is sufficient evidence of the general statement that they prefer an urban to a rural existence. Any other occupation appeals to them rather than practical husbandry in the choice of a career. They govern American cities, for which I hope the cities are grateful, but they have not yet made that contribution to the problem of country life in which I would myself have taken more pride.

A few quiet-thinking Irishmen have been working upon this problem steadily for the last twenty years. Recognizing that the settlement of the land question did not do more than prepare the ground for the great work of rural regeneration which lay before their countrymen, they thought out, and have ever since steadily pursued, a certain policy.

Among ourselves we have a convenient formula which divides the solution of our problem into three parts. We say that we have got to bring about somehow *better farming, better business, and better living*. By better farming we mean simply the application to the practice of agriculture of that new scientific knowledge which has led to a more abundant, more certain, and more economic production. Better business implies the introduction of system into

the marketing of produce, the acquisition of farmers' requirements on reasonable terms, the obtaining of working capital at a low rate of interest, and upon terms suitable to the conditions of farming. It seeks further to enable the farmer to hold his own in his relations with those organized interests, whether financial, industrial, commercial, or political, which largely control his wealth. Better living, of course, means a life upon the farm-lands more nearly approaching in its comforts, conveniences, social amenities, and intellectual atmosphere, to the life of the modern city.

In the working out of this three-fold policy we began with better business because we believed it to be the foundation of progress along the other two lines. Both the reasoning upon which this judgment was based, and the experience which confirmed it, may have some suggestive value. I believe that American agriculture has suffered severely from ignoring this essential condition of agricultural progress.

It was our view that the chief difference between the business methods of agriculturists on the one hand, and of those who conduct all other important industries on the other, is that the farmer does not understand, or at all events does not know how to apply, the principles of combination. It is recognized as a condition of success in all commercial and industrial undertakings under modern conditions, that those engaged in any particular occupation must combine for mutual advantage, for protection of their particular interest in its relation to other interests, and also in order to secure political influence where economic legislation or administration affecting that interest is in question.

The reasons for combination are so convincing that it is worth while to consider why farmers remain the sole

exception to what is an accepted law, and the universal practice of modern business. The failure of farmers to combine is in my judgment due to three principal causes.

First, the farmer's calling does not lend itself to associative action. He lives apart; most of his time is spent in the open air, and in the evening of the working-day physical repose is more congenial than mental excitement. Domesticity is preferred to social activity.

Secondly, the farmer is everywhere the most conservative and individualistic of human beings. He dislikes change of methods; he venerates the traditions which have come down to him from his father's father. He does not wish to interfere with anybody else's business, and he is fixedly determined that no one shall pry into or interfere with his.

Thirdly, the kind of combination which is suitable to the conditions of other callings does not meet the requirements of the farmer's industry. I suggest that it is this last difficulty which has chiefly barred the progress of agricultural organization in the United States.

We recognize that where farmers combine it is not a combination of money only, but a combination of the elements of the entire business and of personal effort. The share-holders in the coöperative society participate in control equally, irrespective of the number of shares held. But the profits are divided in this way: the first five per cent is paid on the capital stock, the balance being divided among participants in the project in proportion as they contribute to the profits. In a creamery, for instance, the suppliers and the workers each get out of this balance so many cents in the dollar's worth of milk supplied, or of work done. Here the first essential of stability and success is assured. The inter-

ests of all the participants in the venture are harmonized, and it becomes the aim and object of all to contribute their utmost to its success.

The coöperative movement in Ireland is producing practical results. The coöperative creameries now manufacture something over one half of the entire export of Irish butter. But the same principle is being gradually applied to every branch of the farming industry. Agricultural coöperative societies purchase wholesale at the lowest price and, what is far more important, of the best quality, all farmers' requirements—seeds, fertilizers, implements, machinery, and so forth. They jointly dispose of agricultural produce. There are poultry and egg societies, bee-keeping societies, combinations for joint ownership of breeding stock too costly for individual possession, and for the joint purchase and operation of steam-driven agricultural machinery not within the reach of individuals.

So far we have about a thousand farmers' coöperative associations, with nearly a hundred thousand members, mostly heads of families, and consequently embracing nearly half a million of the population. The actual turnover for 1909 was about twelve million dollars. We regard the movement as being only in its infancy. We are far behind our fellow workers in Denmark, Germany, and several other Continental countries. The advantages of co-operation are not purely commercial. Men who have learned to work together in the business of their lives quite naturally use their business organization for mutual, intellectual, and social improvement. Thus better living follows upon better business.

Another inestimable advantage of agricultural coöperation—I believe the real secret of its success—is its psychological effect. A great French psychologist who wrote a book which he

called *The Crowd*, set out to demonstrate the proposition that an association of men is very apt to display qualities the reverse of those which characterize the individuals composing the association. One effect of organizing adult farmers for business purposes is that it completely changes their attitude toward their own problems. I could cite instances where agricultural coöperative associations, composed of individuals generally regarded as hopelessly unprogressive, have displayed in business, in politics, and in the promotion of education, qualities which, if applied to the more opulent circumstances of the agricultural community in the United States, would place American farming in a higher position than it occupies to-day.

While agricultural coöperation was chosen as the foundation of a complete scheme of agricultural development, the moment our farmers were sufficiently well-organized to appreciate and take full advantage of state assistance, we found that our organized farmers' granges had developed a new political influence. Backed by them, we who were heading the movement were able to persuade the government to do its part in promoting better farming. After an agitation of pure reason, in which there was an unprecedented union of all creeds, classes, and interests, we won for Ireland, ten years ago, a Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, for the furthering of all the economic activities of the country, mainly those relating to agriculture and the subsidiary industries.

I was the working head of this department for its first seven years, during which I outraged all the proprieties of political life by appointing the best men I could get to fill the posts requiring expert qualifications, regardless of the party to which they might

belong. Even this does not exhaust the tale of my iniquities. As we had no means of training men for expert work in Ireland, I had to bring them in from England and Scotland. In due time I was 'fired out,' but I had got together a splendid staff of workers. I have the satisfaction of knowing that these men have set up a practical education so effective that, in filling the many vacancies that must constantly occur in a department with such multifarious functions, the difficulty will not be to find competent Irishmen, but to select from the many qualified applicants.

The getting of this department, with an endowment of nearly twelve million dollars a year, illustrates a point cited above which I would emphasize. I was in the House of Commons for eight years. I entered it mainly with the object of promoting an agricultural policy. I noticed that when an agricultural member rose to address the House he usually emptied it. I do not think this was because he was a greater fool than others, but because the House knew that he spoke for individuals and not for organized men. I do not know how it is in America, but at home I have observed that, when legislation affecting any particular interest is under discussion, those who speak on behalf of that interest are listened to with an attention strictly proportionate to the organization of those they speak for. Not political organization, but business organization.

There remains the third ingredient of our Irish prescription for country life — better living. An improved social life in the open country is to my mind the most important of the three parts of the policy. We have always looked upon the problem of rural life in Ireland as being but one small corner of the problem coextensive with our western civilization. Everywhere we hear the cry that all that is most hope-

ful and most helpful in the rural population is being drawn away by the lure of the city.

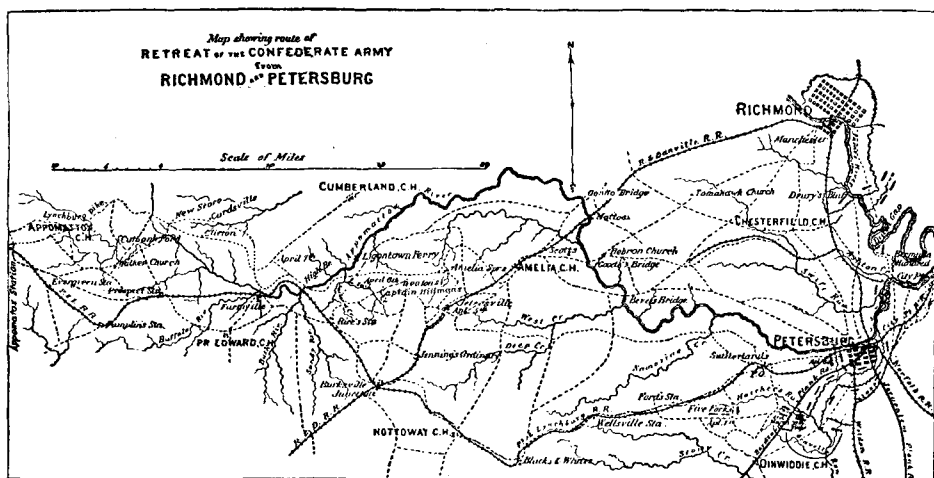
I believe our main reliance must be upon a redirection of rural education. Up to a certain point education in the rural school is, in its essence, identical with city education. The character of the child has to be built up, and its mind stored with a certain number of necessary facts which nature curiously enables us to assimilate much more easily when they are of no use to us than when we want to apply them to practical life. But the point of divergence between town and country education appears to me to be reached when the course of study has regard to the mental outlook.

There are two human attributes to which the city appeals irresistibly, quite apart from the better opportunity it affords of material advancement — the gregarious instinct and the love of excitement. Improved locomotion and means for communicating thought from eye to eye and from ear to ear, the organization of social functions in rural centres, and lectures illustrated by the moving life of the cinematograph, — to take the latest addition to the mechanical aids to exposition, — will all help. But their influence may be centripetal with some, centrifugal with others. No conceivable device by which the country may gain some share of the enjoyment of the town can destroy the lure of the city. The farmer's calling is one of constant and un-

remitting toil. No process of evolution will evolve a cow which will consent to do without milking on Sunday. A modest standard of physical comfort, devoid of all expensive luxuries, must continue to be the lot of the tillers of the soil. The one way to offset the townward tendency is to revolutionize the mental outlook of the rural population, to concentrate it upon the open country.

How this is to be done it is for those who lead thought in educational science to say. All I can do is to define the need as I see it. We want two changes in the rural mind. The physical environment of the farmer is replete with interest to the followers of almost every branch of natural science. That interest must be communicated to the agricultural classes according to their capabilities. 'Nature study,' I believe, is the latest term of the pedagogues for the revelation of the simple natural processes; but to make those processes interesting to the child you must first make them interesting to the teacher.

The second change in the outlook relates to the spiritual rather than to the utilitarian side of education. Somehow or other that intimacy with and affection for nature to which Wordsworth has given the highest expression must be engendered in the mind of rural youth. In this way only will the countryman come to realize the beauty of the life about him, as through the teaching of science he will come to realize its truth.



THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

IV

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

GENERAL POAGUE'S battalion of artillery, which played such havoc with Hancock's advance that second May morning in the Wilderness, had gone on ahead and taken up a good position beside Gordon and Mahone. Humphreys came up against their entrenched line at Cumberland Church about two o'clock, and after a survey reported to Meade that he had the whole Confederate army in his front, and apparently full of fight. Whereupon Meade sent orders to Wright at Farmville to cross and attack at once. Wright had to wait until Peter Michie, my dear friend of West Point days, had laid a pontoon bridge, and then with bands playing and streets lit with bon-

VOL. 109 - NO. 6

fires, for night had fallen, he moved up to Humphreys.

Meanwhile, Crook had forded the river and his advance brigade, Gregg's, catching sight of retreating trains, attacked; but Rosser and Munford turned on him so savagely that Gregg was captured and his troops were driven back on to the rest in confusion. The other brigades of the division had to take the defensive, and later received orders from Grant to recross and join Sheridan.

Humphreys, that man of steely courage, hearing Crook's guns and thinking they were Wright's advance, assaulted, selecting his most determined division-commander, Miles, to deliver the blow. Lee, however, apprised of Humphreys' threatening attitude, hur-

ried Longstreet to the spot, who on arriving sent G. T. Anderson's brigade of Field's division to Mahone, who directed them through a woodland to Miles's right and repulsed him with heavy loss. By this time it was almost dark.

Sheridan, after lunching at Prince Edward Court House under the spreading oaks, sent Mackenzie's division of cavalry to Prospect Station, eleven miles west of Farmville on the Lynchburg Railroad, and then followed after him with the other two divisions, Merritt's and Custer's. On arriving at Prospect Station the sun was down; he notified Grant that one of his scouts had reported that eight supply trains were at Appomattox Station for Lee's army, and that he would move his cavalry column thither. Grant in response told him to go ahead and that the Fifth Corps, at that hour, 7 P.M., going into bivouac at Prince Edward, and the Twenty-fourth, then in Farmville, would push after him.

In the course of the afternoon, Wright, while waiting for Michie's bridge to be built, told Ord and Gibbon what Ewell had said to him the night before at Sailor's Creek, of Lee's duty, in view of what had happened that day, to stop the shedding of any more blood. Wright repeated the same story to Grant, confirming what Doctor Smith had told him; then Grant talked over with these officers the propriety of sending a note to Lee suggesting the surrender of his army.

There is no record of what Wright, Gibbon, or Ord said at this interview; but knowing that Ord had tried through his old army and fellow West Point friend, Longstreet, to bring about an interview between Grant and Lee the previous winter with a view to ending the war, I have no doubt that he urged it warmly. But perhaps what decided the matter in Grant's mind

was that he knew from Sheridan's position that he would soon be across Lee's way at Appomattox as at Jetersville, and that Lee would then have to surrender. Hence he wrote to him as follows, —

HEADQUARTERS,
ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
April 7, 1865 — 5 P.M.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. Army:

GENERAL: The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the C. S. Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

Lieutenant-General, Commanding
Armies of the United States.

Surely this momentous note could not have been pitched in a better key to still the sea of passion or turn the mind toward the paths of peace; and I am free to confess that whenever I ponder on this campaign there always emerges from its background of providential results, results so vast and beneficent, a vision of the country's good angel standing by Grant's side guiding his pen, what time he took it up to address Lee.

While this peace-breathing letter is on its way, let me bring forward a complementary circumstance, prophetic and freighted with human interest, for it reveals with the suddenness of a flash-light the state of mind of a group of high Confederate officers, showing not only what knightly men they were, but also, as no narrative of events could,

how the trials of the last few days had made breaches in the walls of their hitherto invincible confidence.

'The march,' says the diary of the Richmond Howitzers relating to that very day after Sailor's Creek, 'now assumed every appearance of a rout. Soldiers from every command were straggling all over the country, and our once grand army was rapidly melting away.' Under these rueful and ill-boding conditions, the morning after their arrival at Farmville, Gordon and a number of leading officers, Pickett among them, as I have every reason to believe, met early in the morning and held a conference. After discussing the situation, they came to the conclusion that the days of the Confederacy were numbered, and that some one should go to Lee and tell him so; and if odium there were for asking terms of Grant, that it should be allowed to fall on them alone for first making the suggestion. They delegated Gordon to lay the matter before Pendleton, — Lee's chief of artillery and a West Point boyhood friend whose relations with his commander were as intimate as Lee's nature permitted any one's to be, — and further instructed Gordon to ask Pendleton, provided he felt as they did, to be the bearer of their message to Lee. Pendleton's account of his interview with Gordon is as follows: —

'Fighting was going on, but not very severely, so that conversation was practicable [it was in the afternoon and they were on the hills above Farmville]. General Gordon had with me an interview, told me of discouraging intelligence from the South, and of a conference which had been held between other responsible officers and himself, and announced their joint wish that, if my views agreed with theirs, I should convey to General Longstreet, as second in command, and then, if he agreed, to General Lee, 'our united

judgment that the cause had become so hopeless we thought it wrong to be having men killed on either side, and not right, moreover, that our beloved commander should be left to bear the entire trial of initiating the idea of terms with the enemy. My judgment not conflicting with those expressed, it seemed to me my duty to convey them to General Lee. At first General Longstreet dissented, but on second thought preferred that he should be represented with the rest.'

The significance of the foregoing incident, not to be matched in purport by anything which occurred on that fateful march, leads me to ask the reader to let me interrupt Pendleton's account with a comment or two.

Can any better proof be offered of the desperateness and hopelessness of Lee's situation? For were not Gordon and every one of his fellows at that conference perfectly familiar with the Articles of War? Even to hint at surrender in the presence of an enemy was the most despicable sin a soldier could commit. The crime was called mutiny, and carried a death penalty which, if executed, is forever tainted by disgrace. No graduate of West Point and no one who ever wore a sword in time of war will fail to be impressed by the seriousness of what they did. Yet in the face of this dread danger, unshaken, they took that grandly moral but perilous step.

In one sense Gordon and Pickett could afford to take it, for the scars they bore and the records of the days of battle when they led, shamed out of sight all suspicion that the fires of their courage and loyalty had ceased to burn. The thought that these virtues failed them now would be an outrage to their memories. And moreover, as the calm light of the present falls on the scene of their conference, Reason and Humanity stand there ready to establish the

truth, that their courage was of the very highest type, a type loftier than Gordon's at Spottsylvania when he spurred his horse across Traveller's front, seized his bridle-rein and checked him, shouting to General Lee above the roar of the musketry at the Bloody Angle, 'You must go to the rear!' or Pickett's when he set out with a cheery face to storm the lines at Gettysburg.

And now let me tell you a strange fact, and one that I wish my eye had not fallen upon. When Gordon wrote his *Reminiscences* he disclaimed being present at the conference; and even brave old Longstreet, whose last years were made so pitifully miserable by venomous attacks from brother soldiers with whom he had worn the gray, in his military *Life* says that he turned on Pendleton and inquired, 'if he did not know that the Articles of War provided that officers and soldiers who asked their commanding officers to surrender should be shot?'

Let it be observed that, when Gordon and Longstreet wrote their accounts of that conference, poor Pendleton was in his grave and the pæan to Lee and the steadfastness of the Army of Northern Virginia was ringing loud. Oh, how weak we are and how often we cringe before public opinion, abandoning and dismantling the strong works built by those royal engineers, the inward senses of Right and Duty!—And the cock crew.—Yet do you know, Reader, acquainted as I am with my weakness, I am afraid that I should have done just as they did,—I should have disclaimed that conference, too.

Whom, then, shall we believe? All I have to say is, that Pendleton was a gentleman and so were Gordon and Longstreet, and now they are across the river in a land beyond domineering opinion, where all earthly glories seem dim, and controversy never breathes. Green, forever green, I hope, will rest

their laurels. They served the Confederacy well, they won a place by their manliness and valor in the hearts of North and South. They won a place, too, in the heart of Peace by that conference; and when she passes their graves or that of any one who said, 'Let the odium fall on me,' she whispers to her angelic companions, 'Here lies the clay of a valiant man; he was a friend of mine on the hills of Farmville.'

II

What, meanwhile, was the nature of the discouraging intelligence from the South and how had it come to Gordon's ears, in view of the fact that all telegraph lines were cut? There are but two sources whence it could have come. I shall give my surmises as to them in the inverse order of their probability.

So far as there is any record, John S. Wise, the distinguished author of *The End of an Era*, then a boy of twenty years, was the only one who had reached the army from the South; and this is how it happened.

Mr. Davis was at Danville. Three days had elapsed, and not a word from Lee. Anxiety grew, and keener and keener was the longing to know how it had gone with the Army of Northern Virginia. Midnight of the third day was approaching, and the spare, sleepless President, with his pathetically channeled face, could stand the suspense no longer. He telegraphed to General Walker, commanding the troops nearest to the army to send some one out to see and get the news. For this signal duty young Wise was chosen.

After stirring adventures Wise got to Farmville late Thursday evening, a few hours after the blow at Sailor's Creek, and from there set out to find Lee. While threading the shattered and retreating forces, he tells us that he

fell in with two general officers whom he knew. Both were very much cast down, declaring that all hope was gone. Is it not probable that, learning from whence he came, they asked him for the latest news from the South, from Sherman and Johnston? And is it not likely that he told them all he knew? For who ever met one of that Wise blood yet, young or old, and did not find him a frank transparent gentleman and courageously truthful, besides being mightily interesting and companionable?

Well, whatsoever may or may not have passed between him and his gloomy friends, he rode on; and he says, 'It was after midnight when I found General Lee. He was in an open field north of Rice's Station. A camp-fire of fence-rails was burning low and Colonel Marshall [Lee's adjutant-general] sat in an ambulance with a lantern and lap-desk, and Lee with one hand on a wheel, his foot on a log, was dictating orders.'

After explaining his mission to Lee and being told by him that it was unsafe to intrust any written communication to Mr. Davis on account of the danger of capture, and that he himself should be governed by each day's developments, Wise caught a little sleep, then went back to Farmville, saw his father, and perhaps some old friends, and then was off for Danville.

The other possibility, and perhaps the actual explanation, is that the news came direct from Breckinridge, Confederate Secretary of War, who joined the army on the march, having left the burning capital with Ewell. Now he and Gordon knew each other well (they served together in the Valley, sharing Early's disastrous campaign in the previous autumn), and while riding from the field at Sailor's Creek let us suppose that he fell in with Gordon. Is it not likely that they discussed the

state of the army and that Breckinridge, familiar with the secret history of affairs, told him all the dismal news from Johnston, — that Schofield had united with Sherman and that there was not one chance in a hundred of being able to halt their united forces?

In such a strait, what could Lee accomplish even if he circled Grant's left and gained the Roanoke? Might not Breckinridge casually have dropped the remark that Lee first or last might just as well see Grant? Of course I do not know that this conversation actually took place, but we can rest assured that Pendleton heard the name of Gordon's informant. And I wonder if, when he was writing his final report to Colonel Taylor, Lee's adjutant-general, the day after the surrender, Pendleton did not have Breckinridge in mind when he said, 'The conviction had become established in the minds of a large majority of the best of our officers and men that the army could not be extricated from its perilous condition,' and so forth.

Well, whether Breckinridge said a word or not that night to his old campaign friends, he left the army early in the morning for the Roanoke, and on the following day sent a dispatch from Red House to Mr. Davis saying, 'I left General Lee at Farmville yesterday morning, where he was passing the main body across the river for temporary relief . . . The straggling has been great, and the situation is not favorable.'

Finally, are not the chances even that Breckinridge opened his heart to Gordon or some one else? And in that case, on account of his cabinet position, what he said, taken in connection with the condition of the army, must have had weight, and great weight, in determining the solution of the conference. I cannot believe for a moment that these officers were influenced by

camp rumors. The discouraging intelligence from the South must have been authoritative.

Now, to go back and take up the thread once more: Grant's note was given to Seth Williams, the Adjutant-General of the Army of the Potomac; and a more lovable and rarer man never walked the plain of Old West Point as a boy, or as a man wore the army uniform. Moreover, when Lee was superintendent of the Academy Williams had been his adjutant.

Williams reached Humphreys about half-past eight, and on passing through the skirmish line (it was then quite dark and no moon) he was soon challenged by a member of the City Life Guards of Columbus, Georgia, in Sorrel's brigade, then under command of Colonel Tayloe. The gallant Sorrel was absent recovering from a desperate wound.

The Confederate officer to whom the challenging picket reported the presence of the flag of truce was Lieutenant G. T. Peacock of the Guards, who at once notified his superior officer, Major Moffett. The major came to the picket, and advancing in the darkness some thirty paces called out, 'What is wanted?' — 'Important dispatches from General Grant to General Lee,' answered Williams. 'Stand where you are till I communicate,' came back in response.

A messenger was then sent to the brigade headquarters, and the Adjutant-General, A. H. Perry, was directed to go and receive the note. This officer says that he buckled on his revolver, passed some fifty yards beyond their pickets, halted and called for the flag. It was then about nine o'clock, and scattered about in the starless woods were many of our dead and wounded. Williams answered the call; Perry came forward and 'met,' he says, 'a very handsomely-dressed Federal

officer. We stopped in front of each other, about seven or eight feet apart.' Williams spoke first, announcing his name as of General Grant's staff; Perry then in turn made known who he was; whereupon Williams put his hand in his breast-pocket, as Perry supposed feeling for a document; instead of which he produced a silver-mounted flask and hoped that Perry would not think it unsoldierly courtesy if he were to offer him some fine brandy. Perry austere declined the civility; Williams begged his pardon, and without comment replaced the flask.

If ever there was one occasion in this world when brandy had a heaven-born mission, that was the time, and I think Perry made a mighty big mistake, and he thought so, too, before he died.

Under the circumstances, however (they were gloomy enough), he felt that to take a drink with an enemy would be undignified. But I don't believe that would have hampered you, Reader, at all, for I have a notion that, besides being companionable, you are also a chivalrous sort of fellow. Off would have gone your hat, and out would have gone your hand — and lifting the flask, you would have said, 'Here's to you, with my best respects!' and taken a good long pull. And had Perry done as you would have done, I have no doubt Williams would have exclaimed with beaming face, for he always looked as if he carried a harp in his breast, 'Thank you, colonel, thank you, and drink right heartily, my soldier friend!'

Perry having rather haughtily declined the proffered courtesy, Williams produced the dispatch, expressing the hope that it would be delivered promptly to General Lee. Then they bowed profoundly and parted. Within a few paces Williams met a member of Miles's staff in search of a friend among the wounded. Being told that

this officer had several letters and family pictures found in Mahone's personal baggage, captured that afternoon, which he wished to return, Williams called back to Perry and asked him if he would meet the officer. Perry answered 'Yes,' and retracing his steps, took Mahone's effects, and offered to do, and did, something for our wounded. Williams, meanwhile, made the best of his way to Humphreys' headquarters.

The dispatch was forwarded promptly to Lee, who was not far off, and alone with Longstreet, who had not yet seen Pendleton. After reading it Lee, without referring to its contents, handed it to Longstreet, who read it, and as he returned the note made the sole remark, 'Not yet.'

Without consulting Longstreet further, Lee responded to Grant as follows:—

April 7, 1865.

GENERAL, —

I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid the useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. LEE, General.

Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT.

To show how a coming crisis is felt, that night, possibly at the very hour that Lee received Grant's letter, the regimental officers of the 11th North Carolina, McRae's brigade, held a conference, and a certain Captain Outlaw was charged to see that the battle-frayed colors, come weal, come woe, should not be parted with. Accordingly he took them from the staff, replaced their water-proof cover, and carried

them in his breast. When, thirty-six hours later, Lee rode through the lines to meet Grant, the officers of the regiment retired to a thicket, raked together a pile of leaves, and committed the flag that had been carried on so many fields of glory to the flames.

Within an hour Lee's reply was received at Humphreys' headquarters, and Williams started with it to Grant; but having to take the circuitous route by way of High Bridge, he did not reach Grant at Farmville till midnight.

Meanwhile, without waiting for Grant's answer to his question as to terms, Lee consolidated his army into two corps, Longstreet's and Gordon's, and by ten o'clock his men were moving toward Appomattox. In the light of this fact, is there anything plainer than that, when he asked Grant as to the character of the terms he would give, he had no intention whatsoever of accepting them, let them be what they might? His answer was a parry pure and simple. But his enforced delay at Farmville to enable his trains to get out of the way, made it utterly impossible for him to realize his hopes.

And yet I can hear a student of war, whose whole life is devoted to reassembling the bones of dead campaigns, ask sternly, 'Why did Lee not concentrate every soldier and attack Humphreys?' Neither Wright nor any of the troops at Farmville, as we now know, could have come to his help in time to have served him. Well, proud Gentlemen of the Sword, let me tell you that, if you ever go through a war like that which this narrative is dealing with, and after four years of it should make a retreat like that from Petersburg, I will, to use the language of Isaac Walton, go you twenty to one that you will not press the question. For you well know that there is so much to be taken into account in actual warfare, of which experience alone can give any idea, that

to ask why this or that was done will never enter your mind.

But little, little does it matter now, Student of War, what Lee might have done that day on the hills above Farmville. Doom was throwing the last shovelfuls out of the grave of the Confederacy, and Slavery's inveterate enemies, Humanity and Freedom, were standing there looking down into it and demanding that it be dug sufficiently deep.

But lift your eyes: there, too, on poisoning wings, are the joyful spirits of better days to come, days of peace, days without lament and full of national splendor. So, let the Army of Northern Virginia have been called upon to do this or that, nothing could stay God's march of events on this our church-spired world.

Therefore let us not speculate on what Lee might have done, but go on with the narrative; for it is toward midnight and his army is moving again, moving silently away from its fainting camp-fires. The cavalry, who are to bring up the rear, are mounting their gaunt horses, and the division officers of the day are withdrawing the pickets. Walker, with the surplus artillery and some of the trains, and Bushrod Johnson's division, composed of Wise's, Wallace's, and Moody's brigades, are far ahead, in the lead; then comes Gordon's corps, followed by Longstreet's, Fitz Lee's cavalry bringing up the rear. They are on two

roads, the stage and the plank, which meet at New Store about halfway to Appomattox. Both are bad, very bad in some places, and at a certain point Lee's headquarters wagons are being lightened by the destruction of letters and papers — a significant portent. And now, leaving them to trudge on, let us turn to the Army of the Potomac.

While Lee's troops, weary, sleepy, and heavy-hearted, were picking up their guns and leaving their little camp-fires to take the road for Appomattox, Wright's Sixth Corps was marching through the village of Farmville to the bridge across the river. On their way they spied Grant watching them from the piazza of the hotel, and my life-long and brilliant friend, Horace Porter, of his staff, says, 'Bonfires were lighted on the sides of the streets, the men seized straw and pine-knots and improvised torches, cheers arose from throats already hoarse with shouts of victory, bands played, banners waved. The night march had become a grand review, with Grant as the reviewing officer.'

Army of Northern Virginia, what a contrast! But march on! you, too, are passing in review, — passing in review before History who, with tablet and pen in hand, stands between the lofty columns of her porch, and Valor with moistening eyes is by her side. That other figure standing deep in the shadow is Fate.

(To be continued.)

MOODS

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

I

TO WHAT END?

OUT of these dreams of good and evil, dense
With hopes grown half despairs, despairs that trace
Furrows for hope, I wake sometimes and face
The darkness of our final nescience:

Then all earth's dancing pageants fall away —
Her flowers and forests and assuaging streams;
All man's philosophies and golden dreams —
The veils he wraps about the face of clay —

Dissolve. And there remains eternal lack
Of any comfort: for those questionings,
Whose *stubborn challenge still unchallenged rings*, —
Nor man nor god gives ever answer back, —
Set like stark monoliths as terminals
To Life's long alley, close Death's windy halls.

II

OPTIMISM

When cold dejection comes and joy of Life
Fades in eclipse; when the rich powers of thought
Are tarnished o'er, and as an empty strife
Is all that once seemed worthiest to be sought;

Under that blinding doom I should forget
The victories and conquests of the day,
And burning faiths and white ideals set
For fiery pillars on my nightly way:

But that in blanching ashes still, I know,
 My inner spirit tends a glowing core,
 Deep-hid, unfelt, but burning evermore,
 Which soon the keen salt winds of Life shall blow
 Into a shimmering fervor, till it shed
 Spark-showers exultant down the ways ahead.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND¹

BY ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

V

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

Here we are on Tom Tiddler's Ground
 Picking up gold and silver;
 Daisies and lillies
 And daffadownhillies —
 O, who would n't be a delver!

NEXT morning the farmer took him out to the fields, having first provided him with a pair of small leggings; for some rain had fallen during the night, and wading among the flowers would be wet work.

They came to a strip of ground, in size about an acre, set about with a low hedge of veronica, and ablaze with yellow trumpet daffodils; yes, ablaze, though most of the buds were but half open. Half a dozen boys were already at work here, headed (to Jan's delight) by the brown smiling boy. For most of the men of the farm had started before daybreak to row Young Matthey's barge, laden with flower-boxes, to the landing on the south point of Iniscaw, where the Lady's launch would take them in tow across the Sound to St. Lide's pier, under the lee of which the steamer lay.

The farmer, having briefly instructed Jan what flowers to choose, how to pluck them low down by the base with a sharp snap, and how to basket them when plucked, assigned him his row and left him in charge of Dave, as he called the brown boy.

The field lay on the slope of the cliffs, in a sheltered hollow facing southward, so that, over the sheets of daffodils and over the dwarf hedge, you saw the blue water of the archipelago, right away south to St. Lide's and to Garrison Hill with the Star Castle crowning it, and, at its base, — so clear was the morning, — the smoke of the steamer as she lay getting up steam.

The sunshine, falling warm on the wet flowers, drew from them the rarest fragrance. (They were trumpet daffodils, as has been said, and nine out of ten of us would have called them odorless; but little Jan, it was to be discovered, had a sense of smell keen, almost, as a wild animal's.) Their fragrance mingled with the wafted brine of the sea; and between them, what with the breeze and the myriad heads of gold it set nodding, and the spirit of youth dancing inside of him, they flooded the child's soul with

¹ Begun in the May number.

happiness — a happiness so poignant that once, straightening himself up in a pause of the picking, he felt his eyes brim with tears through which the daffodils danced in a mist. Brushing the back of his hand across his eyes he glanced shyly across at the brown boy, fearful lest he had detected his weakness.

And Dave had, but set it down to the wrong cause.

'Takes ye in the back, first-along, hey?' said Dave kindly. 'Never mind, little un; within a week you'll get over the cramps, an' it's not bad ye're doin' for a beginner.'

Jan blessed him for the misunderstanding. What a splendid fellow Dave was — so brown and strong! But Dave, though he could smile most of his time, had very little mouth speech, as they say on the Islands. He contented himself with showing Jan how to arrange his flowers in the 'maund' or basket, — they had one maund between them and were working down two parallel rows, — and he did it mostly by dumb show.

Once, however, he called out, standing up and pointing, 'There she goes!' And all the boys paused for a full minute and gazed southward at the steamer heading out from St. Lide's quay for the Main. As he watched her the old longing came upon Jan with a rush; the old question, as a sudden cloud upon his glee.

They fell to work again. But a few minutes later word arrived that Dave must attend the farmer in an upper field, where he had an ingenious device for forcing some rare bulbs where they stood by covering them with small portable glass-houses mounted on wheels. This matured the plants better than the old way of transferring them to boxes and forcing them in a large greenhouse; but the glass-houses needed handling, and the greater part

of the grown men had not yet returned with the barge. So Dave was requisitioned.

He had no sooner left than the industriousness of the boys in the field sensibly slackened. Jan, bending over the row, did not perceive it, and was rudely awakened by a light cuff on the ear. Above him stood the tow-headed boy, grinning and showing the gaps in his teeth.

'Sneak!' said the tow-headed boy. 'That's for telling tales on me last night.'

A sudden fury leaped up in Jan. He wanted to kill the tow-headed boy, — he was so ugly and told lies. Without waiting to consider, Jan leaped on him, and the attack was so sudden that both rolled over among the dripping daffodils, crushing the flowers as they rolled.

For a few seconds Jan was on top, and his hands felt for the tow-headed boy's throat, to grip it, but presently age and weight prevailed. 'Little devil, I'll teach you!' The tow-headed boy first clutched the nape of his neck and rubbed his face into the soil, then caught at one of the writhing arms and began to twist it. 'Now sing small, little devil!'

'I won't,' gasped Jan, almost faint with pain. 'You tell lies, and are ugly — ugly!'

'Hullo!'

It was Dave's voice, and Dave descended on the scrimmage like a young god. He cuffed the two apart; but Jan, white with passion, flew again at his adversary and had to be caught by the jacket-neck and flung back to earth among the wet flowers.

'Little spitfire!' laughed Dave. 'Seemin' to me, Ben Lager, this field is n' safe for you and you'd better come along an' help with the glass-boxes. Farmer sent me down to fetch up another hand.'

So the tow-headed boy was marched off and Jan, picking himself up, fell to work again. He was trembling from head to foot. He had never in his short life known such a fit of rage, and it affected him like an ague. For a full hour the trembling lasted, at intervals broken by a sob that convulsed all his limbs.

The harvest had begun late this year, in contrast with last season's, when picking started before New Year's Day and went on steadily until May month. Up to the opening days of February, Young Matthey had carried a gloomy face about his fields, consoling himself with market reports of unusually high prices, due to severe weather in the south of France, where the gardens of his trade rivals, the Mediterranean growers, had lain under snow for three weeks on end.

Young Matthey ever spoke with asperity of these distant Frenchmen, his mind confusing them in a queer fashion with what he had read in newspapers concerning Monte Carlo. He imagined them at the end of the season, when he banked his few hard-earned pounds, as flocking to the tables with large sums of money (that ought by rights to be in *his* pocket) and gambling it away upon *roulette*, a game happily unknown in the Islands. Indeed the Islanders knew no games at all. Strange to say, even the children played none — until Jan taught them, as you shall hear.

In February the flowers awoke and came on with a rush. The previous summer had been a hot one, baking and ripening the buds in the ground. But November brought a spell of cold, which continued through December and January, holding (as the farmer argued) the head of the procession in check, while the later regiments of flowers pressed up and trod on their leaders' heels, all waiting the signal of

fine weather; so that when the sunshine came, all burst into bloom together, and bloomed riotously. The Islands had never known such a March. In the first week the workers had to give over saving the flowers in bud and bunching them in water jars under shelter, for they opened faster than the whole population could pick. The sky was clear. The weather-glass stood at 'Set Fair.' The maidens left their glass-houses and worked afield with the lads. In the last week of the holidays the farmers met and sent a deputation to the Lady, protesting that, if the schools reopened as usual, the flower industry would perish amid plenty. What was government, with its education grant, compared to three hundred pounds' worth that must rot in the fields. The Lady snapped her fingers at the board of education in London, and extended the holidays a fortnight. There was talk even of hiring another steamer to ply from the Main. The present one would carry but fifty tons at a time; for flower-boxes take up much room for their weight. Fifty tons three times a week, — say seventy thousand flowers to the ton, — between nine and ten millions of flowers! Which means a million and a half picked every day, since the Islanders do not work on Sundays.

So, instead of a month, Jan dwelt six weeks upon Brefar, until all the trumpet daffodils and the Leedsii were either picked or overblown, and even the Poet's Narcissus, latest of all, — in those days little grown on the outer islands, but chiefly under apple trees in the few orchards on St. Lide's and in the Lady's gardens at Iniscaw, — were past their prime.

These were happy days for the boy, but they were days of almost constant labor, so that often after supper and prayers he would climb to his attic almost too weary to drag off his clothes,

far too weary to loiter at his window picking out and naming the sea-lights, before tumbling into bed and into a dreamless sleep.

On the last 'steamer day,' Young Matthey gave him leave to travel across with him to St. Lide's in the barge and prepare the Treachers for his return. As he stepped ashore on the quay he had a queer feeling of having been absent for years instead of weeks. The steamer lay alongside as he had seen her lie some scores of times; the carts were rattling down from the island; the laden boats hurrying across the Sound, from St. Ann's in the south, from St. Michael's in the north (where local report said the men grew tails and spoke an outlandish language amongst themselves). The boxes were being shipped at high pressure; some were being slid down shutles into the hold, others piled on an already monstrous deck cargo; and, as usual, the skipper was holding two altercations at once with shippers who had attempted to overcrowd their allotted space. But it seemed to Jan that either he had grown, or Garland Town had shrunk. He came back to it as one who had seen the world.

At the head of the street, where a rough path climbs to the Garrison Gate, he ran against Dr. Hervey.

'Hullo, youngster! Well, it's fine and brown you are!' cried the doctor genially, 'and have shot up, I protest! Is it Brefar air? or has the world grown for ye?'

Jan returned the doctor's smile with a new air of independence, yet modestly enough: 'It's different, sir.'

'Ay, ay! *Cælum, non animum, mutant*; worse rubbish was never uttered. But, boy, ye've missed your Latin — precious days of it. We must make up leeway. And from Latin, in a year's time or so, I'll lead ye to Greek, which is a baptism, look ye, — a baptism

into a cult, — and the only true key to freedom. There be other ways more alluring and that look easier; but if you'd be a free man — free of these Islands, free of the Main, free of the Mediterranean, which is the sea of seas, and of Rome, to which all the roads lead — ye'll avoid short cuts and sit down with me to *mensa, mensam, mensæ*.'

VI

MARY MARTHA'S TOMBSTONE

Young Farmer Matthey having business to transact in Garland Town, the return journey was not made until late in the afternoon. Half-way across, the farmer called Jan aft, to speak with him.

'I'd a sudden thought to-day,' he said, 'and meeting Sergeant Treacher on the quay just now, I broached it to him. You seem to be a quiet, steady boy, an' I hear good reports of 'ee besides what I've seen with my own eyes. What 'd ye say to livin' 'long with us at Chy-an-Chy, an' goin' to Brefar school along with my own children? You need n't be in a hurry with "yes" or "no,"' he added, as Jan stood with face flushed and stammered for words, 'because anyway we'd have to get the Mistress's leave first. But I was thinkin' that I've a shortage of boys — maids in plenty, but no boys to mention, or none to be depended on. There's Little Matthey, my eldest — he's a grown man, an' the farm'll come to him in God's time; but he've no understandin' for flowers, an' never had. As for Mark, his mother spoils en. Goin' outside my own, Dave is a good lad, but Dave, when he grows up, 'll go into service with Trinity House. His parents have settled 'pon that, and a very good light-keeper he'll make. That Lager boy is no good at all, nor Aby Hicks, nor his small brother Sam, nor

Seth Piper. What I want is a lad pretty bright at learnin' — What's that in your hand?' he asked, breaking off.

Jan opened the parcel — a scrap of old newspaper enwrapping a flat cup-narcissus, with a belt of earth about the bulb.

'Hullo! That's what they call carryin' coals to Newcastle, eh? Ha' n't we ornatuses enough on Brefar, these days?

'It grows up at the Castle, sir, in the ditch between the house and the outside wall, but near-by the door, where the sun gets at it. And the red in the cup is quite different to any on Brefar. I was carrying it home to — to show to —'

'So it is, now you mention it,' said the farmer, examining the flower and not noting Jan's confusion. He handed it back. 'Some freak, I should n't wonder. But that only proves what I was sayin'. You've a quickness for flowers, an aptitood. And I was reckonin' maybe, if I brought ye up an' gave ye board an' keep, one o' these days you'd reward me by turnin' out a pretty useful apprentice; an' then who knows but ye won't finish up as a hind? — at sixteen shillin' a week an' your meals!'

'But this part of the alluring prospect did not touch Jan, who had never possessed any money and knew nothing of the value.

'Please, sir, what did Sergeant Treacher say?' he ventured.

'Oh, the Treachers are ready enough. It's for your good; and,' added the farmer, not very lucidly, 't is n' as if you was their own flesh an' blood.'

The barge was brought ashore at the little beach where Jan had made his first landing on Brefar. The children, their harvest work over, were all gathered there to welcome it; and Mary Martha, as the custom was at the end of harvest, had brought them down a picnic-

tea from the farm, and had already smashed two cups. The kettle sang on a fire under the cliff's shadow. All around the head of the cove grew clumps of *narcissus poeticus* — castaway flowers, unmarketable, the most of them by this time overblown, but beautiful yet — beautiful as white ghosts when the shadows crept down the beach and covered them. For some blossomed ever among the stones at the water's edge, and would bloom again next year unless, meanwhile, an abnormally high tide came and washed the bulbs away.

Jan joined the tea-drinkers, his heart swelling with his news. Thanks to Mary Martha's affliction (as she had come to call it) there was no cup for him, and he was told to go shares in Annet's, taking sip and sip with her — the bliss!

But the bliss did not endure.

'What's that you've brought me?' asked Annet, nodding toward the parcel, which he had laid beside him.

'How did you know I brought it for you?' he asked, his heart beating.

She pouted. 'Is it for Linnet, then? Or for Bennet?'

'But it is for you.

He unwrapped it, and held it out.

Her pretty face darkened. 'Is it mocking me? A silly old ornatus!'

'But it's different,' he began stupidly, afraid of the wrath in her voice.

'As if you did n't know that I am sick of flowers, yes, sick of them!'

She tossed the bulb away pettishly, and sat staring before her, with tears in her eyes. The heel of her foot ground a pebble or two in the sand.

Poor Jan looked at her ruefully. He had meant to give her pleasure, and a moment ago his own happiness had been brimming. The news he had to tell — news so good for him — would that, too, make her angry?

But at this point Mary Martha let

fall a plate, and upon the crash of it uplifted her voice in a wail.

'An' now it's plates — oh, my misguided hands! Plates an' cups an' candlesticks will ever be my cross; and no hopes for it, maister, till we meet in the land o' marrow an' fatness where there's no candle an' the crockery tumbles light.'

'Never mind a plate, Mary Martha, up or down,' said the farmer genially. He had done satisfactory business that morning with the bank at Garland Town, and could afford the loss of a plate or two at harvest-ending. To cheat her remorse he suggested that, since she was talking of crosses, she might tell them about the one she had put up to her deceased husband. 'T is a story that never fails to cheer,' he assured the company, tactfully.

'It cost the all of twenty pounds,' began Mary Martha, cheering up at once. 'I got Hugh & Co.'s receipt for the money, here in my purse, an' ne'er will I part with it.' She opened the purse and showed the paper, greasy with much folding and unfolding. 'But don't 'ee go callin' it a cross, maister, when 't is a collum.'

'Dear me, so 't is.' The farmer took her correction. 'Iss, iss — a collum; an' I beg your pardon, woman.'

'A broken collum, an' polished granit', with the ivy growin' round it nat'ral as life. Not real ivy, you'll understand, but granit', too, same as the collum. When my poor dear man went off in a decline and died, — an' a kinder man the Lord never put heart into, — I went to Hugh & Co. an' told him I wanted a tombstone. Hugh & Co. is the tombstone-maker over to Garland Town; his real name is William Hugh, an' I never saw any Co. about him. I told Hugh & Co. I wanted to be measured for a stone, if he'd understand; because all my savin's had gone in the funeral, an' I would n' have the stone until I'd paid

for it, every penny — let alone that the dear man never could abide debt in his lifetime an' 'd ne'er have rested easy wi' that weight o' credit 'pon his remains.

'Hugh & Co. was very nice about it, an' accommodatin'; offered to put up one for me on a sort of hire system, an' made a lot o' useful suggestions. But I stuck out that I'd have no stone till he had his money; only I wanted to choose the thing aforehand, so's to have a notion o' what I'd be savin' for. Seein' how firm I was about the payment, he took me into his yard — such a place, my dears! Tombstones by the scores, with "Sacred to the Mem'ry" ready carved 'pon 'em, and then a blank, waitin' till the person died; so that you got the creeps wonderin' if it might n' be your turn next. But I did n't get no creeps, not carin' just then how soon I was taken.

'Hugh & Co. showed me all kinds o' patterns. Bein' used to his trade, he was as easy about it as a butcher with a calf; an' yet very kind all the time. He wanted to know if I'd have it in Delabole slate or in a kind o' what he called compo, that he praised up for standin' all weathers. "We've a cheap line in boards, too," says he, "all seasoned wood, with two coats o' best paint besides primin', an' the whole concern to be repainted, often as you like, at contract prices."

'But I was looking at something quite different that had caught my eye, standin' in the middle o' the yard. "That there pillar would be my fancy," says I; "if only 't were n't broken. How did you meet with such an accydent?" — "Broken?" says he — "That's done a-purpose, to show the life underneath was a-broken off afore its time." When I come to look closer, I saw he was tellin' the truth. "Just like my poor dear," says I, an' asks en the price.

'He seemed a bit absent-minded of a sudden. "Oh, that there collum's a masterpiece," he says, "done by one of our best workmen on the Main. 'T was meant for a deceased party whose name I won't mention, bein' actionable, perhaps; but the relatives quarreled over the will, an' here the blessed thing is back 'pon my hands. I can't tell you the whole story, missus," says Hugh & Co., "but here it be through an act o' carelessness in the foreman who took the order; an' I've stuck it up here to show what we can do when we try."

"How much might it be, sir?" I asks, my heart in my mouth. "Well," says he, "if you should know any one who happens to be in want of such a thing, you can tell 'em that, misfit tho' 't is, I can't let it go under twenty pound." I stood there of a sudden, all of a tremble. "I'll take it," says I, hardly believing the sound o' my own voice. "What?" says he. "That is, if you're sure they relatives won't put in no claim, an' if you'll let me bring the money from time to time, just to show how I'm gettin' on, an' that I mean honest." — "Well," says Hugh & Co. surprised out of himself, "you'll excuse me, missus, but this beats cock-fightin'." — "It may or it may n't," says I, "but there's one other thing I'd like to mention: could yesaw off the broken end clean for me?" I says, "for I see what it means, now you've told me; but other people won't, maybe. They'll think I got so far wi' the payments an' no further, or, maybe, they'll think I picked up with a damaged article. I could n' be in the churchyard all the time explainin'; besides which I'm goin' over to Bre-far to young Matthey Hender, who've been a father to the fatherless, at five pounds a year and my keep."

'Get along with your story, woman,' said the farmer hastily.

'Which he agreed,' continued Mary Martha, 'and I came over here, an' saved an' saved till I had five pound put by! An' then I turned to again, an' saved and saved till I had another five pound — if some one will be good enough to count! An' after that I saved an' saved another five! An' last of all I saved an' saved another five, an' that made TWENTY!'

Mary Martha ran up to the climax with a shout of triumph, and ceasing abruptly, looked round the circle of her audience, expecting the applause which was duly given.

'It's gospel truth, too, the woman be tellin',' said the farmer, rising from his meal and preparing to walk away. Long years of ceaseless daily labor — and in the beginning, before the daffodils brought prosperity, they had been years of daily planning and contriving against want — had left him unapt for relaxation. He had been restless for some time before the close of Mary Martha's enthralling story. 'She hid it from us, too, though the Lord knows we'd ha' been ready to make a push an' help her t'wards the money.'

'But 't would n't ha' been the same thing, maister,' chuckled Mary Martha gleefully.

'No, woman; you're right there,' he answered, and went his way, to look over his harvested fields and — if truth must be told — to rest a minute at the gate of each, bless God's mercy, and entreat it for his children, of whom the younger ones were all too young to remember less prosperous times.

VII

HOW THE CHILDREN LEARNED TO PLAY

'It must be a fine thing to live on the Main,' said Annet, thoughtfully.

The children turned their eyes to-

gether over the sea across which the sunset, behind the cliff that shaded them, spread a soft radiance, warming a few high clouds with its afterglow. The Main was not visible from the low beach where they sat, but they knew where it lay, afar, beyond the point of Iniscaw.

'Ay,' said Dave, 'and be rich enough to order a tombstone like that; and, when it's made, to tell the mason you've changed your mind.'

'For my part,' said Linnet, who was a practical little body, 'I don't want to make acquaintance with any such whimsical people. You may be sure they'd look down on you, bein' so rich; and I'd hate to live where I was looked down upon.'

'I was n't meaning,' said Annet, 'that I'd like to go over from here an' be treated as *they* chose. I meant it would be fine to be one o' them an' so rich that you could look down on everybody else.'

'But why *should* you?' put in Jan, puzzled.

'Oh, you don't understand!'

Here Bennet — who was as practical as Linnet, but in a different way — opined that on the Main the Queen rode in a glass coach — which even the Mistress never did, in the Islands.

'She couldn', not very well,' retorted Linnet, ever a loyal Islander. 'But there's glass windows to the cabin of her launch.'

Here Mary Martha, whom the children allowed to listen to their talk, feeling no shyness with one so simple-hearted, laid her head in her lap with a sigh. 'I've longed sometimes to be Queen of England,' she confessed, 'though it don't happen to me so often as it did when I was savin' up for the tombstone. But that cures me. Fancy me ridin' in a glass coach, with my unfortunate habits!'

'Let's pretend that one of us is go-

in' across to the Main to-morrow,' suggested Bennet, 'and we'll each choose what we'd like for a present. Dave's the oldest — Dave, you're to start by the steamer to-morrow, and —'

'But the steamer went to-day,' Dave objected.

'Well, then, the day after to-morrow. It don't make any difference to our pretendin'.'

'I did n't want to disappoint you, that's all. Very well, I'm to go the day after to-morrow,' Dave announced. 'Now fire ahead, and choose what you want me to bring back.'

'It's like the beginning of "Beauty and the Beast,"' said Annet — 'Once upon a time there lived a merchant who had three daughters. A message came to him that he had to travel and do business in a country a long way off. So he called his daughters together and asked what they would like him to bring home for fairings. The first daughter asked for a necklace of ruby stones and satin slippers and a canary bird in a golden cage. The second wanted a new kitten and some strings for a harp and a dress all over diamonds. But when it came to the third —'

'Well, what did *she* want?' asked Dave, as Annet came to a halt.

Her face had flushed of a sudden. 'I don't know. I did n't set out to tell you all the story —'

'But *I* know!' cried Jan, sitting up suddenly and clutching two small pebbles he had been tossing idly in his hand. 'The third one wanted a flower.'

'She did n't,' Annet contradicted angrily. 'Not first-along, at any rate. And you don't know any stories. You told me so yourself, the day you came here.'

Jan passed the back of his hand over his eyes. 'No, first-along she did n't want anything. But after that, because she did n't like to disappoint her father, she chose a flower. When her

father was away on the Main and just about to start back for home, he found himself walking in a beautiful garden, and it came into his mind that he'd remembered to buy the other fairings but forgotten about the flower for his youngest daughter. So he picked the prettiest he could see, when out from the bushes jumped a great roaring lion. "Who gave you leave to pick my flowers?" roared the lion. The merchant dropped on his knees and cried out that he had only picked one; it was for his daughter who lived on the other side of the sea and had made him promise to bring her home a flower. "By rights I ought to kill you," said the lion, "and I will only spare you if you promise to go home and fetch your daughter to me. Bring her to my palace and leave her here. You won't see anybody. But if you don't obey me, be sure I will kill you."

'The merchant had to promise, and when he reached home and told the news they were all very sad. But the youngest was brave, and said she must go: so her father took her back with him to the lion's palace and left her. They saw nobody, and when her father had gone she wandered about alone until she was tired; and, at last, coming to a bedroom, she lay down and slept. But by and by she woke up. It was dark, and there was somebody talking to her in the dark, and although she could n't see his face, she knew he was a beautiful Prince. He went away before daylight, but before going he told her that he would always love her, but he must always come in the dark and she must never try to see his face.'

'You're telling it all wrong,' broke in Annet. 'That's not the story at all.'

'It's a very good yarn, anyway,' said Dave, as the child came to a stop, all confused, 'and I don't see why you want to interrupt. — Go on, Janny boy.'

'She — she was never to see his face,' pursued Jan; but the words came halting, and he seemed to be casting about for the broken thread of the story. 'She wanted to — more and more, and — oh yes! — it goes on that one night while he was sleeping, she lit a lamp — it was a lamp like the *chill*¹ up in the kitchen — and bent over to look at him. He was handsome, ten times handsomer than she had ever supposed. He was so handsome that her hand shook, and a drop of the hot oil fell on his shoulder. He opened his eyes, and then —'

Jan came to a halt again.

'Tell us what happened!' Annet was as eager, now, as the others.

'He — he flew away, out of her sight. She had broken her promise, you see. I don't rightly know the end,' Jan confessed, rubbing his eye perplexedly.

Where had he learned the story? It all came to him so clearly, up to a point. 'I think she searched after him — yes, and at last they were married and lived happy ever after,' he wound up, like one repeating a lesson.

'I don't think much of a story that breaks off in the middle,' said Annet cruelly. 'Linnet, 't is your turn. Tell us about Peter Piper that went down to the bottom of the sea and married a mermaid.'

Linnet told the story of Peter Piper, and when Linnet had done, another child told about the Pixies — how they stole a baby out of its cradle, and how the mother made them bring it back, by boiling a crockful of eggshells.

Jan listened, tossing his two peb-

¹ *Chill* : a stone lamp, shaped like a candle-stick and having a shallow saucer on top. A little train (fish) oil was poured into the saucer, and a floating rush served for wick. Such a lamp was used up to recent years on the Islands; and the glimmer it gave was called by the housewife an 'idle light,' meaning that she and her maidens could not see to sew by it.

bles idly and catching them. It was queer. These stories also he had heard at sometime, somewhere; or else he had dreamed them, not exactly as the children were telling them, but so nearly that to all intents they were the same.

Dave's turn came next; but Dave for some minutes had been watching Jan, and the way he tossed the pebbles, turning his hand and catching them neatly on the back of his knuckles.

'That's a funny game you are playin', little Jan. Who taught 'ee the trick of it?'

'Nobody,' answered Jan, after considering a moment. 'It came into my head one day, and I've been playing at it ever since, off and on. There are lots of different ways.' He added a third small pebble, tossed up all three and caught them on the back of his hand where they lay disposed as though they had been carefully placed there. With a quick upward jerk he sent them in air again to fall, just as neatly, upon the back of his other hand.

The children watched him curiously. One or two chose out pebbles and tried to imitate these tricks. Within five minutes every child in the circle was engaged in the game, and all were laughing at one another's awkwardness.

In this way Jan taught them the beginnings of a game old as the hills, played by shepherds and fisher-boys on far-away Grecian isles before ever Homer sang; and thus it came about that the Brefar children play at 'Knuckle-bones' to-day, with oddly shaped pebbles.

Also, unknowingly, he taught them to laugh. They were laughing yet, when the bell tinkled up at the farm, summoning them home to supper and bed; and, as they climbed the hill, echoes of their laughter floated back to the deserted beach.

The echoes died away; faded into the perpetual low hum of the tide-races sweeping around the northern isles. In the twilight a belated bee continued at work,—*zzoom*,—busy among the glimmering flowers of the Poet's Narcissus. The bee pitched on a flower which lay broken among them where Annet had tossed it, and entered its cup inquisitively.

VIII

THE APPRENTICESHIP

You that build the shade-roof, and you that court
the rays,

You that leap besprinkling the rock stream-
rent:

He has been our fellow, the morning of our days;
Us he chose for house-mates, and this way went.

— *Phæbus with Admetus.*

So Jan continued with Young Farmer Matthey and grew up as one of the household. The story has no concern with these years, beyond telling that he went with the other children to Brefar school and was passably sharp with his books; and that he grew into a handsome lad, fair-skinned, beautifully-limbed, cheerful and docile of temper. He never quarreled, but would walk away whenever the children started bickering among themselves. On the other hand, he never quite broke through his shyness. He craved for their love, but (save unconsciously) could go no way to meet it, even when he taught them to laugh and play games. Only with Dave he had no reserve. If Dave was David, he as surely was Jonathan. As a rule, between growing lads two years' difference of age is a gulf: but Jan (as the farmer put it) was old for his years, and in one particular he established a mastery which helped to bring them level.

They learned to swim together; and at swimming from the start the younger boy out-paced and out-distanced

the elder. Dave had no jealousy in his nature. He toiled admiringly in Jan's wake, and it was he, not Jan, who boasted of Jan's beautiful diving. When they grew up and fitted out an old boat of the farmer's, it was Dave's turn to resume the mastery. Dave had a turn for carpentering. In steering and handling a boat, too, Dave was the teacher, Jan the learner. Moreover, Dave had a sense of navigation which Jan lacked; he seemed, being born to the Islands, to have an instinct for their rocks, shoals, and dangers, the set and run of the tides, what the wind would do next, and how far to trust it.

One other gift of Jan's must be mentioned, since by virtue of it he repaid the farmer's kindness. He developed a wonderful sense of flowers, so that none of the other children, between harvest and harvest, could compare with him. For to harvest the daffodils is simple enough: the grower's real skill shows itself in the between-times, in divining when to lift and transplant, in sorting out the strong from the weakly bulbs, in strengthening the soil, in choosing new situations and aspects. At the age of fourteen Jan appeared, merely by turning a bulb over in his hand, to know what it wanted. It was he, too, who discovered for the farmer that daffodil leaves, duly dried, made good fodder. The green leaves are poisonous for cattle; and hitherto the rakings of the fields — when the flowers' sap had run back into the bulbs — had been gathered in heaps and burnt. The farmer saved some, however, and used it for litter, never supposing that the cows would eat the dried stuff. Jan pointed out that they ate their bedding with relish, and moreover that they took no harm. Next year the farmer surprised his neighbors by building a rick of daffodil leaves alongside his hay-ricks.

Little by little, as the boy grew,

the old longings, the old questionings, faded out of his mind. Work at Chyan-Chy Farm was hard, if cheerful: the day over, he climbed the stairs to bed, too wholesomely tired to lie awake and fret, as he had been used to fret, asking 'Who am I?' 'How came I here?'

Maybe, too, the companionship of the patient cattle, the lesson of the flowers, so obedient, so unexacting, so eager and happy to do their best when the daytime came, in spite of wind and storm, helped to discipline him.

The lily is most fair,
But says not, 'I will only blow
Upon a southern land'; the cedar makes no coil
What rocks shall owe
The springs that wash his feet;
The crocus cannot arbitrate the soil
That for its purple radiance is most meet. —
Lord, even so
I ask one prayer;
The which if it be granted,
It skills not where
Thou plantest me, only I would be planted.

But the trouble awoke again.

One evening in early summer, — he was now in his fifteenth year, — he and Dave took a long swim together out to a naked island that stands about midway in Cromwell's Sound. The pair had spent the day in trimming hedges, working under a hot sun with their shirts open at the throat. The pollen of flowers, the blown seeds of early grasses, clung stickily to the sweat of their young bodies, and they sought the water as a salmon seeks the freshest to rid himself of sea-lice.

As usual, Jan quickly out-distanced Dave, and by and by, close under the rocks of the island, ceased swimming and turned over on his back, floating, waiting for Dave to come up. As he lay so, a sound came borne to him across the waters — a sound of a woman's voice singing.

He had never heard singing, save by the children in school, or by their elders

in chapel, or at evening prayer, droning out Wesley's hymns at distressful length. He had never imagined that any sound could ravish the ear as did this. He turned about and trod water gently, lifting his head to listen. On the Iniscaw shore a light shone among the dark deodars, — for twilight was falling, — and thence the voice sang to him.

With a few easy strokes he reached the island. He groped for a landing in the shadow of the rocks, found handhold and scrambled ashore. Still the divine voice floated over the waters.

He stood, naked, rigid as a statue, every nerve held and strung by it. Below his feet, somewhere in the shadow, Dave called up to him that the swim had been long — it was time to return.

'But listen!'

'It's the Lady, singing to herself. She has her window open, and sometimes, they say, you can hear every note as far as Brefar. Come back, Jan.'

Dave headed back as Jan dived. But Jan neither overtook him nor heeded his shouts. Dave, judging that he himself had barely strength enough left to swim back, swam doggedly on. Within a hundred yards of the beach his limbs began to feel as heavy as lead. But he struggled on and reached shore, his teeth chattering, his body shaking woefully as with an ague.

Meanwhile Jan was swimming for Iniscaw and the voice. Of the long return he recked nothing. No thought crossed his mind that Dave might perhaps be in danger; he would at any time have given his life for Dave's. But just now he was oblivious of all save the voice, and he swam toward the lighted window as a moth is drawn to a lamp.

Within her room, high above the terrace, the Lady sang to herself; and her song was 'Caro Nome.' Whoso will, let him despise; but when a great singer

understands Verdi, it is a great and wonderful thing. While the Lady sang, the moon — almost at its full — swam up above the deodars, and toward it Jan swam, toward the lamp beneath it, toward the scent wafted across the summer night from garden flowers and dark pines.

Loyal Dave, although his teeth chattered, had no sooner reached the shore than he dragged down the boat and — all naked — pushed across in search of his friend. The rowing by degrees brought back warmth to his blood. When he reached the farther side the Lady had ceased singing and pulled down the blind. He found Jan stretched naked on the sand, shivering, sobbing with exhaustion, and carefully tided him home.

That was Dave all over — Dave, the good friend, solid, always ready at need.

But the time came when Dave must put on the uniform of the Trinity House and go off to the lightship on the Stones.

The children saw him off tearfully, though he was cheerful enough. From the upper windows of Chy-an-Chy farmhouse they could see the white flash traveling across the waters from the lightship — three white flashes in twenty-four seconds, followed by darkness for thirty-six seconds — and knew, when the flashes came round again, that Dave was alive and well, and keeping watch.

The joy of Jan's life, however, was to welcome Dave home when the relief-boat brought him off; for life on a lightship is deadly trying to the nerves of most men, and the rule is — or then was — to relieve one third of the crew every month, each man spending two months on board and taking a month's furlough on shore. Dave had no nerves; he said that with so much

cleaning and polishing to do out yonder, there was no time to be melancholy; and besides there was a great deal more to talk about than any one would think: tramp steamers heading round land (in time you got to know one and another like old friends, and to time their comings and goings), full sail to the southward making for the Channel, at the worst a school of porpoises, or a sun-fish, or a line of little murrets flying, or a gannet to watch by the hour, counting his dives. And sometimes the fishing-fleet would come out toward sunset, down sail, and hang out their riding-lights, which gave a friendly feeling, though to be sure they came from the Main. By night, of course, there were the other sea-lights to watch, particularly the red light on North Island, which (said Dave) put him in mind of Chy-an-Chy window at supper-time.

Nevertheless, Dave allowed that it was good to be home, especially on the first Sunday, when he put on his best shore-going clothes (Trinity House uniform) and the girls — Annet, Linnet, and Bennet — wore their white frocks to church in the morning and to meeting-house in the evening; this division of worship being the comfortable rule in the Islands (and, I dare say, no one a penny the worse for it). He said in his matter-of-fact way that even the smell of rotten fish at the corner of St. Lide's quay was good enough to come back to, but the best smell was that of the lilac-bush by the lych-gate of Brefar Channel, because it had been in full bloom, with the bees about it, at his first home-coming.

The next year he returned in the very height of the daffodil harvest, and Jan — kept busy from morning to night — saw little of him. Somewhere deep down in his heart was a feeling that Dave, having nothing to do on his furlough, might have spared more time

to stand by his side in the fields and chat. He understood when Dave, the night before departure, drew him aside and told him shyly — after much pretense of asking advice — that he and Annet had 'made it up.' 'Of course,' added Dave, 'that don't make any difference to you and me.'

'Of course,' agreed Jan, believing him. His own heart was not seriously engaged, though from the first (now he came to think of it) Annet was by far the prettiest girl on Brefar, and therefore marked out to be Dave's sweetheart.

'I'd take it kindly,' said Dave quite solemnly, 'if you'd just bear that in mind. It was you, as a fact, that brought us together.'

'Was it?' said Jan doubtfully, wondering when and how this could have happened.

'She thinks a lot of you, too,' said Dave. 'She've told me so.' He said it in a tone which conveyed that Jan ought to be proud, and proud Jan accordingly was. 'Now I'm thinking that she'll be feelin' my goin' out to the Stones, this time, more'n ordinary.'

'Of course she will,' Jan agreed.

'An' that,' said his friend, 'is where you can help. We can't be married till the summer after next; but mean time you can do a lot for us.'

'Can I?' asked Jan doubtfully. 'Well, I'll do my best. If only you mean what you say: that it — that *this* — 'll make no difference between us.'

'Why should it?' (How splendid Dave looked as he asked the question!)

Jan never said a word to Annet concerning her troth with Dave, nor she a word to him. But on the day after Dave's departure he took her for a sail to cheer up her spirits, and they talked much of the hero by the way. Somehow it came to be understood that

Jan, as Dave's friend, in a sense belonged to Annet, to be at her beck and call, and during that summer the pair sailed on many an excursion together among the off-islands, being absent for a whole afternoon — always after getting leave from the farmer.

There could be no harm in it. The farmer, though inclined to spoil Annet, knew her to be a shrewd girl and level-headed. (He was delighted, by the way, that she had chosen Dave; for Dave, in addition to his other good qualities, was an only son, and his parents had a little money laid up in the savings bank. A better son-in-law could not be wished for.)

As for Jan, his loyalty to his friend was a household word, almost a household jest at Chy-an-Chy Farm. (In these trips he now and again came near to boring Annet with his hero-worship.)

But when the relief-boat brought Dave home, Jan would efface himself, asking no better reward than the old quiet understanding.

IX

THE SAILING

And the spring comes slowly up this way.

One day early in the next spring Annet suggested that instead of tacking among the off-islands, they should sail boldly out for the Stones and pay a surprise visit to the light-vessel.

The enterprise was not so very audacious, after all. A steady northerly breeze had been blowing all day and would certainly hold until sunset; it was a 'soldier's breeze,' too, and would serve them going and coming. Moreover, this would be their last opportunity, for the daffodil harvest was close at hand, and while it lasted there could be no more holidays.

Jan blamed himself because the sug-

gestion had not come first from him — that Annet should have been left to make it.

On the way out they talked gayly for a while, anticipating Dave's astonishment. Then they fell to discussing the prospects of harvest. All pointed to a good crop and good prices. The farmer would enjoy another prosperous season, and in the summer there would be a merry wedding.

'It's good to think,' said Annet graciously, 'that you and Dave will always be friends.'

'We shall always be friends,' said Jan, and added quickly, 'Whatever becomes of me, I could never do other than love Dave.'

His hand was on the tiller and trembled slightly; his eyes were fixed on the water ahead. The boat had broken the charmed circle of the island tides and danced over open sea.

'Whatever becomes of you?' echoed Annet. 'Why, you never mean to leave Brefar, surely!'

'This summer, perhaps; after the wedding. Dave knows. I have n't told your father yet, and it won't be easy. But I belong to the Main, you know — somewhere.' His gaze traveled ahead, eagerly. 'I can't explain; but when you *belong* to the Main, you know.'

'Dave ought to have told me,' said Annet pettishly. She was silent for a full minute. Then she asked, 'And when you get to the Main, what will you do?'

'Who knows? I shall fall on my feet, never you fear.'

'I heard father telling mother the other day that he was lucky to keep you. You could get good gardener's wages anywhere, and his wonder was the Mistress had n't heard of you and snapped you up.'

'I don't suppose the Mistress wants a gardener,' said Jan. 'But anyway she'd never bear the sight of me — the

teacher told me that. The Commandant was a friend of hers, you know; and he lost his life, saving me.'

Annet nodded, but she was not heeding. 'I don't see,' she said, 'that one needs belong to the Main to want to live there. I've longed for that, all my life. Dave, now — he's happy anywhere. I've asked him again and again how he can stand it, bobbing up an' down, up an' down, out yonder at the end of a chain. Then he laughs and says something foolish — that there's the holidays to look forward to, or some nonsense of that sort.'

'And so he feels it.'

'But 't is no life for a man,' insisted Annet, tapping her foot on the bottom boards. 'Up an' down on the end of a chain, and looking forward to nothing but that all your life long.'

'If he's happy —' began Jan.

'What about *me*?' asked Annet, almost fiercely.

She recovered her graciousness as they neared the light-vessel, and answered Dave's ecstatic signals with a sufficiently affectionate wave of her handkerchief.

Dave was in transports. He had recognized the boat at two miles' distance, and as she rounded up alongside you would have thought the good fellow clear out of his mind.

'What a notion, too!' he kept shouting. 'What a notion! Now which of 'es thought of it?'

'Why, Annet, of course,' answered Jan.

'Ha, ha! — Did she now? Did she really?' he fairly bellowed; while Annet blushed and the crew — bronzed friendly fellows — grinned down over-side.

'Oh, hush — *please!*' Annet entreated him in a vexed voice. 'Makin' such a noise, an' before folks. If I'd known you'd behave like this —'

But honest Dave was not to be

denied. He reached down his arms to lift her on board, and no sooner had her on deck than he kissed her unblushingly; whereat the crew laughed aloud. They caught the painter thrown by Jan and, as he jumped aboard after Annet, let the boat fall astern, to be made fast there.

The next hour was spent in admiring the ship, the machinery of the lantern, the hundred-and-one cunning little contrivances for economizing space in galley, pantry, sleeping-bunks. It was all very wonderful and amazingly cosy, yet Jan kept marveling how Dave, having once broken away from the Islands, could endure (as Annet put it) to live out his life tethered thus.

Annet had recovered her composure, and at tea — the crew insisted on making tea for them before they started for home — she reigned as a queen in the small cabin. The ship smelled potently of oil and brick-dust, from end to end, and the smell was disagreeable to Jan.

'Well, an' what news o' the flowers?' demanded Dave.

They told him.

'As if I did n't know!' he shouted delightedly. 'We can taste the flowers, even out here. There's the birds arrivin', too, to tell us that spring is comin' along.'

On the whole, the surprise visit proved a great success; and yet Jan felt that something was lacking. He noted with some wonder that Dave, the lover, seemed to detect nothing amiss, and to be entirely — even to foolishness — content with Annet's behavior and bearing.

The time came to say good-bye, and he and Annet sailed back toward the sunset, followed for a long way by the cheers of the lightship's crew. Jan steered. Annet sat on the mid-ship thwart gazing out to leeward under the sail.

For a mile and more they exchanged not a word.

At length Annet said slowly, 'That kind of life don't improve Dave, seemin' to me.'

'Dave don't want improvin',' Jan answered her shortly.

There was a long pause during which Annet watched the froth rushing by under the boat's lee. She broke it, saying, 'You must ha' noticed that I did n't like it.'

'Ay,' Jan replied, 'I took note o' that.'

Another long pause followed.

'An' that's to go on forever an' ever, I suppose. An' with any pluck he might have gone to the Main and made his fortune.'

'But he's content as he is, lookin' forward to you.'

'An' what about *me*?' she cried for the second time that day. 'D'ye think that's all I'm worth? Oh,' she broke off, 'some folk have no eyes in their head!'

But Jan had — and so had Annet; wicked, enticing eyes they were, albeit demurely dropped. They watched him from under their long lashes, and he read their meaning. They were asking him to betray his friend.

A shiver ran down his body. She was fair and desirable. But his grip tightened on the tiller as he lied bravely.

'I don't know what you mean, Annet.'

She said no more until they reached the entrance of Cromwell's Sound and ran the boat in for shore at the accustomed cove. But her face was dark.

'It's late,' said Jan, for indeed twilight had already gathered. 'They'll be getting anxious about us, up yonder. You'd best run along and tell them it's all right, while I stow sail and haul the boat up.'

Annet lingered. She had a mind to

tell him that she was afraid of the gathering dark, but she knew very well that he would not believe her. But the devil was in her now, and she would not lose her game without a last throw. She went up some way along the path, and dashed aside among the darkling furze-bushes. There she would wait for him, and springing out seize his arm as he came along. The scent of the furze-blossom was intoxicating as it floated close about her on the evening air.

The boat's keelson grated on the beach below. He was hauling her up, then, before lowering sail. Or had she missed to hear the creak of the sheave? If he was hauling the boat up, in another moment the keelson would grate again.

But half a minute passed. He was stumbling about in the boat. Then she heard the soft splash of a paddle and, not knowing what to make of it, stepped out into the pathway for a look. She was barely in time. While she stood there, doubting her eyes, the white sail slid past the southerly point of the cove and out of sight.

'Jan! Jan!'

Annet tore down to the beach, calling, demanding to know where he was bound, what he meant by it. But Jan looked back once only, as he paid out sheet. The northerly wind still held behind him, and he headed the boat straight down Cromwell's Sound for the roadstead. A light glimmered above the trees on Iniscaw shore; but the Lady might sing at the window now if she listed. No spell could any longer bind him. He had tasted liberty to-day and looked on fear; and while the one beckoned him, the other shouted him away from the Islands to his fate.

Still with a free sheet he ran across the roadstead, and hauling close under the lee of St. Lide's fetched out past

the land. He was in open water now, with the sea-lights and the stars for guides. The sea was smooth, and he could make no mistake.

At daybreak he saw the tall cliffs of the Main, at no more than a mile's distance, rising sheer from the sea, their fissures penciled with violet shadows; and following the coast-line southward he came to a bay, wherein was a harbor, thrice the size of St. Lide's Pool.

He steered in boldly. Half a dozen tall ships lay alongside the quay there, and on one of them a man was hauling up a red-white-and-green flag. Having hauled it chock-a-block, he proceeded to make fast the halyards at the rail, and grinned down in friendly fashion as the boat slid close.

'Hi!'

'Hola!'

'Want a hand, do you?' asked Jan.

'*Siete Italiano?*'

Jan rounded alongside.

EPILOGUE

The good harvest was over. The family had celebrated its close, as usual, by a 'tea-drinking' on Brefar beach, and were wending homeward up

the hill through the dusk. But on the beach a young man and a maid loitered, listening to their voices.

'Poor old Jan!' said Dave thoughtfully. 'I wonder what took him. Did n't notice anything queer with him, that day, did you? I did n't.'

'He was always queer,' answered Annet. 'You never can depend on folks from the Main.'

'You used to worry me about going to live there, one time,' Dave reminded her.

'Girls can't help havin' their silly notions.'

'No, I suppose. But poor old Jan! I wonder if he'll write to us some day. He ought, you know, for I never had no other real friend,' mused Dave wistfully.

'What does it matter?' asked Annet. 'Have n't we one another?'

At their feet, unnoted by them, a narcissus bloomed; a flower with white perianth and a cup of flame. This year it must bloom in patience and fade — this year, and another, and another; until Young Farmer Matthey comes along with a sharper eye than any of his children's and discovers it, the glory of the Islands.

(*The End.*)

ROOSEVELT THE POLITICIAN

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

WHAT started as a War of the Governors has developed into the most dramatic presidential campaign in recent history. The American people no longer regard it as a bit of opera bouffe, but recognize to the full its tragic aspects. Two friends who had been lover-like in their mutual devotion, and who were sharers of the highest honors their country could bestow, are facing each other in a battle which is bound to end the public career of the one or the public usefulness of the other, and may produce both results at once. The offensive hostilities, up to the present writing, have all been on the side of the combatant who has declared, 'When I fight a man, I want to crowd close up to his breast-bone!' His adversary is still standing, as if dazed by the shock of an unexpected onslaught, wholly on the defensive.

What brought about this situation need not concern us here. Suffice it that half the quarrels in this world have their origin not in the willful maltreatment of either party by the other, but in the machinations or the stupidities of third persons. There is the best of reasons for saying that the present breach can be traced to just such causes; and that any shrewd analyst of the situation, if unhampered by considerations of delicacy, could point his finger directly at the makers of the mischief and enumerate the incidents which, however petty when separately weighed, have by their cumulative force wrought a deplorable convulsion.

Roosevelt the Moralist, Roosevelt

the Citizen, Roosevelt the Reformer, Roosevelt the Statesman, have at various times in the past filled a large space on the public horizon; and, like the ghostly procession which trooped through Richard's dream on Bosworth Field, they have been paraded through the press ever since Mr. Roosevelt's appearance as an avowed antagonist of President Taft, to fill the spectator with a more vivid sense of What Is, by contrast with What Has Been. It is of none of these familiar characters that the *Atlantic Monthly* has asked me to write. I am requested to group my impressions of Roosevelt the Politician, a task at once much narrower, and far more difficult.

Politicians are of several species. There is the pleasant politician, like McKinley; the political sage, like Horatio Seymour; the professional boss, like Quay; the business politician, like Hanna; the quiet politician, like Lamont; the politician with a tongue, like Reed; and there are a few others. Roosevelt represents a type numerically smaller than any of these, and a type of which he is perhaps the master specimen — the politician who could not help being one if he tried. That is what makes it so hard to dissect him for literary purposes. Almost any other figure in our public life could be studied in his character as a politician separately from his character as a man; with him that is impossible. The man is the politician, the politician is the man. You can no more separate the two than you can separate spring from cistern water

in the same vessel. Whether he knows it or not, he entered politics in his swaddling-clothes; or it may be more accurate to say that he was born into politics much in the same way that, in certain religious bodies, every child is born into the church.

Thus I hope to clarify my fundamental proposition that when Mr. Roosevelt takes a step which the mass of his fellow citizens regard as carefully considered for its political effect, the chances are at least even that he is merely obeying a natural impulse, which may make for either strength or weakness.

His strong qualities as a politician, if I were to classify them, I should put in about this order: his picturesque personality; his indifference to precedent or consistency for its own sake; his audacity of method. His chief faults in the same domain, I should say, are three: impatience of the interval between desire and accomplishment; failure to appreciate the persistence of a moral ideal as distinguished from a wise or expedient purpose; and overconfidence in the disposition of the popular mind to consider fine distinctions in passing on a broad issue.

First, let us look at his personality. Everything in his physiognomy, his manner, his speech, his gestures, bears witness to the energy stored up in him, for which must be made some outlet or other. This will explain why he is always doing something out of the common. To glide along with the general human stream would call none of his inner forces into play. What they crave is the stimulus of opposition, the need of buffeting against adverse influences. For that reason we find him a conservative by descent, but a radical by choice; an aristocrat by birth, but a democrat by voluntary association; a puny lad in pinafores, but an athlete at maturity; a scholar by training, but a

worker by impulse; a warrior at home, but a peacemaker abroad; a reformer among politicians, and a politician among reformers.

I suppose, too, we should account his happy gift of phrase-making as a factor in his general picturesqueness. 'The strenuous life,' 'the square deal,' 'the larger good,' 'molly-coddles and weaklings,' 'the predatory rich,' 'undesirable citizens,' 'civic righteousness,' 'deliberate and infamous mendacity,' and 'beaten to a frazzle,' are only a few of his many contributions to the expansion, if not to the enrichment, of our mother tongue. Nine tenths of these have sprung spontaneously to his lips in the course of a speech or a dictation; the rest have been thought out with more or less care where he has wished to express a particular shade of meaning. The universality of their use has not obliterated from the minds of the public their association with their inventor; and his faculty for putting into terse terms so many ideas which lay inarticulate in the thought of other men, has added vastly to his power of touching their sympathies.

It is his indifference to precedent or consistency for its own sake which has given Mr. Roosevelt his claim to be called a progressive. His conception of leadership is to put himself well in advance of the main column, and trust to its catching up with him in due season. Sometimes he forges too far ahead, and has to halt, or even step back a little, to get into touch again with his following before the next pronounced forward movement. His interest in tariff reform, for example, carried him in his very early years practically into the camp of the Cobdenites; but, finding this too extreme a position for one who expected to make any headway inside of the Republican party, he became a protectionist of the moderate school.

In matters affecting the civil service,

he was a radical in the beginning; but, as his public experience broadened, he settled down to the conclusion that reform measures should be adapted to conditions as they are, rather than to conditions as they ought to be; and out of this grew his plan of dividing appointive offices roughly into two classes — those for which an appointee must have had a peculiar training, and those whose duties are so largely formal that any man of respectable character and fair judgment can fill them well enough. As an appointing officer, he demanded proofs of fitness from applicants for places in the former class, and when they could furnish these paid little heed to the question of their partisan affiliations; in choosing men for the latter class, he consulted the politicians. Neither reformers nor bosses were satisfied with such a division; but this fact only confirmed him in the notion that he was steering a course equally safe from the mercenary rocks on the one side, and the doctrinaire shallows on the other.

To rehearse here even those examples of his audacity of method which are familiar to all newspaper readers, would require the rest of the space in this magazine. As characteristic as any was the open letter with which he closed his unwontedly quiet campaign of 1904, throwing back into Judge Parker's face the charge that the great corporations had been put under contribution to fill the Republican campaign chest. I speak from personal knowledge when I say that only four of the many advisers he consulted at that time agreed with him that the psychological moment had arrived for a brief reincarnation of 'the old Roosevelt.' I believe I am equally correct in saying that there is not one of the four who, for love of him, is not to-day deploring the manner of his latest return to the field of active candidature.

Another example was his reading of the riot act, literally, to the striking teamsters of Chicago when, in the midst of their reign of terror, they imagined they had him politically captive. Still another may be found in his triumph over an audience who had set about proving their hostility by a frigid unresponsiveness. After several fruitless efforts to stir them, he paused at the close of a certain passage in which he had elaborated with some particularity an indisputable moral maxim, and demanded that they either approve or disapprove it. Taken by surprise at this turn, a few gave him a grudging hand-clap; but he refused to go on till they had expressed themselves more forcibly one way or the other. This crude insistence had the effect of breaking the ice, as it were, and before he ceased speaking he had the whole crowd cheering him lustily.

While he was Civil Service Commissioner, a few members of Congress entered into a combination to cripple the Commission by cutting down the appropriation for the transportation expenses of its traveling examiners. This meant that the extent of the examiners' travels must be correspondingly reduced; so he reduced it at one sweep by chopping out of their itinerary the districts of all the congressmen in the combination, whose constituents would thus be left, for that year at least, unable to obtain at their homes an examination for government employment. Of course, such a menace quickly brought his enemies to terms, and put an end to the crippling programme.

His last audacious stroke as President was to force his conservation policy in contempt of Congress while it was preparing to tie his hands by law. Taking advantage of a short interval between his discovery of this plan and the enactment of the statute carrying it into effect, he withdrew from settle-

ment an immense area of the public domain which might possibly contain valuable natural resources, taking the chances as to whether he or his successor would be compelled to put a large part of the withdrawn land back again. In all such cases he did, and confidently could, count on popular support.

No president, certainly from Lincoln's time to his, had ever quarreled with Congress as a whole, or with either chamber, without being backed by the people. The great body of voters hate what they regard as an unequal fight, and may always be trusted to side with the one man as against the many; with the public servant whom they have jointly elected, as against any number of public servants chosen to represent fractional parts of the Union. And the bolder their protégé's defiance of his foes, the better they are pleased. This is a human trait which the ex-President appreciates to the full, and with which he reckoned astutely for the accomplishment of his ends while in office.

Leading the list of Mr. Roosevelt's faults as a politician, I have put his impatience of delay in reaching results. Having once set his heart on doing a particular thing, that purpose dominates his mind till he has carried it through. If he cannot arrive by one route, he can find others, and to his preternaturally active intelligence the short-cut always presents practical advantages over the long way around. It is hard for him to realize that others of less agile mentality may be unable to follow him closely in his leaps from one logical crag to another. Such impatience in a popular leader may be of good or bad import for the public welfare, according to circumstances. It usually means a more brilliant record of achievement in a given time than he could make by temperate processes, and its inspirational uses among his fol-

lowers are unquestionably great; but what we are considering in the present paper is not the influence of any trait of Mr. Roosevelt's upon the public interests, but its effect on his own political interests — in other words, its tactical rather than its productive aspect.

For a most striking illustration, it is not necessary to go further back than his latest appearance as a candidate for office. I will venture to say that every friend of his whose degree of intimacy would warrant absolute candor of intercourse, and who had no personal end at stake, urged him not to let himself be drawn or badgered into writing his now historic letter to the Governors. It was made perfectly plain to him that these objections were based not on matter but on method; that none of his objectors would raise a point against his accepting a nomination which came to him without his giving any encouragement to its engineers; but that all stood against his putting himself in what most people would deem a false position. For a time it appeared as if this advice would be heeded. But a tide of impatience, whose rising could be measured almost from day to day, gradually overcame the counsels of common prudence. He refused to waste more time and thought on empty formalities. What he had said in private conversation and letters was already becoming public property by leakage into the press; and the prompt, direct, decisive course, of saying the same thing to all the world at once, appealed more to his taste than one which would reach the same destination by the circuitous route proposed. When he was reminded that, pressed and discomforted as he had been since the anti-third-term agitation began, he would have to undergo a still worse ordeal after his announcement came out, his response was the characteristic epigram: "Worse?" My dear man, you can't compare a

superlative!' It is for disinterested observers to judge whether, from a tactical point of view, his impatience of the natural order of procedure has been justified by the event.

Mr. Roosevelt's inability, as a politician, to realize how a moral ideal persists even if it conflicts with practical expediency, is most conspicuously shown in his attitude toward the treaties of arbitration lately negotiated with leading foreign governments. We need not consider the essential wisdom of those treaties at the present stage of human development, or their perfection of form, or anything else about them, except the central fact that they symbolize the peace of the world. Neither need we question the sincerity of Mr. Roosevelt's motives in attacking them, or the soundness of his objections. Even were we to grant him all he demands on these points, it must still be plain that in the light of politics his position is not a winning one. He may reduce his opponents' arguments to powder; but, as surely as the sun continues to rise and set, so surely will a Senate come into being, and before long, which will approve and adopt these treaties, or others drawn on substantially the same lines, under pressure from the moral public sentiment behind them; and if, meanwhile, they enter into any partisan campaign as a distinctive issue, the leader who tries to kill them will take his political life in his hand.

Closely akin to this error is the third and last on my list: Mr. Roosevelt's occasional misjudgment of the limitations of the popular mind where any elaborate reasoning is needed to overturn a commonly accepted faith. One incident in this line was brought to my recollection the other day in looking over some of my old memoranda. Early in 1903, when it devolved upon the President to name a Panama Canal

commission, the hostile press grew suddenly very alert to the danger of his making political capital of the patronage thus placed at his disposal. His own purpose was to select for commissioners men of eminently practical type. Cornelius N. Bliss, Paul Morton, and others equally well-known for their success in carrying large business enterprises to a satisfactory completion, were among the number whose names came up in discussing the matter. It was with considerable difficulty that he was finally dissuaded from this plan, and induced to select a board of technical experts.

The friends who urged the change of programme were not moved by any doubt of his real desire to have the great undertaking handled as a practical business proposition, wholly divorced from politics; but they reckoned better than he as to how the public would be affected by the one course or the other. He pleaded hard, and prophesied that any board of experts would be bound to have so many differences of opinion on details which laymen would not deem of the first importance, that great delays might be avoided by putting in command a group of men who would hire the expert talent they needed for advisory and executive purposes, and bend all their own energies to driving the work through.

When at last he yielded and selected a commission composed chiefly of engineers and representing every quarter of the United States, the wisdom of this plan was promptly proved. The whole country rose to applaud his choice. The critics who had been spreading broadcast the most dismal warnings about his intentions were first to respond with a retraction. Here, they admitted, was an almost ideal commission, which nobody could accuse of being a piece of political machinery.

Obstacles which were all ready to be thrown in the way of progress on Canal work failed to appear; and everything was going on swimmingly till — what Mr. Roosevelt had feared came to pass: dissensions arose in the Commission, in which every participant was doubtless taking conscientious ground, but out of which could come only one result. The Commission dropped to pieces. That did no serious damage, however, for the old opposition had been disarmed by the surrender to public sentiment, and general confidence had by that time so crystallized about the President that he was able to manage things with a nearly autocratic hand thenceforward.

An incident of less note, but equally characteristic, and worth mentioning here because it was one in which Mr. Roosevelt actually did carry out his own purpose and discover his mistake later, was his proposal to banish from the national coinage the motto, 'In God we trust.' His one thought was to protest against the too familiar use of the name of Deity, with the opening it afforded the comic paragraphers to parody the phrase or attach a ribald meaning to it. No one could have been more astounded than he at the storm of condemnation which greeted his order. He abandoned his position at once, because he did not regard the question as one edifying to quarrel over. What to him had seemed the reverent thing to do, to a large body of his fellow countrymen appeared to be a worse impiety than the one it was designed to correct; for they could see in it nothing but the fact that he was proposing to renounce a formal expression of the Nation's faith in God. They did not care to follow out his reasoning in detail.

The judiciary issue which he has lately raised promises to furnish an illustration of all Mr. Roosevelt's short-

comings as a politician, united in one. There is a pretty widespread impression that once more the leader has got too far ahead of his following for them to catch up with him. His plan for improving the condition of the courts touches a live topic on which the great mass of Americans are sensitive — just how sensitive we are likely to find out soon. Moreover, though persons with short memories may have forgotten it, this is not the first time that the judiciary has figured in a national political campaign.

William Jennings Bryan, another clever politician, credited with a gift for guessing what changes 'the people' wish made in the existing order, has often playfully taken Mr. Roosevelt to task for appropriating his best ideas and labeling them as Roosevelt policies. Bryan was in large measure responsible for the National Democratic platform of 1896. Passing over for the moment its call for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, let us see what were a few of its demands which Roosevelt afterward made his own: (1) the enactment of the laws needed to protect labor in all its rights; (2) greater powers for the Inter-State Commerce Commission; (3) the admission of New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma as states; (4) the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine, as originally declared and as interpreted by succeeding Presidents, as a permanent part of the foreign policy of the United States; (5) sympathy with the people of Cuba in their struggle for liberty; (6) recognition of 'the unwritten law of this republic, established by custom and usage of one hundred years, and sanctioned by the example of the greatest and wisest of those who founded and have maintained our government, that no man should be eligible for a third term of the presidential office.' Mr. Roosevelt's interpretation of the third-term

objection differs somewhat from this, but his announcement of November 1904, referred to 'the wise custom which limits the President to two terms,' and declared his unalterable purpose to abide by it himself.

This brings us to the judiciary feature. The Bryan platform assailed the Supreme Court of the United States for its decision against the constitutionality of the income tax, sustaining objections 'which had previously been overruled by the ablest judges who have ever sat on that bench,'—a strong suggestion of the theory of 'fossilization' since advanced in other quarters; it also denounced 'government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression by which the federal judges, in contempt of the laws of states and the rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges, and executioners.' Side by side with these deliverances we may now place an excerpt from Mr. Roosevelt's Columbus address: 'When a judge decides a constitutional question, when he decides what the people as a whole can or cannot do, the people should have a right to recall that decision if they think it is wrong. If the courts have the first say-so as to all legislative acts, and if no appeal can lie from them to the people, then they are the irresponsible masters of the people.'

These propositions are neither coincident in phraseology nor parallel in application, but the same spirit animates both—the idea that the courts are now clothed with an excess of power which tempts to tyranny, and that they need restraint. But Roosevelt has taken a long stride beyond Bryan. The latter was content with an expression of dissatisfaction; to this Roosevelt has added the proposal of a definite remedy. The policy of applying the recall to the personnel of the bench, which has taken root in

California, and bids fair to do the same in Arizona and elsewhere in the pioneer West, has heretofore received at least a discreet countenance, if not a modified approval, from Roosevelt as a local experiment. In his Columbus address, which was everywhere heralded as the 'keynote speech' of his campaign, he did not proceed quite so far as that, though leaving it to be inferred that he might yet do so in case milder methods failed to accomplish the desired results.

Bryan's arraignment was confined to the federal courts in their interpretation of the constitutional powers of Congress, their technical invasion of domains sacred to the states, and their interference with the private rights of citizens through the medium of an extraordinary procedure. But the Roosevelt doctrine, though voiced at a convention called for the revision of a state constitution, was made so broad in terms as to be equally applicable in principle to state courts and to those of the United States; and it proposed, not a preventive, but an antidote.

In 1896, the live interest of our thoughtful middle class of citizens was caught and held by three planks in the Democratic platform—one which called for the free coinage of silver, and two which criticized the courts. An effort was made to inject the tariff question into the campaign, but the mass of the people kept their eyes riveted on the silver question and the courts. Moreover, the arguments about these which carried real weight were not statistical or historical, scientific or imaginative; the refinements of the sophists and the book-lore of past ages were thrown away on the plain 'man in the street'; all he could see in the two issues were the big, round, clearly-marked truths which stared at him out of the centre of each.

It mattered not to him whether the price of silver and the price of wheat had paralleled each other or run zigzag, or whether the rupee was estimated at this or that value in India; what did matter was the fact that it was proposed to legalize the discharge of a hundred-cent debt with a fifty-cent dollar. It was time thrown away to ratiocinate for his benefit about the limits of federal authority in judicial affairs, or about the technical disadvantages of applying an equitable preventive through a judge instead of waiting for a legal cure through a jury; the only question which to his mind seemed really pertinent was whether he should vote to put a halter round the necks of all the courts — the last independent champions of human liberty — because one here and there might have given too broad an interpretation to its powers. It was with this condensed thought in his mind that he was to go to the polls.

Not many of us are accustomed to think of the politician, and especially the politician with radical ideals, as a public benefactor; yet he certainly plays such a part at times. Bryan did, in 1896, not only in helping to bring the silver question to the front, but, in furtherance of his aims as a party leader, in carrying on in its behalf a three-months' campaign which, for ingenuity and tirelessness, stands forth in my memory as unique in a forty-years' observation of American politics. The people at large were so aroused by it for a while that they forgot pretty nearly all else; and across dinner-tables, in lobbies and on piazzas, on railroad trains, in trolley-cars and omnibuses, on the street-corners, everywhere, the topics of their day-by-day life were laid aside for the discussion of the ratio of sixteen to one in unlimited free coinage. Hardly excepting the greenback fight of 1878, it proved the greatest educational

campaign we had had since the Civil War. It was also the most admirable in its results, for it laid to rest an issue which had recently been rising every two years and threatening to paralyze the normal progress of the country by the alarms it excited.

In the first Bryan campaign, however, the silver question so overshadowed the judicial question that no one can estimate to just what importance the latter would have attained if it had stood alone. We are now on the eve of getting some light on this subject; and, no matter what any of us may think of the application of the recall to either judges in person or their utterances from the bench, all observing men must realize that this question is coming up presently for final disposal. Had not Roosevelt made it the pivotal proposition of his canvass this year, somebody else would surely have put it forward later, either in the form it wears now or in a more dangerous one — conceding for argument's sake that degrees of comparison are possible in this domain.

What astonishes me is that so many persons of intelligence, having had Mr. Roosevelt constantly before their eyes for years, should point to his Columbus speech as evidence of a recent conversion, or perversion, on the subject of the bench. He has not changed his point of view at all; he has merely expanded his methods for meeting a premised situation, and has proposed to translate into statutory terms what has hitherto been a mere mental motive peculiar to himself. The Supreme Court of the United States, as now organized, contains two justices appointed by him, and in the case of neither did he make any secret of the considerations most potent in guiding his selection. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1910,¹ I sketched thus his attitude toward the judiciary in

¹ 'Taft and Roosevelt: a Composite Study.'

contrast with that of his successor in office:—

‘When President Taft looks for a new judge, he aims to find one whose past activities convey little assurance as to his individual trend of thought on the questions of the day. President Roosevelt, believing that a policy is essential to all progress in government, and that the courts are part of the machinery of government, preferred men whose personal views on certain important subjects were well known. This was not with the purpose of influencing the courts unduly in the direction in which he thought civic welfare lay, but of preventing their being influenced in the opposite direction. No other President has so freely criticized the judiciary, and thereby provoked censure for himself from those who regard the courts as sacred because they hold the seals of ultimate authority; but to Mr. Roosevelt’s mind they are human institutions, subject to human shortcomings, and to be kept pure only by exposure to the candid comment of the people to whom they owe their existence.’

Is there anything here which conflicts with the Columbus speech in spirit, or differs from it in any way except, as I indicated above, as to the choice of a definite means of discipline?

As matters preliminary to the Republican National Convention are shaping themselves at the present writing, popular discussion seems to have shifted from the question whether Mr. Roosevelt can be nominated, to another: whether, if defeated in convention, he will refuse to support his successful competitor. Looking over his letter to the Governors, we find him using this language: ‘I will accept the nomination for President if it is tendered to me, and I will adhere to this decision until the convention’ — mark his words, ‘the convention’, not ‘the

people’ — ‘has expressed its preference.’ To some minds, apparently, the final clause conveys a warning that its author is not going to bind himself to any particular course of action beyond the hour when the delegates cast their crucial vote, and hence warrants an expectation that, if defeated, he will head a new party.

How does this theory stand the historical test? A situation not unlike the present one grew out of the Republican convention of 1884. Mr. Roosevelt went there as a delegate to work and vote for George F. Edmunds of Vermont. He had for associates in the Edmunds movement a number of the most notable men in the convention. If President Arthur had been renominated, the result would probably have been accepted by most of them as a defeat which could be faced without humiliation; but Mr. Blaine, who carried off the nomination, was almost, if not quite, the least acceptable candidate under consideration. To their minds — whether justly or unjustly matters not now — he represented about everything that was objectionable in the politics of that era. George William Curtis at once announced himself free from further obligation to his party, and organized a secession movement which has gone into history as the Mugwump Bolt. Two-thirds of the element with whom young Roosevelt had been intimately affiliated up to that time quitted the Republican party and went over to the support of Mr. Cleveland. Roosevelt hurried off to his north-western ranch, and there, remote from the atmosphere of factional controversy, quietly thought out his problem, and returned to the East convinced that the thing for him to do was to stay in his party and conduct his reforming operations from within. As a sportsman, he has never concealed his opinion of the man who, having once en-

tered a game, is unwilling to play it through because luck seems to be turning against him.

But precedent, for its own sake, counts for so little with Mr. Roosevelt, that the rule which was his guide as lately as 1908 may have lost its force for him by 1912. Everything will depend on whether his present counselors can convince him that the Re-

publican party has outlived its usefulness. If so, he will no more hesitate to wreck it for the purpose of setting up another on its ruins, than the anti-slavery contingent hesitated to wreck the Whig party sixty years ago. By the time this paper is off the press, its readers will be able to judge fairly well whether so extreme a course is going to be necessary.

OUR UNCHANGING NATURE

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

WE all remember the poor old woman in Mother Goose, who, while she napped it on the king's highway, had her petticoats cut off up to her knees.

She began to wonder and she began to cry
Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!

But if it be me, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home and he'll know me.
If it be me, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not me, he'll loudly bark and wail.

Home went the little woman all in the dark
Up got the little dog and he began to bark.
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!

Clearly, the little old woman was a victim of appearances. Her little dog was either a very stupid little dog, or he was barking at something else, and all she had to do, to regain her lost identity, was to piece out her curtailed skirts.

The transformation which appears to have come over human nature during historic ages is, if we are to believe the writer of the article in this number

of the *Atlantic*, 'Does Human Nature Change,' no less a superficial one. It is a transformation which has occurred to the races as they have wandered along the highways of the centuries, but which has really involved no radical change. If Man of our own time could return along those same highways to his arch-ancestral cave, his arch-ancestral little dog would fall on him with caresses of recognition as joyous as those that greeted the far-wandering Odysseus. Kidnap a modern baby New Yorker, remove him from his baby-carriage, snatch his sterilized bottle from his all-but-sterilized lips, plant him in the forests of ancient Italy with a wolf for foster-mother in place of a trained nurse, — and, lo! *Romulus* again! Can we doubt it?

On deliberation, yes, we can.

There is, to be sure, in human nature as in all animate nature, an immense weight of what may be called physical conservatism. It is this which underlies the stability of types. It is this

which, in short, makes it unwise to expect grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. But there is also another, opposite tendency, a tendency toward individual variation. Every one must recognize this. Without it there could be no differentiation of species at all. The first tendency preserves the type, but the second originates it. They are like centripetal and centrifugal forces, never in perfect balance, each tending to offset the action of the other. Sometimes one is in the ascendant, sometimes the other. But whether the centrifugal conquers or not, it is there, and therefore all animate nature has within it a capacity for change which is theoretically unlimited.

Now in the early history of races the centripetal tendency has received all the encouragement. In certain parts of India it used to be the custom to destroy all the babies whose teeth appeared in an order different from the established one. It was bad luck to be different. All tribal restrictions, whether they concern physical or spiritual teeth, are of this sort. They have been many and stern, and reinforcing them have been the forces of natural selection, continually operating to weed out the temporarily unfit. It has been a process of throwing out all the square pegs because there were only round holes discoverable in which to accommodate them.

I say temporarily unfit, because what is unfit in one age may be fit in another, and selection in one age may handicap a later one. The time arises when square pegs are needed. Sparta's deliberate experiment in selective breeding, the only case that we know much about, failed in this way. It was too centripetal. Successful for a time, it seems to have produced a relatively unoriginal and in the end an undesirable race. And the general leveling effect of artificial and natural selection

on early human races seems to have been to discourage and check individual variation except along very narrow lines — notably those of strength and physical courage.

But usually the capacity of a race for differentiation is only checked, not destroyed. All it needs is a chance. In the ages following the rise of Christianity, human races began to get their chance. Whether as a result of Christian ideals or not, at any rate the forces of selection began to act in a different, in a more elastic way. The 'unfit' survived, and in some cases were even fostered. The square pegs were tolerated, and square holes were discovered to match them. This might be expected to have its effect, sooner or later, on the races in which it obtained. Possibly it has weakened them in some respects, although this is by no means certain. Probably a thoughtless tolerance is even now weaving in amongst the tangled meshes of race-inheritance strands of weakness which might better be eliminated.

But, on the other hand, such a many-stranded inheritance, even though it contain elements of weakness, will perhaps also contain elements of variousness that will more than compensate. Indeed, I fancy that it already shows this. Without having many facts to base it on — the whole question being one as to which facts are scarce — I still have a conviction that the babies of our civilized races to-day show, before environment has had its chance at them, a degree of variousness — an amount of individual variation — which would not have been found in the same races three thousand years ago — if indeed it can even be said that the same races did then exist; a degree of variousness which will not now be found where the old order still holds.

If unverifiable predictions are in

order, I should like to do my share by predicting that if fifty little Romuluses were planted in modern environment, they would adapt themselves, indeed, very well, but would show relatively little variation in the way they adapted themselves. But if, on the other hand, you should plant fifty little modern babies in the Romulus environment, they would react upon it with immense individual divergences. Some of the best of them — those that we with our modern standards should call the best — would undoubtedly die, some would fit in tolerably well, and a considerable number would show an amount of originality and initiative that might be rather disturbing to the Romulan order, but not wholly bad for it.

But, whatever we may think about the baby experiment, which can never be made, it is difficult to believe that, where there is admittedly so much individual variation in all races, the sum total should be unchanging. To be sure, the surface of the sea has its mountains and its valleys, yet its height does not vary. But metaphor is only metaphor, and it often misleads more than it helps. Human nature is, after all, not a sea, but an aggregate of individuals, each one representing an infinitely complex inheritance, which he passes on, slightly modified, to the representatives of human nature in the future. To admit variation among individuals and deny it of their aggregate seems unsatisfactory.

Moreover, we know that in other forms of life an apparently fixed type can be changed. A given variety of wheat can be bred with a view to making it able to resist disease, and the result is a wheat which is immune to that disease, and whose immunity is inheritable — a new, 'fixed' trait in the species. After one has become familiar with a few such cases, one begins to think of all types, not as fixed, but as

fluid — as plastic — moulded now indeed, by the hand of circumstance or of blind impulse, but just as ready to be moulded by the hand of intelligence.

In the case of human nature such moulding as this would hardly be desirable, even if it were possible; yet we are beginning to see that certain negative gains can be made, by the blocking of some of the sources of race-degeneracy. For if human nature is capable of change, it is capable not only of those forms of change which are classed as improvement, but also of those forms which are classed as deterioration. It is merely a question of time when changes of the second sort will be to some extent controlled.

But the objection to all such speculation as that in which we have been indulging is that it is really quite impossible to distinguish between characteristics which are congenital and those which are acquired — at least it is impossible to do so without a series of experiments such as no existing nation would allow. Perhaps this need not trouble us. For however we may take issue with General Chittenden as to his theories, every one must heartily agree with him that for all practical purposes we are safe in acting as if human nature since the time of Romulus had changed enormously and could change yet more.

It is true that all the natural impulses and endowments of Romulus and of Abraham still exist, — the primal impulses of kindness and of courage, of fear and jealousy and hate, the love of beauty and the love of power and the love of truth. But they exist in so altered a form, so different a balance, that their very quality seems to have undergone a change. In fact, one group of endowments, those loosely indicated in the phrase 'sense of humor,' has the appearance of being a

new acquisition — new, that is, within the last seven or eight hundred years. That it is strictly congenital cannot be proved, although it begins to show in our babies before they have attained either teeth or conversation. Certainly it has been greatly developed during the last four hundred years by the influence of a cumulatively propitious environment. At all events, however it has come about, it is practically a new race-characteristic, a thing which sets us a little apart from Abraham and Romulus.

And this is only one rather marked instance of a change that has taken place and is taking place in other ways which are less easy to indicate. It is perhaps a change greater than we realize. For, as we read the records of past ages, we always, unconsciously, reëdit them for ourselves. Especially do we do this for the records of the Old Testament. There is no harm in this. It is inevitable. Yet I fancy that if we could for a time relinquish the habit of reëditing, we should feel even more keenly what some of us already feel rather hazily — a consciousness that between our nature and the human nature of those ages there no longer exists a perfect *rapproch* — a conviction that while the records of those ages are forever worthy of sympathetic and

often of reverent study, they are becoming, considered as the expression of all human nature, increasingly inadequate.

This might be equally true whether due to the cumulative force of heredity or of environment or of both. Which it is really due to seems hardly susceptible of proof, at least for the present. When one considers how the environment which has been created through centuries of slow and painful effort is taken easily for granted by each new generation, it seems as if environment could do anything. The child, standing on his father's shoulders, cries, 'See how tall I am!' and though his own stature is really not greater, yet through this advantage he can actually reach things higher up. In a healthily progressive state, each generation ought to reach higher, and that it can do so is the inspiration of the reformer.

But on the other hand, when one sees how the most propitious environment proves futile on material in which the hereditary endowment is poor, one comes to feel that environment is not everything. And while its power is increasingly realized and used in the service of human betterment, the power of inheritance is gaining also a somewhat tardier recognition.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE GRAMMARLESS AGE

'AND I'm going to fail just like George did, because I have n't had any grammar either.' It was the protest of high-school Mary against a system that had sent her brother, un-

prepared, to cope with the problems of freshman college-English.

'But,' I consoled her, — with the argument that I had so often heard advanced, — 'you are studying Latin, and you will learn grammar in that way.'

'No, we don't study Latin grammar any more.'

And I began to understand why the classics have fallen so low in the estimation of modern educators. Interested, however, to discover, if possible, the secret of their methods, I asked my little friend how she studied her Latin.

She brought me her book, and very glibly translated *Sagittā hostem fugavit*, 'With an arrow he put to flight the enemy.'

'But how did you know that *sagitta* is not the subject of the sentence?' I inquired.

A blank stare met my question.

'Why is it not in the nominative case?' I persisted, trying hard to make myself understood.

Still no response; and it dawned upon me that I was using technical terms, terms that in the minds of modern educators should find no place in the vocabulary of a fourteen-year-old child.

'Never mind, Mary; just tell me why you translated *sagitta* as you did.'

'Because it has the long mark over the *a*, and that always means *with*, *from*, *in*, or *by*,' she enlightened me.

So the secret was out. The long mark had replaced the ablative case in the up-to-date Latin text. I did not suggest to Mary that in her future studies in Latin she might stumble upon an old-time edition that had no long mark, not even punctuation or spacing to divide words and sentences in the confused assemblage of Roman characters. But I pondered long the vital difference between the 'ablative case' and the 'case with the long mark,' and could make of it nothing more serious than the old quibble over *tweedledee* and *tweedledum*.

The ignorance of fundamental principles that marks the average high-school graduate continues to draw from the college instructor unmis-

able criticism of the present-day methods of teaching. Certain much-heard defenses of the new school of pedagogy have become almost platitudes, so necessary are they in extenuation of a system which will have a child know little of the difficulties of mastering a language, and less of the joy that results from achievement under such difficulties. The old saw, 'No royal road to learning,' has been relegated to the rubbish heap of exploded theories. The teacher of Virgil interests her pupils — I wonder why I use the feminine pronoun? — with modeling in clay the scenes at Dido's court. The instructor in mathematics inculcates the principles of Euclid by means of pyramids and tetrahedrons which the pupil, often with tedious and tearful endeavor, has evolved from a piece of cardboard. The English pedagogue, finding no such tangible methods of demonstrating the relation between subject and predicate, resorts to a well-known maxim: Teach the child to speak correctly by putting before him specimens of only the best English, and he need never know there is such a thing as grammar. We, too, would resort to this method were there not in the simple formula a condition quite impossible in democratic America, where, from nursery to parlor, — and may I dare whisper it? even in our very schoolroom, — the boy hears specimens of much that is not even good English.

I remember, still, the afternoons when I was kept in for the grammar lessons I had not learned. How I hated conjugations!

I have sinned.

Thou hast sinned.

He has sinned.

I had been forced to write it ten times, and had each time inserted in parenthesis, 'The teacher has sinned,' wondering whether I dared leave it there

when I handed in my slate. 'What a system!' I hear the modern pedagogue exclaim, and how thoroughly at that period of my history I should have agreed with him!

But I have been spared the humiliation of receiving from my college professor such a criticism as, 'You can never hope to pass this course until you know the difference between a verb and a preposition,' a criticism I saw subjoined to an essay that contained the expression *would of gone*. The writer of the essay was an intelligent boy, but early habits were stronger in him than specimens of the best English, and without grammar he could see no reason for discarding *would of*. The instructor suggested that he repeat his preparatory work, but he replied hopelessly, 'They only teach Shakespeare and Milton in the high school, and I've studied both of those.'

Again from the mouths of babes and sucklings comes the wisdom that is denied their elders. The brain of this poor boy had been perplexed over such anxious questions as, 'Was Hamlet really mad?' 'Can Milton's views on divorce be justified by modern standards?' 'Do Chaucer's poems give evidence of a happy home life?' until he saw in a return to the classics little hope of mending his speech.

The grammar school has banished from its curriculum the study of grammar; the refuge it sought in the high school has been denied it; the college, overwhelmed with the problem of dealing with five hundred freshmen ignorant of the knowledge and the discipline that come from the study of grammar, has time to give it but passing mention. Pushed thus from its rightful domain, grammar must needs flee to the graduate school, where the philologists may delight each other with learned disquisitions as to whether

they 'had rather' or 'would better' say, 'It is me.'

And we must sit in darkness while the doctors disagree!

THE LOST ART OF GOING TO CHURCH

At the age of three I was led up the church aisle and lifted to the high cushioned seat of the family pew. I have been there — generally speaking — ever since. I have no apology to offer, though my contemporaries frequently make me feel that one is due.

Of course I realize that intellectually, socially, and even spiritually, it is not quite 'modern' to go to church. I grant that if I were intellectual I should be developed beyond superstition and custom; if I were truly social I should join my kind at breakfasts; if I were modishly spiritual I should feel that a good book or a country walk is the common-sense way of salvation. I appreciate and approve those views, — and yet each Sunday finds me in the corner of my church pew. High moral motives do not bring me there, but rather sheer enjoyment. I say it brazenly: I like, I have always liked, to go to church.

Never have the moments dragged. In my early experience there was the female orphan asylum, which filled the cross-pews on each side the pulpit. It held me fascinated. The children dressed just alike, and I reasoned that each little girl on entering the Home had her wardrobe duplicated by the orphans already there. Sunday after Sunday I sat enthralled by a vision of the artistic consequences of my becoming an orphan. Would twice six pews of my pink lawn be most effective? or would the congregation prefer the same amount of white party-dress and blue bows?

With maturity, my subject-matter

has changed, but not my frame of mind. Only this morning I sat in contented enjoyment of resources so broad that the hour of the service left many untouched. First of all, I was rested by the mere bigness of the fine old building. I do like space. I think the most soul-satisfying thing about foreign cathedrals is not style of architecture, not stained glass, or carving, but rather length and breadth and height, — and emptiness.

After 'breathing deeply,' as it were, of the clear stretch between the arches, I glanced at my pew neighbors. I like them all, but I prefer those whom I have not met; and I hope never to find out that my conjectures concerning them are misfits. Transients, too, are responsive to the slightest effort of the imagination. Moreover, they afford an element of uncertainty, which, in the extremely conservative atmosphere of my church, is decidedly stimulating. Once a man dashed up the long aisle and began a fervid oration which was checked by a tactful habitué who took the intruder's arm, and begged him to come outside and speak where he might hope for an even larger audience. On another occasion, a young lady mounted the pulpit stairs and wailed: 'I am in love with So-and-So, but he does not love me.' I always look at transients with an eye to their dramatic possibilities.

My next resource was the minister. I never saw him before this morning, nor shall I in all likelihood see him again; he passed this way but once. I shall remember him, however, with pleasure. He was tall and academic, his hair was dark and came down in a thick peak on his forehead, leaving a narrow triangle on each side. Such a serious, boyish face. He was exactly like anybody's daguerreotype of Uncle

Edward just before Shiloh, or father at the time of his marriage.

He reminded me, too, of a certain story-book hero, and then it naturally struck me how seldom the modern heroine of fiction goes to church. She has her moments, and her soul quivers on a cliff overlooking the sea which seems to sparkle in gay mockery of her sorrows, or before the library fire whose ashes but typify the ideals she has been forced to forswear. It takes an Edna Earl and a St. Elmo to appreciate a church as a background for thrilling love-making, or a Jane Eyre and a Rochester to present a climax before the altar.

What I really enjoy most about my conventional use of Sunday morning, is the opportunity it offers for ruminating (a bovine word that pleases me). For absolute safety from interruption, I know of no spot to equal a corner seat in a church pew. No door-bell can peal, no telephone jingle, no knock resound. Only cataclysmic disaster could intrude upon me here. For at least an hour I am free to 'reminisce,' to plan, to regret, to aspire. Why! often I have mapped out a month's work, or thought-up and classified long-past events and ideas, or I have dreamed dreams so high and fine that they almost came true; and the succeeding week found me obedient, in some degree at least, to the heavenly vision.

Ah, the hope of the heavenly vision! Through centuries past it has drawn men and women to church; it will draw them through centuries to come. For our earthiness — which is of the spirit as of the flesh — craves an hour's surcease from struggle, an hour wherein, away from the shadows of our everyday world, we may dare hope to see, like the apostle of old, a light above the brightness of the sun, and to hear a Voice speaking unto us.